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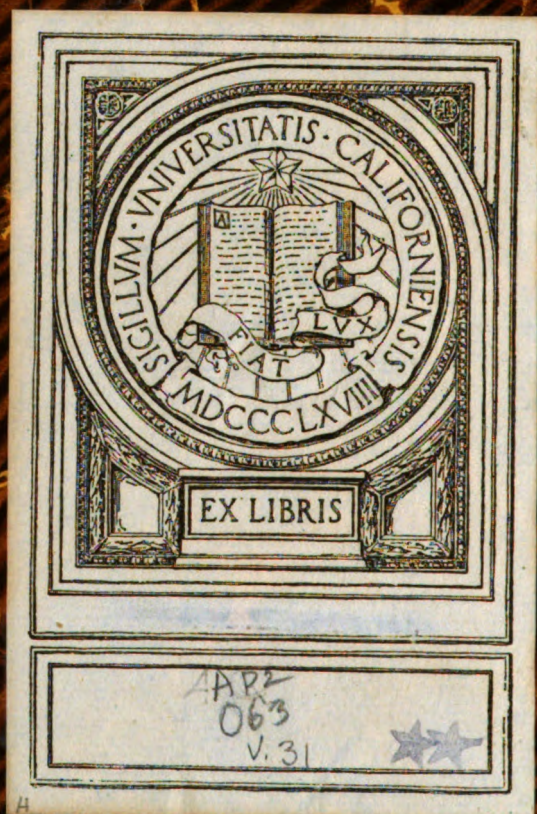
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The Open Court





The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the
Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER.

VOL. XXXI (No. 1)

JANUARY, 1917

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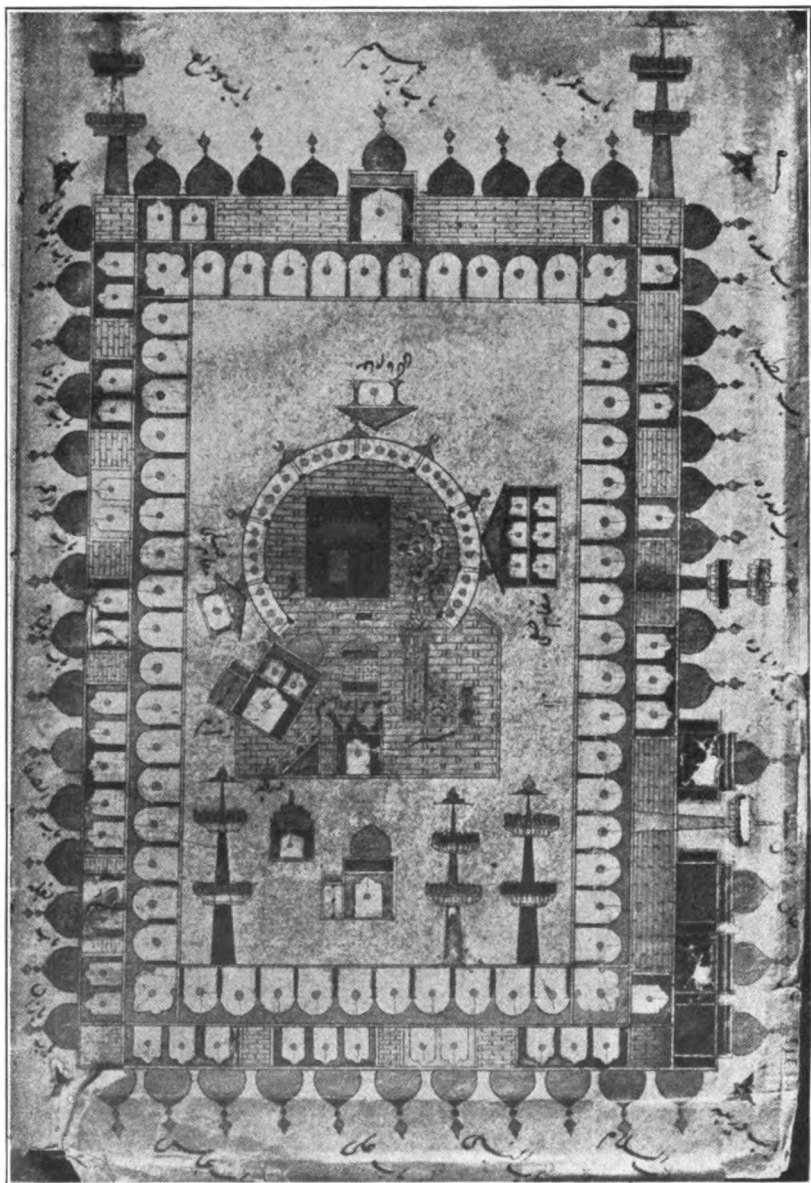
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PERSIAN PLAN OF THE MOSQUE AT MECCA.
From a Persian manuscript of 990 A. H. (1583 A. D.)

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"JUSTICE IN WAR-TIME."

BY WALTER WOODBURN HYDE.

THE prediction so confidently made at the beginning of the world war that American sympathies would be pro-German within four months proved a wild one. The idea that the independent and fair-minded Americans would in a short time come to gauge properly the events which led up to the declarations of war and understand the position of Germany, was rudely shattered. Now, nearly two years after the war began, the sentiment of the United States, owing in part to successive inoculations of anti-Germanism caused by such untoward events as the "Lusitania" disaster, is pro-Ally to a degree which along the eastern sea-coast amounts almost to hysteria. Under the influence of an excited press Americans feel themselves permitted to indulge in the most unrestricted abuse of Germany and everything German. Even our intellectuals—philosophers, historians, scientists, professors—in fact all who are supposed to labor for truth without passion or prejudice, and to take a pride in rational thinking, are openly and shamelessly consecrating their energies and abilities to the fostering of hatred and bitterness.

Perhaps of all these the worst offenders have been our university professors, a class of men devoted to the liberty of thought and completely untrammelled by political entanglements. Yet in their private and public utterances many of them have shown the most pronounced anti-German sentiments, though they may have studied in Germany and have received German degrees. They are certainly losing an opportunity of performing a service to their fellow men in these days of need, for which their training should have fitted them; but they have done little toward softening the growing bitterness and bringing about a better understanding. It

is sadly disappointing to find that the greatest issues of our times cannot be discussed even in academic circles without passion and that education and learning do not give an objective and unbiased view of things and are not safeguards against the prevailing hysteria.

In the eyes of all the conflict has come to be just what it is to the untutored mob—a gigantic struggle in which the elements of civilization are arrayed against those of savagery, a struggle between autocracy and democracy, the pride and flower of our culture. That such a sentiment could not possibly find a responsive chord in Petrograd or Calcutta seems to have occurred to no one. The process of moral whitewashing in the case of Russia has passed all bounds; the knout, the Cossack and Siberia are all forgotten, and she stands forth as white and unsullied as any of her allies. Neutrality is nothing but a name shorn of all meaning. It is used now only in a collective sense in reference to the government when we wish to defend some act like the export of munitions. To the individual it means nothing, and even to the government itself its meaning is tenuous.

Such an organization as the American Rights' Society, whose avowed purpose is to bring the country into the conflict on the side of the Allies, is allowed to press its propaganda with unblushing publicity. A petition signed by hundreds of prominent men including numbers of university teachers, giving moral support to the Allies by openly wishing them success in their righteous struggle, meets scarcely a word of protest, though such an act could easily be construed as a breach of the country's neutrality. A just note of complaint against England's interference with our commerce and mails on the high seas was held back avowedly in order not to let it appear to have been in anywise influenced by representations contained in the German answer to our submarine demands.

The word "hyphenates," a term of stinging reproach in a free country, is hurled against some of our best citizens, designating not only German-Americans and Irish-Americans, but loosely any one and every one who does not chime in with the majority. It is totally forgotten that this term is equally applicable to those who take the side of the Allies, in fact to anybody and everybody who puts the interests of either set of belligerents above those of his own country. We have become conscious of Russian police methods in New York, by which private telephone wires of suspicious pro-Germans have been tapped. Some months ago an employee of the Library of Congress, who had been in public service for forty years, was dismissed from office, because he was alleged to have made remarks

disrespectful to the President's submarine policy! If the war continues we shall inaugurate regular sentences for the crime of *lèse-majesté*.

All attempts to analyze the conditions preceding and surrounding the conflict are thrown to the winds. People with little training in history, political science or psychology, and almost completely ignorant of the recent diplomatic history of Europe, feel free to sit in judgment. On the assumption that the Germans began the war and have conducted it like savages, the prevailing view of hostility toward them is defended. But few people any longer have the slightest interest in the rights of the case. They know that a great war is being waged, they long since have made their decision as to who are the culprits, and they are impatient that the supposed aggressors have not yet been properly punished. They are ready to believe the most incredible tales of atrocities and ferocity on one side on evidence which would be ruled out of any criminal court, and are fain to see no holes in the armor of the other.

The Kaiser has been denounced as the "central enemy of mankind," the "arch-fiend of humanity," the man who brought all this suffering into being by his lordly and irresponsible will. The fact that millions of Germans give this exalted position to Sir Edward Grey, whom they look upon as a scoffing, crafty, sardonic Mephistopheles, whose main object in life is to strangle and asphyxiate Germany, does not show them the fallacy of such a characterization, nor the fact that exactly similar notions of public men have been held in all previous wars. Yet it is known that the private life of the one is marred only by a fondness for hunting and travel, that of the other by the fact that he is an ardent devotee of fishing and a tamer of birds and squirrels! This denunciation of the Kaiser has finally, to be sure, under the pressure of later developments in the submarine controversy, undergone a violent modification and must be applied now to the whole German people, for it is readily seen that not even he nor his advisers can always shape the will of their down-trodden serfs.

The most astounding views, bringing into court the whole past of Germany, which never before had been questioned, are heard. It is forgotten that the Germans have anything to do with the shaping of our modern civilization. Their whole idea of *Kultur*, though rarely understood, is nevertheless denounced. Much is made of the fact that they look upon their civilization as superior to any other, but nothing is made of the claim of the Allies that *they* are waging a war against barbarism. We still talk loudly of the "rights

of humanity" in our public speeches and documents. But our concept of humanity is merely coincident with legality; if we but keep within the bounds of international law, we are humane. We seem oblivious to the fact that there is a higher law—the law of morality. No lofty idea since the French Revolution has been so debased as this of humanity. It is strange that more anti-Germans are not tired of such hollow talk. It is strange that we all cannot see that a nation which is concerned with the shipment of death-dealing materials on such a gigantic scale to whichever side, should not prate of humanity. If we do we must not be offended if we are ridiculed even by the Allies themselves.

The prevailing attitude of mind is manifestly unsound and wrong. Let it be granted that never before in the world's history has there been such a tremendous stirring of men's inmost feelings; nor since the downfall of the empire of Rome has so large a proportion of the earth's denizens been so profoundly interested. It could not have been expected that in such a universal struggle Americans also should not have had their sympathies aroused to the depths. But however bitter and acrimonious the struggle has become, there is absolutely no excuse for our losing our heads and becoming as mad as the belligerents are. It is not our war; we did not begin it, nor were we even remotely concerned in bringing about the international situation which made it inevitable. Our interest, however great we think it, cannot possibly compare with that of the nations actually involved. There is no excuse for us so ardently to share the views of one side as to be saved from actual participation almost by a miracle. It would seem that under the law of nations we were at present doing enough in helping that side—albeit through accident as we have all along maintained—to the extent of being responsible for the death of multitudes of men on the other, to satisfy even the most bellicose without having to go further. Even as a matter of expediency it should occur to those who are eager to have us involved, that it is almost certain that the temporary stopping of the export of arms would mean the crushing of France before we would be ready to intervene.

If our sympathies are the result of intolerable wrongs, we must reflect that such wrongs are inevitable in a war of this magnitude, and that we have suffered from both sides. If we call the Germans Huns because of their crimes on the sea and in the air, we must reflect that their provocation has been great. They have all along maintained that such acts were in reprisal. We Americans know that such an excuse is not valid, and that much of the submarine and

Zeppelin policy of Germany has been inhuman and wrong—for two wrongs cannot make a right. We must not forget, however, that the *lex talionis* is still potent in our own national counsels; nor that recently our President himself, without consulting Congress, sent a force of men into a neighboring state to punish a bandit who had murdered our citizens. Such an act of reprisal as that for the massacre at Columbus is merely the latest example of the oldest and deepest rooted in human nature of all laws.

Let us at least try in a measure to understand the German view-point. We know that the English blockade, her policy of encirclement, even though it has failed to reduce Germany to famine, has been the cause of untold suffering and hardships and even loss of life. No American with any idea of fairness can fail to see that such a blockade, including non-contraband as well as contraband, and sadly interfering with the commerce of neutrals, has overstepped the tenets of international law. The grim ferocity and lack of quarter with which this terrible war has come to be waged is evidenced by the fact that England finally refused to let the United States ship Red Cross supplies for wounded German soldiers. So if there has been brutality on one side, there certainly has been on the other. And there is a fine subtlety in the English method of trying to starve millions of a civil population—for their lack of success in no wise absolves them from moral guilt—that we close our eyes to when we see the open butchery of non-combatants on the high seas.

Few people appear to realize that a nation cannot long let its acts fall short of its words. It would be but a righteous Nemesis for us who have vilified Germany with such unbridled license to be obliged finally to back up our sentiments with the sword. But before it is too late can we not take a larger view of the conflict and see that we shall be of far greater value to the world by remaining neutral than by entering a war which seems now so far spent? It cannot continue forever and negotiations must end it; the great work of reconstruction can be immeasurably furthered by us.

Let our better natures reassert themselves and let our resentment not develop into a Hymn of Hate, but be tempered by pity. Let us remember that in this unequal contest which the Germans are waging with half the world for ideals dear to them, that they also have made appalling sacrifices and have willingly shed their best blood. Let us remember that the death of a son or brother, of a husband or father, is quite as terrible a misfortune to one of our German sisters as to one of France or England. Let us try to

imbibe a little of the spirit of that noble Frenchman, Romain Rolland, who, in his chapter entitled *Inter Arma Caritas*,¹ has, almost alone of his countrymen and in the face of being called a traitor just because he has not filled the measure of hate against the enemies of France, steadfastly refused to be swept off his feet by popular passion. He has been able to see above the clash of arms the sublime truth that the tragedy of this war is not only that of his beloved France, but that it is the tragedy of humanity, "that each of the nations is being menaced in its dearest possessions—in its honor, its independence, its life." He realizes that the soldiers of each are equally fighting for what they hold precious, and he has nothing but sympathy and pity for them all. And like a seer he has been vouchsafed the power to see far ahead, that the greatest task of the future, long after the din and smoke of battle is past, will be that of replacing the outworn creed of individualism and nationalism with something vastly higher—internationalism.

This is a task which seems chimerical now in these days of bitterness and gall, but one which is fated to be the goal toward which mankind will strive. Following the immortal dictum of his compatriot Jaurès that "the need of unity is the profoundest and noblest of the human mind," he has raised his voice for the great truth that "cooperation, not war, is the right duty of nations and that all that is valuable in each people may be maintained in and by intercourse with others." It is this spirit of charity in war that we Americans should try to instil into our hearts; for we ought to be fitting ourselves to help in the great work of reconstruction which is to follow, and not, by our utterances and acts, put ourselves outside the sympathy of one side in the struggle.

In the plethora of war literature it is encouraging now and again to find a book which has been written by a man who can still lift himself above the conflict and survey it with sanity and fairness from a broader and higher level. Especially gratifying is it to find such a book written by a citizen of one of the warring nations, since the comments and conclusions of such a one are sure to command American attention.

Such a book is *Justice in War-Time*² by the Hon. Bertrand Russell, the chief of the English pacifists. It is undoubtedly one of

¹ In his volume *Au-dessus de la mêlée*, translated under the title *Above the Battle* by C. K. Ogden and published by The Open Court Publishing Company of Chicago.

² Published by the Open Court Publishing Company.

the best contributions to the subject of the war that has yet appeared, and so, with the hope that its circle of readers may be increased, I wish to give some account of its contents. It may be said in advance that whoever is interested in reading war news only to feed his prejudices, and whoever does not wish to modify hastily made opinions as to the causes of the conflict, will get little comfort from reading this book. For it is written with a fullness of knowledge, a grasp of ideas and a frankness and clarity of judgment that are almost unique. It is a book which can have only a beneficial effect on the crisis through which America is now passing.

Its author is connected by birth with one of the great houses of England and is known throughout the English-speaking world for his contributions to mathematics, philosophy and social science. He is a lecturer and sometime fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and is the son of the late Viscount Amberley, and grandson of Lord John Russell, the famous prime minister of England, whose name was prominent in the last century among the champions of civil and religious liberty. He is heir to the present Earl Russell, whose independence of spirit is shown by his self-styled title of "agnostic." He is well known in American scientific circles, especially by his philosophical lectures here. Thus his last scientific work, *Our Knowledge of the External World as a Field for Scientific Method in Philosophy*, embodies the Lowell Lectures for 1914. His intimate knowledge of Germany is evidenced by the title of his first book, *German Social Democracy*, which appeared in 1896.

The present book consists of a series of twelve essays, all of which, with the exception of the last two, had already appeared in various magazines. As they were written over a period of a year and a half, they show certain repetitions and also inconsistencies, as his first impressions have necessarily become modified by the development of events. Several of them discuss pacifism in its broader aspects and start from the thesis that most people are pacific by nature and are incited to war only by politicians and journalists. He is not so extreme as pacifists of the Tolstoy type, but admits that some wars, even though evil, are justified, the only question being whether their results outweigh their evil. He states his belief that the present war is merely one of prestige, with no great principle involved, and so unjustified. He is certain that it is not being fought in defense of democracy, and that even if the Allies should win, democracy could not be stuffed down the throats of the Germans who "have the form of government which they desire" (p. 33).

When Germans maintain that England has a brutal national egotism and that they are fighting for civilization against an envious world, and when the English retaliate by averring that Germany is a country of ruthless militarism and that *they* are upholding treaties and the rights of small nations, Mr. Russell finds such language melodramatic to a sober mind and concludes that every nation is egotistic; that each, in pursuing its own interests, *may* spread civilization and uphold treaties, but that no nation does it at the sacrifice of "a million men and a thousand million pounds"; that when such sacrifices are made, it is always for selfish purposes (p. 3). Though each side in the present war claims it is fighting in self-defense and so blames the other, each is fighting really because it wished to, and is now angry and determined to be victorious (p. 14); inasmuch as neither side has so far won decisively, the fury of the combatants grows and will grow the longer the war endures. So he finds the German statement that the war will be decided finally by nervous endurance not impossible (p. 16). Such a hatred has been aroused among the Allies by German successes that this alone is the greatest danger to civilization (p. 112). His main purpose in writing, however, is to find out the truth about the causes which led up to the war; for he asserts that the truth will not adapt itself to national needs, since "it is in its essence neutral" (p. 2).

The best part of the book, therefore, is contained in the last five essays on the history of the Entente policy during the incumbency of the Foreign Office by Sir Edward Grey. It is in essence a reply to Sir Gilbert Murray's elaborate defense of Grey.³ It is avowedly a criticism, not of the personality of the secretary, but of the maxims which he inherited. His conclusion in brief is, that though Germany was more to blame than England for the outbreak of the war, if England's policy in recent years had been conducted differently "there is a likelihood that the present European war would never have occurred" (p. 123). His contention is that England must not remain "wrapped in self-righteousness, impervious to facts which are not wholly creditable to us." He does not believe that a criticism of the past of the Foreign Office can do anything but good, especially since both England and Germany, in presenting their case to America, went too far in claiming a "complete sinlessness not given to mortals."

Such a frank and outspoken criticism of his country in the course of a great war could easily be looked upon as unpatriotic. It is not strange, therefore, that its author should be called a "pro-

³ *The Foreign Policy of Sir Edward Grey (1906-15)*: Clarendon Press.

German" by Professor Murray, who says that he and Mr. Brailsford "are not at present in a state of mind which enables them to see or even to seek the truth." That this is unfounded, and that at heart Mr. Russell has English prejudices, can be made out from many passages in the book. Thus (on page 125) he says that so long as he has known Germany he has abominated the Kaiser and looked upon him as "one of the sources of evil in the world." But in denouncing him he does not go to the extreme to which Professor Murray has gone, who seems to regard William as the "central enemy of the human race." Nor in any part of the book does he make invidious comparisons between Germany and her enemies. However, in a more recent article,⁴ he delivers himself of the opinion that Germany is a less civilized country than either France or England. Here he strikes a far lower note, but one that has been struck often enough since the war began. Perhaps nothing more futile has been done than making such comparisons between the civilizations of the countries concerned. If ever it were profitable or fitting to do this, surely it is not the time during the course of a great war. Every educated man knows that the world would be seriously impaired by the injury of any of its three great civilizations—whether Anglo-Saxon, Gallic or Teutonic.

In discussing the causes of the war he first brings up the question of Belgium. He shows that the belief held by most English Liberals at the beginning, that the English participated in the war because of Germany's violation of the treaty of 1839 by invading Belgium, is not true. Perhaps nothing has set the American people against the Germans more than this act; and probably no deeper rooted belief has been held by our people than that England and France joined in the war because of it. Mr. Russell made it clear that not all Englishmen believed this, even though Professor Murray says it was "one of the obvious and important events leading up to the war." Thus the *London Times* combated the notion repeatedly, nor was it at first held in France, Russia or even Germany. Mr. Russell says (p. 127) that he does not believe there "can now be two opinions as to the part played by Belgium in our participation; if the Germans had not attacked Belgium. . . . the government would have found it impossible to stand aside while France was being crushed. France, not Belgium, was for us the decisive factor." He mentions the well-known evidence that the German ambassador Lichnowsky asked Grey if he could promise neutrality if not only the integrity and independence of France, but also the

⁴ "War as an Institution," in *Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1916, pp. 603ff.

neutrality of Belgium, were respected; to which Grey answered he could not.⁵ This happened on August 1, three days before England declared war. Sir Gilbert Murray's comment on this incident is therefore quite incorrect: "We could not tell Germany how much we would take to stand aside while France was crushed. We could not arrange with Germany for a limited crushing of France. . . . all such bargaining was both dishonorable and illusory and dangerous." But France was included in the arrangement, and probably it was nothing but fear that the Germans intended crushing France, despite their promise and despite the fact, which any candid observer must grant, that Germany did not want an enemy on her back in the west while engaged with the Russians in the east—that brought both France and England into what otherwise might have remained a war localized in eastern Europe.

On August 2, England promised France she would intervene if Germany should attack her northern and western coasts, though Germany had already promised she would not. Even in his speech of August 3 Grey said little of Belgium, and throughout his consequent speeches he spoke chiefly of France, and made it clear England would help France. The best that can be said for England is that Belgium gave the Foreign Office "an occasion for hypocrisy" (p. 129), while at the same time it gave to Germany "an occasion for brutal violence." Mr. Russell goes further and maintains that not only would England have participated if Belgium had not been involved, but, if her interests had been on the side of Germany, she would not have taken part even if Germany had invaded Belgium. He is unsparing in his arraignment of England's professions. He cites the case of 1877 when there was tension between Germany and France almost sufficient to bring about war. Then the possibility that Germany would march through Belgium was admitted, and the newspapers⁶ of England discussed her obligation if such an event took place and concluded that England

⁵ See *British White Paper*, No. 123; telegram of Grey to Sir E. Goschen, British Ambassador to Germany. It runs in part thus: "*Sir:—I told the German Ambassador to-day. . . . He asked me whether, if Germany gave a promise not to violate Belgium's neutrality, we would engage to remain neutral. I replied. . . . our hands were still free, and we were considering what our attitude should be. . . . The Ambassador pressed me as to whether I could not formulate conditions on which we would remain neutral. He even suggested that the integrity of France and her colonies might be guaranteed. I said that I felt obliged to refuse definitely any promise to remain neutral on similar terms, and I could only say that we must keep our hands free. I am, etc., E. Grey.*"

⁶ He cites the *Standard* of Feb. 4, 1887; the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Feb. 4 and 5; the *Spectator* of Feb. 5—giving the purport of their conclusions in Appendix A.

need not keep her obligation to Belgium to the extent of going to war. Yet this obligation was the same then as in 1914, as it likewise rested on the old treaty of 1839. But the British view of her interests had changed in the interim; in 1887 she had trouble with France and Russia and not with Germany; if war had come then her interests would have been for a German victory. In 1914 she had trouble with Germany, and so stood for Belgium, and it was the intention of her Foreign Office to help France in any war between France and Germany (p. 131).

Leaving out of account, therefore, the invasion of Belgium in explaining the war in the west, he goes deeper and finds that the war there, like the one in the east, was simply the result of the rivalry of states (p. 83). For, like all candid writers, he leaves the diplomacy of the last fortnight altogether out of account. To appreciate, then, the real causes of the struggle, he reviews England's relation to the Entente, for he maintains that ever since the conclusion of the Anglo-French agreement in 1904 the war had been on the point of breaking out, and he admits that in 1911 "our readiness to provoke a European war was greater than that of Germany" (142).

As so little is known by most Americans about these relations, perhaps it will not be amiss to give a brief résumé of Mr. Russell's account of the events of the last few years before the explosion of 1914. During the Boer war England found she was faced with the unanimous hostility of Europe and that there was fear lest France, Germany and Russia might form a coalition against her, a fear partly averted by the deep estrangement between France and Germany since the latter had taken Alsace-Lorraine years before, and also partly because the combined navies of the three nations could not match the British. However, the German navy laws of 1898 and 1900 had even before made it clear to England that she could not long hope to equal these navies and so, when she found it to her interest to have friends, she was drawn into an alliance with Russia and France. He frankly confesses it was neither "love of French liberalism nor even of Russian police methods" which produced the Entente—but only fear of Germany, and that, whether or not this fear was reasonable, the measures which England took were dictated rather by panic than wisdom, and brought the danger nearer by increasing the warlike feeling of both France and Germany. England's long standing difficulties with France and Russia were amicably arranged. By 1904 an Anglo-French agreement was concluded by which England agreed to support the claims of France

in Morocco in return for France's recognition of England's claims in Egypt. In 1907 an arrangement was made with Russia by which the latter got peacefully in Persia what she had long wanted.

Mr. Russell looks upon the Morocco incident, to which he devotes thirty-two pages, as the most important chapter in the history of the Entente. M. Delcassé, then minister of foreign affairs in France, since preparing the 1904 agreement with Lord Landsdowne, became strongly anti-German and the old *revanche*—the fundamental desire of French nationalistic feeling—took on a new lease of life just when there were signs of its waning. To show his indifference to German public opinion, when he knew that England would support France, Delcassé even failed to notify Germany officially of the Morocco agreement. In 1905, William, to match this discourtesy, went to Tangier and announced that Morocco was independent and in need of reforms and that in the interests of Germany these must be safeguarded. Later he demanded an international conference on the status of the country, which had been decided long since by the Madrid Convention of 1880. At the resulting conference of Algeciras Germany submitted to the acquisition of certain rights there by France and Spain, at a time when, owing to Russia's Manchurian campaign, a preponderance of military power was on her side. Again in 1911, owing to a supposed danger to Europeans in Fez, France sent a relief expedition which occupied the capital and then, because of pressure from the colonial party, refused to withdraw. Germany made no objection to the sending of the expedition, but demanded that since the agreement of Algeciras was thus modified, compensation must be given her in return for parting with all her rights in Morocco. France refused and England stood by her; Germany dispatched the "Panther" to the harbor of Agadir; England, through the "Mansion House Speech" of Lloyd George, virtually threatened Germany that she was ready to go to war for her Moroccan interests. Finally, when relations between England and Germany were almost at the breaking point, an agreement was effected through the effort of the Kaiser and the peace party in Germany, by which France was to have a protectorate over Morocco, and Germany was inadequately compensated with lands in the French Congo. This affair of 1911 made "the *revanche* begin to seem a possibility; men who had been pacifists became jingoes, the three years' service law was introduced, and the whole tone of French politics was changed" (p. 169). The *French Yellow Book* (ch. I, No. 5) relates with great frankness the effect on Germany, which felt the agreement was humiliating

and decided it could not again submit to such threats. In this connection Mr. Russell quotes the editor of the Italian periodical *Scientia* (June-July, 1915, pp. 44, 45) to this effect: "This exclusion was perhaps an error for the cause of European peace, because of the great disappointment and the lively irritation which the incident left throughout Germany." Mr. Russell concludes that Germany's unyielding front in 1914 was largely due to the humiliation in having yielded to England's threats at the time of the Agadir crisis; similarly the uncompromising stiffness of Russia was due in large part to her humiliation in 1908, when Austria-Hungary took Bosnia and Herzegovina. He says each "had suffered one humiliation, and each felt that another would ruin its prestige" (p. 170). If Germany egged on Austria, England certainly did France (p. 150).

To get into relation with Russia was not an easy thing for England. For in 1902, because of her Asiatic interests, England had allied herself with Japan, and Japan had whipped Russia in 1904-5, and thus there was tension between England and Russia. Her first task, therefore, was to help reconcile Russia and her ally, and then, by means of a huge loan made conjointly with France to Russia, and by the partition of Persia, win the friendship of the Slavs. By 1907 all outstanding differences had been settled (pp. 171f): In Tibet neither Russia nor England was to seek an advantage; in Afghanistan British suzerainty was to be recognized; in Persia, though its "integrity" and "independence" were to be observed, Russia was to have a sphere of influence in the north, including the capital, Britain in the south. He devotes seventy-two pages to the partition of Persia. What he thinks of it is seen in his summing up of its history since the conclusion of the Anglo-Russian agreement as "one long record of perfidy, cruelty and greed" (p. 180). It is good that at last an Englishman has had the courage to tell the truth about Persia! By the Anglo-French loan of 1906 Russia was enabled to suppress her revolution, her Duma and the constitution that had been wrung from her ruler, reorganize her army, reconquer Poland, deprive Finland of the liberties which the Czar had promised to defend—in a word rehabilitate the old autocracy (p. 177). In lending this aid England was "not only committing a crime against Russia, a crime against liberty, and a crime against humanity, but we were preventing the removal of the chief argument by which the military party have appealed to the ordinary citizen in Germany"—for that appeal was based on fear of her powerful neighbor. If Russian autocracy had not been rehabilitated,

a liberal movement would have had a chance, and this would have taken place if the loan had been postponed only a few months. Furthermore this command of capital undoubtedly inclined Russia to a friendship away from Germany—favored by the party of Witte—and inclined her toward France and England, a potent factor in later leading up to the world war.

Mr. Russell sums up by saying (pp. 203f) that England on various occasions since 1904 pursued a policy "of needless hostility" to Germany and acted in a way to increase the hold of militarism and aggression on Germany. He concludes that England, though "of the lightest shade of gray," had her part in bringing on the war; "We and they [the Germans] have been immoral in aim and brutal in method, each in the exact degree which was thought to be to the national advantage. If either they or we had had loftier aims or less brutal methods, the war might have been avoided" (p. 137). He has no illusions about the aims of the great powers; the basic fact in the European situation is that all of them "have the same objects: territory, trade and prestige" (p. 136). In the pursuit of such purposes none of them "shrinks from wanton aggression, war and chicanery." England, because of her geographical situation, can achieve her aims by petty wars outside Europe, while Germany can achieve hers only by a big war in Europe. The rights of small nations—of which we Americans hear so much, though little is said of Greece—have never been considered by England in furthering her aims. Thus he adduces the case of Morocco, which appealed to Germany for protection against French aggression, but neither France nor England was for that reason put in the wrong! Persia "the intellectual aristocracy of the Moslems"—had finally freed itself from the corrupt rule of the Shah and was becoming liberalized, but this did not stop the Cossacks nor the British from overrunning her. Under such circumstances he says there can be nothing said against Germany protecting the Turks: for years England, for her own interests, kept the Sick Man of Europe alive by money and war; it is now only a change of doctors. In short all considerations of humanity and liberty have been subordinated to the "great game" of the Entente.

Apart from his analysis of the causes of the war, perhaps the most important contribution of the book is the author's clarity of vision in seeing that it is now time that the fearful struggle should stop. Many people in the allied countries and most people in the United States have had the idea that it would be only a question of time before Germany would be worn down by attrition and that

the war would be ended by an excess of population on the side of her enemies. Mr. Russell shows, what ought to have been clear to every one from the first, that even if England and Germany should continue to fight for five centuries, as England and France once did, they would both continue to exist (p. 95). This fact is slowly being realized after months of fighting, and so the sooner a way is found by which each side can endure the existence of the other the better. The deadlock on both fronts makes a "purely strategical decision almost impossible" (p. 108). "It is fairly clear now that neither side can hope for the absolute and crushing victory which both expected at the outset, except at a cost which cannot be seriously contemplated" (p. 121); "Most military authorities are agreed that it is impossible to crush Germany" (p. 121). We know that, despite her bad crops of last summer, Germany has been able to hold out against the ever-tightening blockade of England and can continue to do so; and the Allies know that to shake off the German grip on their soils would cost them monstrously. Thus it is clear that negotiations must end the war and they should not be delayed.

Mr. Russell gives us a gruesome picture of the crime of fighting further (pp. 109f): if the war does not soon end, all the young men between the ages of 18 and 45 in all the fighting nations will be killed or maimed; the moral level of all Europe will be lowered by familiarity with horror; the mental efficiency of the continent will be diminished by the deterioration in education and by the death or nervous weakening of the best minds; and the subsequent struggle for existence will be terrible. In other words he fears that an almost mortal wound may be dealt to civilization: "If the war does not come to an end soon it is to be feared that we are at the end of a great epoch, and that the future of Europe will not be on a level with its past."

Every one feels the almost irreconcilable differences between Germany and England. Where Germany feels a sort of contemptuous liking for France and a tempered ill-feeling toward Russia, she feels her differences with England can only be removed by the destruction of her power. In "The Future of Anglo-German Rivalry" (pp. 67f), Mr. Russell quotes the dire prophecy of Eduard Meyer, the greatest living historian, who holds the chair of Mommsen at the University of Berlin. In an article in *Scientia*⁷ he regards Germany as the analogue of Rome, Britain of Carthage. Scarcely

⁷ "England's Krieg gegen Deutschland und die Probleme der Zukunft," March, 1915, pp. 286-300.

hoping for a decision in this war, he looks forward to a long series of struggles like the Punic wars, and says the "characteristic of the next century will be unconquerable opposition and embittered hate between England and Germany." Mr. Russell says the same idea is held by many English professors, except that their military hopes are not so modest, for they expect an overwhelming defeat of Germany now.

Mr. Russell has some good ideas about how the dispute may be settled after the war (pp. 96-100). An international Council should be formed; it should be composed only of diplomats, since they will continue to represent national prestige; their deliberations and treaties should not be secret; military intervention should in cases of need be used to enforce its awards. Thus, like Ex-President Taft, Mr. Russell believes that moral force is still insufficient to enforce what is right. He thinks that all humane people in Europe want America to have a share in the peace negotiations, and proposes that such a congress might take place in the "neutral atmosphere of Washington" with Mr. Wilson as its leader. Doubtless such an arrangement would be agreeable to most of the Allies; but I fear that the Central Powers have not such a complete faith in the neutrality of Mr. Wilson. Perhaps it would be better for the Roman pontiff or the King of Spain to head such a congress—men who have not had to pass sleepless nights in trying to keep the goodwill of a people which has suffered by our "legal" attitude.

In these latter days we are hearing rumors of peace and many good people are fain to believe that there are now lights in the skies which are not the red lights of Mars, and that the black night which settled over Europe with such swiftness two years ago is about to lift. But no one can prophesy as to when or how the great conflict will end; and if we examine these rumors we must sadly admit that they are very tenuous as yet. Most of them come from Germany, and for the very good reason that the Teutons are the only ones who, by successes so far, are in a position to talk peace. That they are tired of the war and the suffering entailed by England's blockade, is certain. The German people, through their able note to us—which the *New York Times* characterized as "irritating but acceptable"—have very recently officially reiterated their desire for peace. And that a change of heart has already taken place in Germany is also shown by the fact that recently Maximilian Harden has been allowed to say that "the sword having failed to achieve what was promised us, the time is ripe for the brain to

assert itself in directing German affairs." That many thoughtful Germans are trying to overcome their feelings of hatred is shown by the beautiful words written long ago by Prof. Rudolf Eucken of Jena in his "German Thoughts and Wishes for the New Year, 1915," in which he expresses the hope that the mighty spiritual movement which the war has called forth might continue to influence German life afterward, and gives a sacred warning against racial pride and narrow nationalism, and an exhortation to preserve comity with all nations; "As Germans, we must consider our attitude toward the world of as much influence as our attitude toward ourselves. We must not allow ourselves to indulge in a narrow national life. We must not and shall not have a false racial pride. On the contrary, we must ceaselessly broaden our lives, steadily preserving our interrelations with all mankind. Our great nation cannot attain its proper level without keeping the whole of humanity in mind." Thoughts looking to peace have also recently been expressed by the German chancellor, whose speeches have been models of self-restraint. Let us for a moment see if any such sentiments can be marshalled from the official pronouncements of the chiefs of the Allies' ranks, to meet the longing for peace which is manifesting itself throughout Germany.

President Poincaré, in his Nancy speech (May 14), in response to Germany's tentative declaration regarding peace in her reply to our note, has this to say: "France does not want Germany to tender peace but wants her to ask for peace." In explaining the only kind of peace which France could accept, he says: "The Central Empires, haunted by remorse for having brought on the war, and terrified by the indignation and hatred they have stirred up in mankind, are trying to-day to make the world believe that the Entente Allies are responsible for the prolongation of hostilities—a dull irony which will deceive no one." He does not want a peace which would leave Germany with the power to recommence the war and keep France eternally menaced, and so long as the Germans will not recognize themselves as vanquished, France will not cease to fight. In other words the bloody conflict must go on. It is a strange message from the chief of a country which has lost so many men that it will not publish the number, and from the country which had the promise of not being attacked if she remained neutral. But Frenchmen never can believe Germans, even when they come bearing gifts. On May 22, in an address of welcome to the visiting officials and members of the Duma, Premier Briand said the only peace which the Allies would demand would be one free of intrigue and that it

would come only after a decisive victory, which would ensure the world against a similar catastrophe in the future.

Let us see if the outlook for an early peace is more hopeful across the Channel. On May 13 Sir Edward Grey, departing from his usual custom of silence, gave out his first interview to the press.⁸ I quote in part from the *Philadelphia Bulletin* (May 13): "Prussian tyranny over Western Europe, including these islands, our people will not stand. The pledges given by Mr. Asquith as regards the restoration of Belgium and Servia shall be kept. . . . What we and our allies are fighting for is a free Europe. We want a Europe free not only from the domination of one nationality by another, but from hectoring diplomacy and the peril of war; free from the constant rattling of the sword in the scabbard and from the perpetual talk of shining armor and war lords." "In fact we feel that we are fighting for equal rights, for law, justice and peace, and for civilization throughout the world against brute force, which knows no restraint or mercy." "The Allies can tolerate no peace that leaves the wrongs of this war unredressed." In other words the war must go on; there is no crack in the Allies' armor; the *status quo* must be kept up; England and not Germany must be in the ascendant in the counsels of western Europe, and England's fleet must at any time be able to blockade and dominate Germans. When after two years of such bitter strife, England's chief can express himself in this unrestrained manner, it seems a tragic misfortune that her destiny can be left in such hands in her hour of need.

But we must remember that this is not the view-point of all Englishmen. We have seen that it is not the view-point of the author of the book which we have been discussing. We know that the hardest thing in our mental life is to get the point of view of one from whom we differ. Whether we agree with it or not, we must remember that in this struggle there is another point of view. According to English official figures given out in London on May 10, the total casualties suffered by the Germans since the war began were 2,822,079, and probably these figures are right. They mean one thing, that there is another point of view, hard though it be for France or England to see it. They mean that the Germans, if an angel of the Lord could strike the golden scales, also have an ideal and are willing to suffer colossal losses for it.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, who throughout the war has been fearless

⁸ Speaking to Edward Price Bell, the war correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News* and the *Philadelphia Bulletin*.

in his utterances, has told his countrymen some homely truths.⁹ He asks: "When did we first begin to believe in the French army after its stampede from Namur to the gates of Paris? It was when, in the middle of our absurd explanations that the retreat was a successful combination of profound strategy with undying heroism, Joffre electrified us by bluntly saying that the French had disgraced themselves and should not have been beaten at all, and that there was no excuse either for the men or the generals, many of whom he promptly sacked. . . . Since then he has been the only general in the field in whom there is any large and generous faith." He goes on to say that "the distinguishing feature of the campaign is the grim devotion of the officers and men who have gone into the trenches without a ray of illusion as to the moral merits of this monstrous collapse of European civilization. They have given their lives not in the least because they believe that they are fighting the good fight for the clap-traps of our press and platform, or because they think that a German is so much worse than an Englishman that the Englishman is entitled to extirpate him as vermin, but solely because when they and their allies are violently attacked, they must either be slaughtered like sheep or stand up and fight until the attack is beaten off." He adds: "There are plenty of men in the British trenches, . . . who admire the Prussian system. They have no patience with British muddle, British slummock, British lazy hatred of order and intellect and learning. Their one hope of any good coming out of the war for their countrymen is that it will knock the nonsense out of them and compel them to organize in the German fashion henceforth. . . . There are men. . . . who are acutely and constantly aware that every German killed is a loss to England and every Englishman killed a loss to Germany. There are men who. . . . are convinced that. . . . Jean Bloc was right when he said that modern war between fully armed powers of the first magnitude can pile up corpses, but cannot achieve decisions." I have quoted these words at length because of the belief that if war is ever to stop on this earth it will not be for the lack of fodder to nourish the passions which cause it, but because it is a futile thing, owing to the fact that modern invention in carrying it out makes a decision impossible. In other words war, like everything else, is sure some day to create its own Frankenstein.

In any case it is folly for England with her past record at the Dardanelles, Loos, Mesopotamia, Saloniki and elsewhere, to con-

⁹ In an article in the Philadelphia *North American* of May 7, 1916, entitled "Too Much Bluff in the British War Policy:"

tinue her unyielding spirit. It is excusable in Russia, which has saved the day for the west on so many occasions ; or in France, which has borne the brunt of the struggle in the west with such fortitude and heroism. But it seems unreasonable for England which spiritually until recently has never been sufficiently in the war to determine its course except as she has kept the seas, to take the leading role in saying how long the war shall last or what shall be the conditions of peace. And yet it is possible that apart from all calculations of exhaustion, apart from the signs of peace discernible in Germany and her changed attitude toward neutrals, apart from England's domestic worries, and in spite of the avowed determination of all the Allies to continue the struggle, there may develop such a rivalry between Russia and Britain in the near East as will demand peace merely to check the ambitions of the former. Thus the war, brought on with no higher motive than the rivalry of states, may, after all this superhuman sacrifice, be fated to be brought to an end by nothing higher than the same rivalry of states.

PHILADELPHIA, June 1, 1916.

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Postscript: Since writing the above, events of momentous importance have taken place in the war situation: the Russian drive under Brusiloff, the great offensive of France and England on the Somme and the Ancre, the entrance of Rumania into the war and her subsequent collapse at the hands of Teuton and Bulgar armies, the recovery of ground lost to the Austrians by Italy and to the Germans by France at Verdun, the overthrow of the ministries in the chief capitals of the Allies,—and lastly the German peace proposals of December 12 and the more recent appeal of President Wilson to all the belligerent and neutral nations alike to declare, as a preliminary step toward peace, their views as to the terms on which the war might be concluded. Just now every one's attention is on the outcome of the German peace overture. Almost immediately an answer of refusal was indicated by Russia and France, and all eyes were turned with intense interest on the new British Premier, as he is universally looked upon as bearing the grave responsibility of further protracting the struggle or bringing it to an end. On December 18 Mr. Lloyd George spoke at length in the House of Commons on the war situation and England's attitude; his speech was full of "reparation" and "guarantees," Germany's "outrage on civilization" and "atrocities on land and sea," and how she had "plunged Europe into this vortex of blood," and that for the Allies to enter into a conference without knowing Germany's terms was "putting

our heads into a noose, with the rope in the hands of the Germans." His concluding sentence once again summed up the British feeling toward the Central Powers, a model of concentrated hatred and fear: "The triumph of Prussia. . . would leave mankind to struggle, helpless, in the morass of horror. That is why, since this war began, I have known but one political aim. . . That was to rescue mankind from the most overwhelming catastrophe that has ever yet menaced its well being." However, many American papers have pointed out that the speech really contained less of rancor than might have been expected; that it contained nothing like the former hymn of hate, the menace of retaliation on the German people, of England's intention of obliterating their nationality and civic future. On the contrary, it gave a distinct denial of any purpose of crushing Germany and a clear definition of the general enemy as Prussian militarism, whose ambitions, if uncurbed, might know no limits. Such a note, it is felt—despite its surface hostility—ought to help on the way to peace, even if fighting shall be resumed for a time with redoubled fury. The situation for the moment, then, waits on the answer of Germany and the good sense of those responsible for England's welfare.

That the English people want peace as well as the German is not doubted, nor the belief that it is folly to continue the struggle. If in five months, with a drive of unparalleled concentration on a front of only forty-four miles on the Somme, the British can report losses aggregating almost a half million men and an advance nowhere of over six miles, while the Germans at the same time were protecting 1700 miles of front; and if the combined armies of the Russians and the Entente at Saloniki could not save Rumania from her fate, it would seem to a candid observer that the continuation of the war would be futile. If, however, the war is to go on, we must anticipate with Mr. Lowes Dickinson "a war of years; a war getting more and more destructive and more and more ruthless, a war in which the last remnants of law and of humanity may disappear; a war in which we may see the wiping out of whole cities by bombs and the wholesale murder of prisoners; a war which, by the time it ceases from sheer lack of power to prosecute it, may have destroyed irretrievably the bare possibility of all common life between the nations."

PHILADELPHIA, December 23, 1916.

DAHUL, A TYPE OF FLYING DUTCHMAN.

BY WILBUR BASSETT.

THE STORY OF DAHUL.

AN autumn gale gathering its forces in the sombre depths of the Western Ocean winged its way toward the shores of Brittany. Before it in warning, myriad-footed, swept a torrential rain. Night was falling in Morlaix that sits with her ancient feet in the sea, and in the twilight the heavy drops that beat upon her roof and poured in torrents down her cobbled streets shone with the dull brilliancy of metal. Upon a side street near the fish market a small house with high peaked roof and gabled windows heavily thatched challenged the torrents with an ancient sea lantern which swung sturdily and unwinking in the tumult as though to a lantern of its experience such a storm was a mere zephyr.

Three figures in oil skins, their aged backs bent against the wind, their sticks clattering noisily upon the cobbles, halted beneath the lantern and entered through the low door.

The firelight within and the rays of a swinging lamp flickered upon the smoked rafters of the little room and upon the deep-lined faces of a dozen quiet old men and a round-faced young fisherman. The smoke of their pipes swayed and drifted above their heads. At their backs little windows that peered from under their thatched brows upon the leaden channel shuddered and shook with the might of the wind and the impact of the rain, and the roar of the sea upon the shore thundered incessantly through the street.

As the door closed behind the three men one of the aged sailors arose and greeted them warmly. It was Pierre Latou, the master of the house, fisherman and pensioner, village oracle and local historian, and when they had hung their dripping oil skins upon the hooks behind the door and drawn off their heavy sea boots, they joined the circle by the fire. The room with its occupants, its raftered roof and swinging lamp, seemed like the cabin of some sea wanderer, lashed by the fury of a gale, and these old men with the life-long endurance of seamen in their eyes were as the watch below,

relaxed for the hour but ready to spring to the call of brothers on deck. In the twilight of the dim floor before them sprawled a fishing net and each had drawn an edge into his lap and was busily seizing it to the tarred buoy-line, his face grave and intent upon the task.

In lulls of the gale they spoke of this one and that who was out upon the sea, fondly and confidently, with the brusque masculinity of sailors, fearless of the elements and confident in the staunchness of the vessel and the hardihood of her crew. The spirits of evil might toss their winds and waves about, but the saints would not forget devout sailors who had always done their duty toward the church. St. Anne d'Auray herself had risen out of a fog to help Pierre and at her shrine in the village church hung the silver boat he vowed to her for deliverance.

As the evening wore on the noise of the storm abated somewhat and the fire burned lower. Pipe smoke gathered so thickly in the air that the figures of the old sailors seemed like shadowy spirits wreathed in the ghostly clouds from their pipes. Even as their corporeal bodies faded into eerie smoke, and the tangible violence of the storm hushed away into mystic voices of sea and wind, so the stories of these old men of the sea shifted insensibly from the solid ground of physical experience to the tenuous world of apparitions and of legend.

One told of the great Chasse Foudre with her thousand ports, a ship as vast as the world; another in an awed voice figured the corposant, the awful fires of St. Elmo; and so each calling to the memory of the others they heard recounted the history of the spirit land of the sea from the very lips of her priests.

Passing about the circle the lot of speaker came at last to Pierre, the aged host, and the grizzled mate at his right called for the story of Dahul, speaking quietly and entreating him to recount this the greatest of his stories. He recalled that Dahul had appeared off Finisterre a year before to the coasting schooner "Marguerite" and the schooner with Pierre's only brother had never again been sighted. Since that time Pierre had never mentioned the name of Dahul. It was no wonder, said the old mate. Who knew but the dreadful brig was then hanging in the offing reckless of the gale? Were not even Surcouf and Tribaldor-le-Grand afraid of the mere name of Dahul? They urged Pierre to tell of the specter ship, and presently he laid aside his pipe and began the tale.

As they tell and say, there was once a brig that sailed from

Barcelona for Palermo. The day was fine, and her master anxious to hasten upon his way spread all sail to the breeze, rejoicing in the prospect of a clear night and a long run. Toward sunset the wind died away and darkness closed down ominously, the stars blotted out by flying clouds from the north. The courses were hastily furled, and all hands jumped aloft to shorten sail and soon had the topsails straining in the buntlines. Without a moment's warning, while the men were still upon the yards, the storm broke fiercely upon them from abeam, bursting the bunted topsails from the boltropes with thunderous crashes, their torn cloths sweeping half the topmen from the footropes away to leeward into the sea. Those remaining had scarcely made their way to the deck when the spanker blew away to leeward and left the brig with only a fore staysail. Hatches were hastily battened down and storm canvas held in readiness, but the rising seas swept bodily over the doomed brig, and whirling in green masses along her decks swept the remnant of her crew into the sea.

Alone and crippled, but still resolute and buoyant, drifting to leeward through the long night the solitary hull rolled away into the darkness. Day after day and through many a night the lonely brig drifted on her solitary way at the mercy of wind and wave. By day the fin of the shark gleamed alongside, by night wan phosphorescent lights flitted along her decks, and aloft from spar to spar, and in her stifed cabins the death-dew gathered white and damp. Slowly the currents set her to the westward till she approached the Algerian coast. A sail crept out of the morning haze to meet her, one of that fierce band of cutthroats who haunt the darker lanes of ocean and lurk in the deep shadows beyond the harbor lights.

She was an Arab felucca, whose graceful sweeping lines glistered in the sun beneath the splendid sweep of birdlike lateen. Slipping to windward like a gull, her pirate captain hove alongside the desolate brig and hailed her. No sound came back save the creak of yards in their slings and the hollow voice of idle blocks. At once a score of his crew leaped aboard her, burst open her hatches and fought each other for the plunder in the poor sea chests of the lost crew. But though the plunder in the mouldering cabin was worth but little, the plunderers were delighted to find the ship sound and seaworthy, and they at once decided to stay aboard her, leaving a few of their comrades to sail the felucca. The strongest and handsomest ruffian of them all was their captain, a man guilty of all crimes, and his name was Dahul. Even his own men feared him, and believed that his reckless prowess and contempt of danger

were due to an alliance with the devil. Under his orders new canvas was bent onto the bare yards, fresh rigging rove and a hot fire blazed in the unused galley.

So began the piratical cruise of the once peaceful and respectable merchant brig. Slave ships, Spanish galleons from the Indies and the southern seas, humble coasters and even small ships of war were captured, looted and burned by this scourge of the sea. So great was the terror of the name of Dahul that many a ship that went down in tempest or breakers was charged to the evil account of his crew. Armed merchantmen gave him battle and ships of war cruised in his wake, but in spite of many narrow escapes he grew bolder and more reckless and appalled even his own men by the utter abandon of his nature. They even began to fear him, and it was whispered that often the fiend stood watch with him at night. Some even heard him talking at night with a man not of the crew, so they were sure that it was indeed the devil, and knew that it was his power that had protected them from the king's ship.

Dahul and his ally spent much time together and seemed to enjoy each other's company greatly, but one night as they were conversing near the wheel they fell to quarreling and Dahul, unable to control himself, seized a heavy oak capsten-bar and attacked the devil, who let go the wheel and with a curse and a terrible scowl disappeared into the darkness. Of a certainty he was very angry at Dahul, because it is a sea crime to strike any man at the wheel, but after he had thought the matter over a while he felt very sorry that he had quarreled with Dahul, whom he rightly considered one of his best friends and allies. He therefore decided to make up with him as soon as possible, and presently managed to mislead a homeward-bounder from the Indies directly into the grasp of the brig.

The big ship was sighted one fine morning in that sparkling sea that lies between Gibraltar and the Azores. Her billowy canvas and spotless deck shone in the summer sun, and her polished brass glistened peacefully in the shadow of her awnings. Her captain marked the approach of the brig through his glasses and drew no ill augury from the approach of a merchant brig under a peaceful flag. Not until two armed boats dashed from under her lee and a solid shot crashed into his hull did he prepare for defense. Before the crew of the big ship could get to quarters, Dahul at the head of his men had boarded from her lee fore-chains. With cutlass and pistol the pirates cut down the surprised crew before they could arm themselves. Not a man asked for quarter and not one was

spared except her officers, whom Dahul caused to be bound hand and foot and hung from their own yardarms. The dead and dying sailors were cast into the sea from the blood-stained decks they had so lately trod, and posting a strong guard over the hatches the pirates rushed below to the booty which they knew the big ship must contain.

Breaking in the cabin door, they came upon a scene which would have softened any but these hardened ruffians, whose lives had been full of plunder and violence. There in an agony of fear they found a Spanish family, with a blackrobed priest, calm and resolute, quieting their fears and praying in a firm voice that they might be delivered from their peril. The summer sun shone from the open port on the face of a mother whose tears fell upon the child she strained to her breast; on the startled black eyes of a beautiful girl of eighteen or twenty years who clutched despairingly at her father, a tall Spanish merchant facing the pirates unarmed but like a lion at bay. With brutal exultation Dahul ordered them all dragged upon deck, while his men broke open chests and lockers and rioted in the profusion and variety of plunder from over seas they found aboard. Golden ornaments and precious silver miniatures from Cathay rolled about the decks, and the rich silks of Amoy fell disregarded from the ransacked chests. By the rail stood Dahul, pointing to this silver trinket and that ivory charm as his own portion and demanding that it be laid at his feet.

The priest, gazing with terror upon this scene of riot and brutality, and fearing that the next excess might involve his charges and himself in some bloody carnival of riot and excess, taking new courage from his faith and from his extremity, approached Dahul with such fortitude and calmness as he could muster. With firm words he besought the pirate captain to be satisfied with the golden trinkets and the rich fabrics which had fallen to his lot, and to avoid the wrath of the church and the judgment of God by sparing the lives of the unhappy passengers who had fallen into his hands.

In answer to the prayers of the priest, Dahul slapped him on the back, and with words of praise for his fine physique promised him safety if he would join the pirate crew, now lessened by the losses of the battle. The priest's indignant refusal aroused the wrath of Dahul, and he struck him with his fist, and with loud oaths ordered him crucified in the image of his Master. With a leering smile and a finger pointed at the tortured priest, he turned to the horrified Spaniard and with promises of life and loot offered him a place among the ruffians of his crew. The curl of proud

disdain upon the father's blood-stained lips seemed to arouse Dahul to new frenzy, and with a torrent of oaths he rushed upon the dazed mother, snatched the child from her grasp, drew his reeking cutlass across its throat and tossing it to one of his men, shouted to him to have the cook roast the Spanish lamb at once and have a table set for his friends.

Under his orders the abominable deed was done, and on the table spread upon the after deck was laid the little body of the murdered child. Then, with his face wreathed in triumph, the murderer with affected politeness summoned the stricken family to join him at his dreadful table. The mother roused from her swoon and stretching her arms in agony toward the dying priest, besought his benediction and his prayers. With a sneer Dahul drew up to the table, and called to the priest whose lips were moving in prayer: "Yes, that is right, say grace."

The great yards moaned aloft with the pitch and roll of the vessel, and her blood-stained planks seemed to take up and swell the cry of agony of the priest who poured forth all his soul in his last appeal to his God. Dahul blanched and sprang to his feet in alarm as the priest ended and out of a darkened sky a mighty voice, heard above wind and wave, thundered in his ears from he knew not whence, "You shall wander, Dahul, at the will of the winds, at the mercy of waves. Your crew shall exhaust itself in useless and unending toil. You shall wander upon every sea until the end of the centuries. You shall receive aboard you all the drowned of the world. You shall not die, nor shall you ever approach the shore, nor the ships which you will always see fleeing before you. You shall be the Wandering Jew of the seas!"

The voice was silent. The brig shot away before the rising wind. Mother, daughter and father, and the priest, now freed from his crucifixion, were transported to the deck of the neighboring bark as by a miracle, and Dahul and his accursed ship, flying before the wrath of wind and wave, disappeared below the horizon.

Since that dread day the brig has borne her cursed crew. She wanders on forever, the harbinger of tempest, of fire, and of death. Food never comes to her galley, nor sleep to her bunks. She is without fresh water and without hope. She may be seen on every sea, her black hull like a great coffin, draped in the white shroud of her ghostly sails. Often at night while far off thunder rumbles in the air, and the soft lap of a rising swell tells of the coming storm, the fateful brig goes by some luckless ship like the shadow, of impending death. Though the wind be light her close-reefed

sails are full to bursting, and she seems to be racing toward the coming storm, yet no sound comes from aloft or below. At times sulphurous fires envelop her, and out of her cavernous hull come fearful cries. Fierce battles rage upon her decks, and above the uproar is heard the frightful laugh of the archfiend, the companion of Dahul, who stands at the wheel. Bodies writhe in the flames which rise to the very trucks, and the tall masts seem ready to break with the weight of the tortured souls.

Then the wise sailor who has seen these things commits his soul to heaven and his patron saint, makes the sign of the cross and shortens sail, for he has seen the wrath of God.

NOTES ON THE DAHUL LEGEND.

This Breton legend of deathless punishment was collected by Elvire de Cerny in 1859 from an aged sailor (*Revue des traditions populaires*, XV, p. 96). It belongs to the class of "Flying Dutchman" legends and contains many details of striking interest. Though at first glance it seems almost penny-dreadful in action, it must be remembered that the authentic history of the sea raiders of the Barbary States and of the West Indies furnish many an example of fiendishness equal to that of the story.

Dahul seems to have an Arabic name, as we find the passive participle of the Arabic root *dhahala*, "to forget," is *dhahul* which readily becomes *dahul* or "the forgotten one." Indeed, the story itself illuminates this name in saying that when the trumpet of the angel shall announce the end of the world Dahul shall still wander. He is the forgotten of God. His vessel again points to a South Mediterranean origin and word and rig are Arabic. Surcouf, mentioned by the narrator, was the notorious master of the French privateer "Clarisse" which preyed upon English and American commerce at the end of the eighteenth century. The crucifixion of the Christian priest shows Dahul to be non-Christian, as does the incident of the child, since it was a common belief among early Christians that non-Christians, especially Moors and Jews, cooked and ate Christian children, and Jews in Europe have been charged with such acts in comparatively recent times.

Pirates from the southern shores of the Mediterranean preyed for decades on the merchantmen of Europe and even captured small ships of war. Their long slender feluccas under oars and sail were faster than anything afloat and lay closer to the wind than any square-rigger. Their reckless courage and bloodthirst made them the terrors of the seas. We observe also that the punishment of

the crew is in keeping with the character of the story and of the storyteller. It is not any of the classic or theological punishments but simply endless and useless work. The fires accompanying the brig are in this case probably drawn from medieval devil-lore as the fires accompanying the ship in the early versions of the legend are not to be confused with hell fires.

The curse upon Dahul to receive all of the drowned of the world harks back to early Christian beliefs into which we will look in connection with other phases of the doctrine of the soul. The story is the greatest of soul mysteries, the most tragic story of the sea, mother of tragedies. Music, painting and literature have been enriched by its inspiration, and so long as the sea remains untamed, the idea of the wandering soul, shut forever within ghostly bulwarks, beating in vain toward friendly ports and pounding for centuries through the wrack of ocean must stir profoundly the imagination of man.

The essential elements of the story, as of all legends of the Flying Dutchman type, are the phantom ship and the deathless punishment. The legends of deathless punishment at sea have their counterparts on shore in those of the Wandering Jew Cartaphilus, of Al Sameri, maker of the Golden Calf who still wanders in a desolate isle in the Red Sea, of Ahasuerus and of Judas who float forever upon a rock in mid-ocean. Cartaphilus met the Saviour as he came from the judgment hall of Pontius Pilate and when Jesus stopped to rest on his doorstep drove him on. To Cartaphilus the Christ said: "I am going fast Cartaphilus, but tarry thou till I come again." Since that day, like Ahasuerus the cobbler, he has roamed the world over awaiting in deathless life the fulfilment of his curse.

The earliest mention of the Wandering Jew is found in chronicles of the Abbey of St. Aldens, as copied by Matthew of Paris. We find there the story as recounted by a certain bishop of Armenia who visited England in 1228, and who said that Cartaphilus was afterwards baptized by Ananias who was called Joseph; that he spent most of his time among the prelates of the church, and was a man of holy conversation, "as one who is well practiced in sorrow and the fear of God, always looking forward with dread to the coming of Jesus Christ lest at the last judgment he should find him in anger, whom, when on his way to death he had provoked to just vengeance." He is heard of again in 1505 as a weaver in Bohemia; in 1547 in Hamburg; in 1575 in Madrid; and in 1604 in Paris.

From this time on he was seen at various places upon the continent. S. Baring-Gould in his *Medieval Myths* says:

"It has been suggested by some that the Jew Ahasuerus is an impersonation of that race which wanders, Cain-like, over the earth with the brand of a brother's blood upon it, and one which is not to pass away till all be fulfilled, not to be reconciled to its angered God till the times of the Gentiles are accomplished. And yet, probable as this supposition may seem at first sight, it is not to be harmonized with some of the leading features of the story. The shoemaker becomes a penitent and earnest Christian while the Jewish nation has still the veil upon its heart; the wretched wanderer eschews money, and the avarice of the Israelite is proverbial."

A learned Romanist, Rev. Father Alexius Lèpicier, in his interesting study of the origin and nature of indulgences says of the story of Cartaphilus: "Fleury in recording this fable (which is clearly the origin of the Wandering Jew) says that one knows not what to wonder at most, the audacity of the knights in relating it or the simplicity of the monks in believing it. Now, the same thing as it appears to us may be said about the obstinate denial of indulgences as about the belief in the story of this unindulged Jew. One really cannot say which is more astonishing, the boldness of those who undertake to deny the reality of indulgences in the face of so much evidence from scripture and tradition, or the simplicity of those who believe the calumniators." (*Indulgences*, p. 493.)

The suggestion sheds a bright light upon the story, and is a vivid illustration of the interdependence of religion and tradition. We have here an ancient story, doubtless elaborated with the very object of impressing upon the laity the terrors of impiety and "unindulgence" which is now cited by the churchmen as evidence from tradition to establish the right of indulgences.

Closely allied are the stories of the wild huntsman, who swore he would hunt the red deer forever, of the Malay hunter and his dogs (Skeat, *Malay Magic*, 113), and of the man in the moon who foolishly gathered fagots on the Lord's Day. The wild huntsman is feared as the spirit of storm by the peasant of the continent, as a messenger of death as ominous as the Dutch captain or Dahul, and the analogy between the wild hunt and the endless voyage is strikingly illustrated in the Cornish tale in which a phantom ship passes over the chimneys of a wizard wrecker while a tempest breaks upon his cabin and his condemned soul is borne away upon the phantom ship. (Bottrell, *Traditions and Fireside Stories of*

West Cornwall.) In another version of the Cornish legend the wizard is summoned by a voice from out of the cloud ship, "The hour is come, where is the man?" Here we have evidently the fulfilment of a medieval devil-pact, the tragic climax of despair, when the short-lived power of the mortal is over and the fiend comes on stormy cloud, fiery steed, or spectral lugger to claim his prize.

We know that the theories of evolution and of physical recapitulation are as true in the world of folk-tale incidents as of life-cells. We know that the story as we have it is but part of a long tapestry, and that whatever the pattern and however fanciful the details, they must run upon the warp which stretches back to the loom of primitive fancy. Whatever the design, it must be in terms of the warp distance laid down on the first loom-stick. What then is the origin and history of this story of Dahul? Let us first look at the variants of the legend. Perhaps the first authentic story of a seaman condemned to wander comes from the North Sea, always the home of hardy and fearless sailors. It is thus recorded by Thorpe:

"At the old castle of Falkenberg in the province of Limburg, a specter walks at night, and a voice from the ruins is heard to cry, 'Murder! murder!' And it cries toward the north, and the south, and the east, and the west, and before the cries there go two small flames, which accompany him whithersoever he turns. And the voice has cried for six hundred years, and so long also have the two flames wandered. Six hundred years ago, the beautiful castle stood in its full glory, and was inhabited by two brothers of the noble race of Falkenberg. Their names were Waleran and Reginald, and they both loved Alexia the daughter of the Count of Cleres." The suit of Waleran was favored by the Count and Countess, and he gained the bride. Reginald, vowing vengeance, concealed himself in the nuptial chamber, and slew both bride and groom. The latter, however in his dying struggles, imprinted on his murderer's face the form of his bloody hand.

"There dwelt a holy hermit in the forest and to him went the conscience-stricken murderer for consolation, confessing his sin, and showing his face with the print of the bloody hand. The hermit dared not absolve him of so foul a crime, but told him, after a night's vigil, that he must journey toward the north until he should find no more land, and then a sign would be given him." The murderer started on his wandering journey, accompanied by a white form on the right hand, and a black one on the left. "Thus then he had journeyed for many a day, and many a week, and

many a month, when one morning he found no more earth beneath his feet and saw the wide ocean before him. At the same moment a boat approached the shore, and a man that was in it made a sign to him and said, 'We expected thee.' Then Reginald knew that this was the sign, and stepped into the boat still attended by the two forms, and they rowed to a large ship with all the sails set, and when they were in the ship the boatman disappeared and the ship sailed away. Reginald, with his two attendants, descended into a room below where stood a table and chairs. Each of the two forms then taking a seat at the table, the black one drew forth a pair of dice, and they began playing for the soul of Reginald. Six hundred years has that ship been sailing without either helm or helmsman, and so long have the two been playing for Reginald's soul. Their game will last till the last day. Mariners that sail in the North Sea often meet with the infernal vessel."

This story is told by many of the early Dutch mythographers and contains all the elements of the developed legend. The accompanying fires are not to be classed with those of Dahul's ship but are probably symbolic. Evidence of this is to be found in the *Fridthjof Saga*, where Stöte, the Viking, punished by the gods, is described as fire girdled in a spectral ship in a cavern by the sea.

"Wide as a temple dome or a lordly palace deep buried
Down in the green grass and turf lay a sepulcher rounded,
Light gleamed out therefrom, through a chink in the ponderous portal
Of Stöte with helm and anchor and masts, and high by the pillar
Sat there a terrible form who was clad in a fiery mantle,
Mutely glaring sat he and scrubbed his blood-spotted weapon,
Vainly the stains remained, all the wealth he had stolen
Around in the grave was heaped, the ring on his arm he was wearing."

Stöte is not the prototype of Dahul but a sepulchral ghost or tomb specter, the fire is Loki and the cave his home, the tomb. It is in the story of Captain Vanderdecken, however, that we find the best-known form of the legend. It is thus told by French sailors of the eighteenth century:

"There was formerly a ship's captain who believed neither in saints, nor God, nor anything else. 'Twas a Dutchman, I know not from what city. He sailed one day to go south. All went well as far as the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, but there he got a hard blow. The ship was in great danger. Every one said to the captain, 'Captain, put in shore, or we are all lost.' The captain laughed at these fears of his crew and his passengers; he sang, the rascal, songs horrible enough to call down a hundred times the

thunderbolts on his masts. Then as the captain scoffed at the tempest, a cloud opened and a huge figure descended upon the poop. 'Twas the Everlasting Father. Every one was afraid; the captain continued to smoke his pipe; he did not even raise his cap when the figure addressed him. 'Captain,' it said, 'You are out of your head.' 'And you are an uncivil fellow,' said the captain, 'I don't ask anything from you; get out or I'll blow your brains out.' The venerable person replied nothing, but shrugged his shoulders. Then the captain seized one of his pistols, cocked it, and aimed it at the cloud-figure. The shot, instead of wounding the white-bearded form, pierced the captain's hand; that worried him a little, you may believe. He jumped up to hit the old man a blow in the face with his fist, but his arm dropped paralyzed with palsy. The tall figure then said: 'You are accursed, Heaven sentences you to sail forever, without being able to put into port or harbor. You shall have neither beer nor tobacco, you shall drink gall at all times, you shall chew red-hot iron for your quid, your boy shall have a horned forehead, a tiger's jaw, and a skin rougher than a sea-dog's. You shall eternally watch, and shall not sleep when sleepy, because when you close your eyes a long sword shall pierce your body. And since you love to torment sailors, you shall persecute them, for you shall be the evil one of the sea; you shall wander ceaselessly throughout all latitudes; you shall have neither rest nor fine weather; you shall have the tempest for a breeze; the sight of your ship which shall hover about to the end of time, will bring misfortune to those who see it.' 'I defy you!' was the sole reply of the captain. The Holy Father disappeared, and the captain found himself alone on the deck, with the ship's boy, disfigured as predicted. The crew had disappeared with the figure in the cloud.

"Since then the 'Voltigeur' sails about in heavy weather, and his whole pleasure is in doing ill to poor sailors. 'Tis he who sends them white squads, who wrecks ships or leads them on false courses. There are those who say that the Flying Dutchman often has the audacity to visit passing ships; then there is war in the caboose, wine sours, and all food becomes *beans*. Often he sends letters on board ships he meets, and if the captain read them, he is lost; he becomes a madman and his ship dances in the air, and finishes by turning over while pitching violently. The 'Voltigeur' paints himself as he will, and changes six times a day, so as not to be recognized. He has sometimes the appearance of a heavy Dutch *camel*, who can hardly buff his heavy quarters into the wind. At others, he becomes a corvette, and scours the sea as a light

corsair. I know others whom he had sought to attract by alarm guns; but he did not succeed in deceiving them, because they were forewarned. His crew are accursed as well as he, for 'tis a gang of hardened sinners. All sailor shirkers, rogues dying under the cot, and cowards, are on board his ship. Look out for squalls, my lads, and if you don't do your duty, you will find yourselves on board the Dutchman, and *there* is work, believe me. It is always 'tack ship,' because it is necessary to be everywhere at the same time. No pastime there, but hunger, thirst and fatigue, every one trembling, indeed, for if one should complain, there are officers who have whips ending in lashes as sharp as a razor which would cut a man in two as my knife can cut a lump of butter. And this lash will last through all eternity."

An English version fixes the time of her sailing as 1750 and gives assurance that Vanderdecken was always kind to his men. It recounts the attempts of the unwieldy bluffbowed hulk to get around the stormy cape. Here, after tossing for weeks against head winds she was hailed with the inquiry whether she would not put in at Table Bay. Then the fiery Vanderdecken replied, "May I be eternally damned if I do, though I should beat about here until the day of Judgment." (*Log Book*, 129.)

Another English version has it that the Dutchman was a trader with a rich cargo on whose ship a plague fell as a divine punishment for piracy and murder, and that since that day no port has received her pest-ridden hull and that seamen sighting her are doomed. (*Melusine*, II, 159.)

A form of the story with a flavor of devil-contract about it has been current in Germany. According to this the unfortunate man was a Dutch master of the seventeenth century by the name of Bernard Fokke, who had wonderful popularity with his owners by reason of the unheard-of shortness of his trips to the far east. It was reported that he often sailed from Batavia to Holland in ninety days. This was evidently in spite of wind and wave and the captain was declared to be in league with the devil. He was pictured as a huge, violent and powerful man who cased his masts with iron and who swore like a pagan, and when his ship failed to return after a voyage about the cape, it was confidently believed that the devil had taken him according to agreement and condemned him to wander forever about the cape. He and three of his men are still seen by Indiamen. They are aged men with long white beards. When they are hailed the ship disappears. (*Ausland*, 1841, No. 237). Her pilot is no better than her captain. Wind-bound in

the Straits of Malacca, he was forced to tack, and in his impatience swore that the devil might take him to hoist Krakatora out of the way of ships so that the channel might be possible. So to-day when the wind is right you may hear him at the northeastern extremity of Krakatora working and singing at his capstan like a sailor. (*Melusine*, Oct. 5, 1884.)

It is said that when the English occupied Java in 1811, they destroyed a statue to Fokke overlooking the Batavia roads. Scotch sailors believed that Jawkins, a successful smuggler, paid one-sixth of his cargo to the devil. (Scott, *Guy Mannering*.)

German sailors tell fantastic stories of the Death Ship with skeleton crew condemned to serve a century in each grade. A skeleton mate holds the hour glass before them and death-heads grin from the sails. Sometimes she is commanded by Captain Requiem and her name reads "Libera Nos." The Navire Libera Nos will cruise until a Christian crew shall have said mass on board for the redemption of her crew. (Schmidt, *Seemanns-Sagen*; Balleydier, *Vieilles du Presbytère*.)

French sailors tell of a ship built by the devil on board which he gathered the souls of sinners. This ship was burned by St. Elmo who was enraged at the ghoulish glee of Satan. When the sea is phosphorescent this ship is burning again.

"At St. Gildas in Brittany, sailors who live near the sea sometimes are waked by three knocks on the door. Then they are importuned to get up and go to the shore where they find lightened black vessels which sink into the water up to the gunwales. As soon as they enter into them a great white sail hoists itself on the mast and the boat leaves the shore as by the ebb and flow. They are said to carry the souls of the damned until the day of judgment." (E. Souvestre, *Les derniers Bretons*.)

One of the most interesting of all this group of stories is that of the haunted ships of the Solway. We may note here the introduction of a magic incident quite unusual in the story.

It is said that two Danish pirates had a compact with the devil by which they were empowered to work their will upon the deep and by which, after they had long reveled in violence and crime, they came to be fated to perish in the Solway. One clear star-bright night their ships sailed into the harbor, the deck of one crowded with revelers, the other bearing one spectral figure. A boat approached the crowded ship to join the sailor revels, when suddenly both ships sank. There they still lie with all sail set, and once a man was seen to dig a brass slipper out of the sand of the

nearby shore, throw it in the water in which it became a boat and in it put off to the wrecks. Striking them with his oar they both rose to the surface with all sail set. Their lights were lit and with every sheet draining they were seen by the village folk to stand out directly over the Castletown shoals. On the anniversary of the wreck they are said to return and sink again and appear at other times before gales. Whoever touches the sunken ships will be drawn down to them and no sailor or fisherman would tempt fate by venturing near them as they sail out of the harbor. (Cunningham, *Traditional Tales of the English and Scottish Peasantry*, p. 338.)

Even more dreadful is the spectral ship seen in the same waters which is said to doom to wreck and disaster the ship which it approaches. It is the ghostly carrier of a bridal party wrecked maliciously. (*Ib.*, 288.) Here we come upon a phase of the widespread belief that no spirit which has been freed by violent death can be at rest. Soldiers in ghostly armor tread many a battlefield. Haunted houses echo with the footfalls of the murdered masters, and here on the spectral ship of the Solway, the sailor and his bride await the ebbing of the last tide. (Compare "The Spectre of the Dan-no-oura Roads" by Naryoshi Songery in *Ann. Pop. Trad.*, 1887.)

Another form of the legend however, as encountered off the eastern coast of South America is even nearer in essential details to the story of Dahul.

Here we find that the dog's bad name sticks to him, and a Spaniard in Spanish American waters tells of the evil deeds of a notorious Dutchman. Such was the price of the hardihood of the brave seaman who first dared trade around the world. The story runs as follows:

"As we were under sail from the Plata river toward Spain, I heard one night the cry, 'A sail!' I was at the time on the upper deck, but I saw nothing. The man who had the watch seemed very much terrified. After some persuasion, he recounted to me the reasons for his alarm. He had seen, while watching aloft, a black frigate, sailing so nearby that he could distinguish the figure-head on the prow, which represented a skeleton with a spear in its hand. He also saw the crew on the deck, who, like the image, were clothed only in skin and bone. Their eyes lay deep and fixed in their sockets, as in a corpse. Nevertheless, these phantoms handled the sails, which were so light and thin that he saw the stars shine through with an uncertain light. The blades and ropes made no noise, and all was silent as the grave, except that, at intervals, the

word 'Water!' was pronounced by a weak voice. All this my man saw by a weak uncertain light that shone from the ship itself. But as he cried, 'A sail!' the ship suddenly sank, and he saw nothing but the sea and the stars. As we were having an apparently lucky voyage, I recounted the story in the mess and laughed at it, as over a vagary of the diseased imagination of the sailor, who sank momentarily into such despondency that he soon died. How great was my astonishment, when one of my hearers cried out, with sudden pallor, 'So thou art revenged, Sandovalle!' After some importunity he explained himself in the following words, 'It is now forty years since my father, Don Lopez d'Aranda, died, sorrowing for his son, Don Sandovalle, who, as he himself wrote, had embarked for Spain with his Peruvian wealth and his lovely bride, Lorenza. But as my father slept one night, he had the following dream.—It seemed to him that he saw Sandovalle with a deep wound in his head, while, pale and disfigured, he pointed to a young woman who was bound to the mast of a black ship, looking to heaven as she begged assistance from above, and staring at the bleeding wound of Sandovalle, or turning her eyes toward a breaker of water standing near her, but beyond her reach, as she begged the men about her for a drop to drink. Denied this boon, she called down in a firm voice a curse on the head of a certain Everts. Everts appears to have been the captain. At this instant, the ship sank out of sight, and my father heard a voice that said, 'Sandovalle and Lorenza, thou shalt be avenged.' So ended the Spaniard, who did not doubt that the vision seen by the sailor was Everts's ship, condemned evermore to scour the seas. No one has ever heard more of the ship in which the young nobleman sailed, and about the same time much was read concerning a notorious Hollandish sea-rover, who haunted the seas between La Plata river and the Cape of Good Hope."

Off the coast of Brittany, the punishment ship is a giant craft manned by men and dogs. The men are reprobates guilty of horrible crimes and the dogs are demons set to guard and torture them. Until the day of judgment this monster ship will drift at the mercy of the winds. She wanders from sea to sea without ever anchoring or turning her prow into a harbor. Should a sailor allow her to fall aboard him, his fate is sealed. But it is easy to avoid her as the orders of her mates shouted through vast conch shells may be heard for leagues. Then the devout skipper appeals to St. Anne d'Auray and repeats the Ave Maria, against which the wiles of the devil are as empty threats. (*Melusine*, Sept. 1884.)

This is but a floating hell, just such a ship as the fevered brain

of some brutal mate's victim might build above the damp forecastle bunk of the shanghaied outward bounder. She is death-ship, devil-ship and Flying Dutchman at once, and the description of her dog guardians is of particular significance. Dogs were the warders of hell in Vedic as in Greek mythology (cf. Cerberus and the Sarameyas, Syama and Cerbura) and dogs accompany the wild huntsman and Charon. Among Icelandic fishermen, it is unlucky to have a dog near boats or nets (Powell, *Icelandic Legends*). Storms are foretold on the coast of Cornwall by a spectral dog (Hunt, *Romances and Droll of the North of England*). And it is said that Satan raised a storm at Bongay, England, in 1597, coming out of the waves in the form of a dog (Bassett, *Legends of the Sea*, p. 90). To mention the name of a dog will bring on a storm, say Scotch fishermen, and the dog when he howls foretells the tempest. "The wind will come from the direction in which a dog points his nose when he howls." He is connected with the wild hunt in nearly all folklore as a psychopomp, or soul-bearer, and is generally diabolical. On board a ship, however, he is not usually disliked, probably by reason of his usefulness on watch in port. The dog, however, is not a natural figure on shipboard and when he is found in such a story as that just cited off the coast of Brittany, the prototype is undoubtedly Cerberus or similar demons in canine form. Of the appearance of the dog with the wild huntsman or in the spectral canoe of Sebastian Lacelle (Hamlin, *La Chasse Galerie*), we should perhaps find explanation in the comradeship of the primitive man with his dog out of which grew the custom of the sacrifice of the dog with his dead master and the belief that the faithful soul of the dog would share the fate of his condemned master. Thus, in the wild hunt of the Malay, we find that the two dogs with which the hunter set out on the quest of the pregnant male deer, still accompany him in his endless search (Skeats, *Malay Magic*), and the faithful hound of the Indian hunter still barks from the canoe of the spectral voyager.

American and English sailors, though without the picturesque imagery of the Latin mind, are for this very reason to be given credence when they do tell a tale of supernatural sights. Though all sailors are ready to rig their "yarn tackle" when occasion offers, American and English sailors have more education and less superstition, more fear of ridicule and less ready fancy than their Gallic mates, and moreover have an independent and controversial cast of mind which will seldom permit them to give out the fancy of another as the truth. If they tell a story that is all "spun yarn"

they put it in the best material at their command and ask no corroboration. When we find officers, supercargo and crew reporting a spectral ship we may be sure the story is worthy of inspection. The diary of the two sons of Edward of England in the "Bacchante" in 1881 contains the following entry:

"At 4. A. M., the *Flying Dutchman* crossed our bows. A strange, red light, as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the mast, spars and sails of a brig two-hundred yards distant stood out in strong relief as she came up. The lookout man on the forecastle reported her as close on the port bow, where also the officer of the watch from the bridge clearly saw her, as did also the quarter-deck midshipman, who was sent forward at once to the forecastle; but on arriving there no vestige nor any sign whatever of any material ship was to be seen either near or right away to the horizon, the night being clear and the sea calm. Thirteen persons altogether saw her, but whether it was Van Dieman or the Flying Dutchman, or who, she must remain unknown. The Tourmaline and Cleopatra, who were sailing on our starboard bow, flashed to ask whether we had seen the strange red light."

Another English log entry made in 1835 by Mr. R. M. Martin runs as follows:

"We had been in 'dirty weather' as the sailors say, for several days, and to beguile the afternoon, I commenced after-dinner narratives to the French officers and passengers (who were strangers to the eastern seas) current about the 'Flying Dutchman.' The wind which had been freshening during the evening, now blew a stiff gale, and we proceeded on deck to see the crew make our bark all snug for the night. The clouds, dark and heavy, coursed with rapidity across the bright moon, where luster is so peculiar in the southern hemisphere, and we could see a distance of from eight to ten miles on the horizon. Suddenly, the second officer, a fine Marseilles sailor, who had been among the foremost in the cabin in laughing at and ridiculing the story of the 'Flying Dutchman' ascended the weather rigging, exclaiming, '*Voilà le volant Hollandais!*' The captain sent for his night glass and soon observed, 'It is very strange, but there is a ship bearing down on us with *all sail* set, while we dare scarcely show a pocket-handkerchief to the breeze.' In a few minutes the stranger was visible to all on deck, her rig plainly discernible, and people on her poop; she seemed to near us with the rapidity of lightning, and apparently wished to pass under our quarter for the purpose of speaking. The captain, a resolute Bordeaux mariner, said it was quite incomprehensible

and sent for the trumpet to hail an answer, when in an instant, and while we were all on the *qui vive*, the stranger totally disappeared, and was seen no more."

Fishermen and others have often reported a phantom ship off the harbor of San Francisco. She is said to be the ghost of the old clipper "Tennessee" which on dark rainy nights, outside the heads, the pilots occasionally speak but never board, and which is the phantom terror of the experienced navigators of this coast. She has been seen dozens of times, the sailors aver, from decks and from Telegraph Hill. She is always running for port with all canvas crowded on, but she never gets further in than Lime Point. There she disappears, only to reappear far outside the whistling buoy prepared for another attempt to enter the port, which, as a punishment to the shade of the captain, she will never reach.

Another story told in the dark sailor taverns of "Frisco" has a richness of setting and a glory of dramatic action which are unequaled in all the splendid tales of the sea. In the forward mess the wanderer passes as the "doomed dago of the Linshotens." Here is the story as told by the master of a down east clipper.

"I had to beat down from Woosung to the Saddles, and keep Rube McCaslin, the oldest Shanghai pilot aboard. He told me a yarn about a Portuguese pirate who used to voyage the coast in 1500. After a descent in Samonoseki, when he and his crew committed many atrocities, he killed a Daimio, and carried away his daughter, and the pirate and his dreaded craft mysteriously disappeared and never a trace of him was found, either on the adjacent coast or by the fleet of Japanese war-junks which were seeking to effect his capture.

" 'Then arose,' said old Rube, 'the superstition of the doomed Dago, which is connected with the very strait through which you will pass to get out into the broad Pacific. I give it to you for what it is worth. I've piloted vessels through those seas nigh on to thirty years, and have had versions of it one way and another often enough. The land that you will pass closest to going through the Linshotens is a fire mountain. It's going almost all the time, but the story says that sometimes there's more than ordinary spouting of red-hot stuff. If this happens to be at night, the mountain belches up, and the red-hot ashes hang on it for a moment just like a great fiery umbrella. Then they will drop hissing into the sea, and everything will be dark.

" 'After this, there'll loom up to windward, and right out against the thickest darkness, the shadowy form of an old sixteenth-century

galleon. She'll come tearing along with every sail set, faster than one of your eighteen-knot tea-clippers, and what's most curious, there'll be a dead calm just at this time, and the sails of the sight-seer will flap against the mast. The phantom will pass within hailing distance and you can see on her deck the dead dagos standing around while a set figure stands at the rudder, grasping the form of a Japanese girl.

"The whole thing whizzes by and makes for the strait. When it gets there—*who-oo!*—up goes the great fire umbrella out of the mountain again, and rains down over the phantom, apparently licking her up in one burst of conflagration. Then it's pitch dark again and the performance is over.'"

Here again as in the case of Dahul and Sandovalle, punishment has been meted out to the brutal pirate and murderer. This, if the pilot is to be believed, is one of the earliest of the Flying Dutchman, and we may well hope from the evidence which we have of the deeds of the Portuguese and Spanish sea ruffians of the sixteenth century that some of them still suffer for their villainy. This idea of fit punishment for brutality is contained in the chantey printed in the *Bookman* (June, 1904), purporting to date from the early nineteenth century. Here a drunken captain kills his cabin boy, and as punishment the ship will forever cruise with the corpse of the murdered boy following in its wake.

"Make sail! make sail! Ah, woe is me!
Leave quick this horrid sight!
But the body rolls in the counter's lee
In a sheen of phosphor light.

"And so for a day, a month, a year—
And so for the years to come,
Shall the perjured captain gaze in fear
On the bloody work of rum."

In our own waters within the bailiwick of the late burgomaster of New Amsterdam, there is still a wandering Dutchman whom the splendid Hudson River packets and the fast yachts of the American Rhine never disturbed, but who has not been sighted since the invasion of the gasoline launch. Irving writes of him:

"This ship is of round Dutch build, that might be the Flying Dutchman or Hendrick Hudson's Halfmoon, which ran aground there seeking the northwest passage to China." He says this ship is seen all along the river from Tadpaan Zee to Hoboken. The ship is under command of the Heer of the Dunderburg.

He recounts another story of skipper Daniel Ouslesticker of

Fish Hill, who, in a squall, saw a figure astride his bowsprit, which was exorcised by Domine Van Greson of Esopus, who sang the legend of St. Nicholas. He says that since that time all vessels passing the spot lower their peaks out of tribute. (*Bracebridge Hall*, 289.)

Clark Russell in his *Voyage to the Cape* thus describes the wanderer:

"She was painted yellow, of yellow were the dim churchyard lines that I marked her hull was coated with. She was low in the bows with a great spring aft, crowned by a kind of double poop, one above another, and what I could see of the stern was almost pear-shape, supposing the fruit inverted with the stalk sliced off. She had three masts each with a large protected circular top, resembling turrets, sails of the texture of cobwebs hung from her squareyards."

Of interest in connection with this legend is the widespread belief among sailors that seabirds are wandering souls of evil doers condemned to continual movement. (*Revue des traditions populaires*, XV, 603.)

"At sea at night little birds give plaintive cries. Superstitious sailors call them *âmes des maîtres*, believing they bear the souls of the masters of lost ships crying out until their bodies shall be carried to earth for Christian burial" (*Ibid.*, 163).

"'Goneys an' gullies an' all o' the birds o' the sea,
They ain't no birds, not really,' said Bill the Dane.
'Not mollies, nor gullies, nor goneys at all,' said he,
'But simply the sperrits of mariners livin' again.

"'Them birds goin' fishin' is nothin' but souls o' the drowned,
Souls o' the drowned an' the kicked as are never no more;
An' that there haughty old albatross cruisin' around,
Belike he's Admiral Nelson or Admiral Noah.'"

At the entrance of the Golden Horn on the Bosphorus, one sees a sort of gray gull skimming along the waves and never seeming to light. Sailors call them *âmes en peine* and believe them to be the souls of cruel captains who are condemned to wander thus until the end of the world. (Rene Stiebel, *Ibid.*, 8, 311.) We are reminded that most of these beliefs are the offspring of the primitive mind which looks upon death as a state brought about by wizards who have expelled the soul. In Zulu and South African belief these wizards or "Hili" live in rivers and have the power to steal men's souls and leave their bodies to wander forever.

Mac Donald, in his *Religion and Myth*, says:

"A sleeper must not be rudely or hurriedly awakened lest his soul like Baal of old should be on a journey and have no time to return to reenter the body. In that case the man might not die, but he would cease to be human and go to wander forever in the forest like those corpses raised by witchcraft, and who are doomed to an eternal wandering in mist and rain."

A condemned sailor of Flanders wanders without any ship. His soul is contained in a mysterious fiery globe which rises in the evening from the Escaut river near Kieldrecht in Eastern Flanders. The apparition always goes in the direction of the village of Verrebroect. (A. Harou, *Ibid.*, XI, 575.) Worthy of note also is the legend of the captain who in the form of a dog is chained to his sunken ship off Fresnaye on the coast of France. This curious punishment was inflicted by fairies after the devil had promised the captain immortality. Note here the devil-pact, the conflict of good and evil spirits and the deathless life. ("Le bateau sous la mer," *Revue tr. pop.*, XV, 139; cf. "Le château sous la mer," *ibid.*, XV, 173; Rhys, *Celtic Folk Lore*, II, 402.)

Having surveyed the field of parallel and related legends, we may now ask, what is the solution of this tragic enigma and what lies back of the modern legend? As usual in the study of folk tales, we find in the language even of the modern story, the key to its history. Vanderdecken is a Dutchman, and his name may be literally translated "of the cloak," (Dutch, *dek*, *deken*, a cloak; *dekken*, to cover). No cloak appears in the legend and it is not a sea garment, but let us inquire about the wild huntsman who shares the fate of Vanderdecken. He is known in Germany and Denmark as Hackelberg or Hackelbärend, which literally means cloak-bearer. Both Hackelbärend and Vanderdecken are storm spirits and bring wreck and disaster. The Teutonic storm god is Odin or Wotan (*vada*, to go violently, to rush). He is the spirit of the wind that raged upon the cold northern seas and through the marks or forests of heathen Germany. About him is the cloak of cloud that hides his terrible face. He is the cloak-bearer, the war-god seeking for souls whom he leads to Valhalla. Later he is the demon of the destructive tempest, the encourager of strife, the forerunner of death. Christianity cut down his sacred grove. Forest dwellers and the lonely villagers drew together and shut out their old gods with heavy walls. The old Teutonic gods might wander in the outlands and through the drear and vision-haunted forest, but they were no longer divine. The cross was raised above the banner. Odin was driven forth wild and dreadful, no longer God, but devil, no longer

the leader of the souls to Valhalla, but to Hel; thenceforth he was the god of the heathen, the dwellers of the haunted Teutonic heath. Henceforth he was the demon of the air, the forerunner of tempest and destruction.

The Eddas and the Imrama, or oversea voyages of the Irish contain no comparable legend. The story of Falkenburg remained the only prototype up to the time of circumnavigation when the legend attained full development, and curiously enough dropped the local type and the name of Falkenburg and returned to the early cloak-bearer of the north.

The Dutch were foremost of sailors to push into unknown seas and about the stormy Cape Horn. There they met baffling winds, the dread specter of the cape and all the uncanny appearances which have ever made this gateway to the east feared by sailors. Small wonder it is that they should set the slumbering psychopomp of the north to guard the spectral cape. Objectively, the legend might well have arisen out of many of the uncommon sights of the sea. Mirages, derelicts, abandoned ships and mist shapes assume spectral form in the eyes of the anxious lookout, and the many and appalling disasters of the sea readily lead the mariner to foreshadow evil from all uncommon happenings.

Literature and drama have found in the luckless captain a favorite theme. Marryat in his penny-dreadful tells the most fantastic stories of the wanderer. Cooper in *Red Rover* and Russell in *The Death Ship* and *A Voyage to the Cape*, have given nautical setting to the tragedy; and in Germany, Hoffmann, Zedlitz, Hauff, Nothvogel, Konigsmunde and Otto have made use of the theme. It is among the poets however that we find the chief chroniclers of the Dutchman. Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" has fascinated many with his gray beard and glittering eye. Longfellow in his "Phantom Ship" and "Ballad of Carmilhan" sings of

"A ship of the dead that sails the sea
And is called the Carmilhan,
A ghastly ship with a ghastly crew,
In tempests she appears,
And before the gale or against the gale
She sails without a rag of sail,
Without a helmsman steers."

Celia Thaxter in "The Cruise of the Mystery" tells of a condemned slaver. Leyden, a Scotch poet, draws a strong picture. John Boyle O'Reilly, Bret Harte, Campbell, Scott and Hood have given variants of the story in literary form. Whittier found here the

material for his "Wreck of the Schooner Breeze," his "Salem Spectre Ship," his "Dead Ship of Harpswell." Best known perhaps is Wagner's music drama. Here the story finds its most magnificent setting. Departing from the rude sailor legend with its flavor of medieval theology, Wagner engrafts upon it the splendid chivalric theme of the redeeming power of love. So tenacious was that early concept of the sea of death and darkness that we find in all the variants of the legend hardly a mention of the possibility of salvation. No favoring wind blows upon the Dutchman, no messenger receives the letters from the hands of those pathetic figures. His ship is the hieroglyph of despair. Nothing relieves the utter hopelessness of his fate. Its roots go far back into the day of the spiteful and malignant gods. The sea and the desert, fire and death know no relenting. The pagan bitterness of the legend is masked by the art of the dramatist who raises in Senta the image of a new force in the world, the power of love. As Christianity with its doctrine of love and redemption opened to the pagan world the way to hope and rest, so Senta is the harbor light to the wanderer of the seas of despair. She is the triumph of the new faith. *Ohne Ziel, ohne Rast, ohne Ruh*, is resolved into the harmony of peace.

ROMAIN ROLLAND.

BY LYDIA G. ROBINSON.

ROMAIN ROLLAND is best known outside of France for his long novel *Jean-Christophe* which was published by Ollendorff in Paris in ten small volumes, and has been widely read in the three-volume form of the English translation. It has also been translated into German, Italian, Polish, Russian and Swedish, an unusual record for a contemporary novel. It is a remarkable study of the evolution of a human soul and has won many admirers and friends for its author, who was already a prominent figure among the litterateurs and artists of France. The novel, whose hero is a German musician, while critical of the philistinism of certain conservative circles bears witness to much sympathy with German art and idealism on the part of its author, and to a high appreciation of the German people and their contributions to the uplift of mankind. It has been described by Adolphe Ferrière¹ as "that vast epic of a

¹ In an article "Comment les individualistes jugent leur prochain" in the international review *Coenobium* (March-April, 1916, pp. 1-19) p. 2. This article forms the second chapter of a book entitled *Ma patrie l'Europe*, which it is announced will appear soon "if circumstances permit."

Germanic soul and of a Latin soul converging beyond time and space toward a European soul of a higher essence."

In M. Ferrière's opinion Romain Rolland is "the European in whom is best incarnated, above and beyond all nationalistic spirit, the spirit of the common fatherland, the spirit of supernational civilization."

Since the opening of the war M. Rolland has written various articles which have been collected into a volume under the title *Au-dessus de la mêlée*, translated into English by C. K. Ogden as *Above the Battle* (Open Court Publishing Company, 1916). Although loyally French in its character, the book has met with sharp criticism from influential groups of the author's hysterical countrymen for that very breadth of human outlook which has endeared him to the men in the trenches and to onlookers from without.

Mr. Ferrière is authority for the statement that few Frenchmen have read the German newspapers and reviews since the beginning of the war to the extent that Rolland has, and this very effort at impartiality and comprehension insures a competence of judgment lacking in his opponents.

The Nobel Prize Committee had it in mind to award Romain Rolland the peace prize, but being informed by his personal friend, Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, that this selection would give offense to the patriotic party in France, the project was finally abandoned. Strange enough this friend has been one of the most virulent of Rolland's critics. M. Ferrière cannot forgive him for this. After speaking of the narrow minds who could never pardon Rolland for being the "watchful guardian of my country, Europe," M. Ferrière goes on to say:² "And why must they count among their number that French publicist, son of the renowned clergyman whom idealistic Geneva venerated within her walls as a patriarch and a prophet? His open letter to R. Rolland which appeared in *La Revue* is in my eyes the cap sheaf of bitter polemics, a structure of hate erected of materials which were in appearance of the purest character: a document and facts (partially false, however, as has been proved), a sham emotion appealing to the noblest sentiments. . . . this is what the letter is composed of. How could an honest man subscribe to this statement—a man whose power is increased tenfold by the elegance of his style and whose pen is recognized as one of the most eloquent of the French press?"

The negative results of this interference on the part of M. Loyson have later been mitigated to some extent by the action of

² Translated from *Coenobium*, loc. cit., pp. 6-7.



Romain Rolland

the Swedish Academy in awarding to Romain Rolland, as playwright and novelist, in the autumn of 1916 the Nobel prize for *literature* for 1915 which had been held in reserve.

Numerous as are the critics of R. Rolland, his admirers and loyal defenders are greater in number. His enemies claim that his criticism of war from the humanitarian point of view would tend to discourage the soldiers and make them dissatisfied with themselves and the task at hand, but *La revue mensuelle* has been at considerable pains to gather the opinion of readers in the trenches. It finds them practically unanimous in testifying to the inspiration the book has brought them and to their affection for its author.

The author himself makes reply to the hostile attitude in a letter addressed to G. Proch and published in the *Hommes du jour* for August 21, 1915: "And I say it is an outrage on France to pretend to impose as a motto for her cause that impious phrase of an Albert Guinon, 'Whatever love a man gives to humanity he steals from his country,' and to stop the mouths of those who say: 'Who wrongs humanity wrongs his country; and who loves France well likewise loves well humanity.'"

Two brief quotations from *Above the Battle* will serve to show its spirit. In the first words of his Preface the author sounds the slogan of the European spirit, the spirit of humanity:

"A great nation assailed by war has not only its frontiers to protect; it must also protect its good sense. It must protect itself from the hallucinations, injustices, and follies which the plague lets loose. To each his part: to the armies the protection of the soil of their native land; to the thinkers the defense of its thought. If they subordinate that thought to the passions of their people they may well be useful instruments of passion; but they are in danger of betraying the spirit, which is not the least part of a people's patrimony."

Again on page 120: "Champions of *Kultur* and of civilization, of the Germanic races and of Latinity, enemies, friends, let us look one another in the eyes. My brother, do you see there a heart similar to your own, with the same hopes, the same egoism, and the same heroism and power of vision which forever refashions its gossamer web? *Vois-tu pas que tu est moi?* said the aged Hugo to one of his enemies...."

American readers may like to have some outline of the external facts of Rolland's life. He was the son of a lawyer of Clamecy. His early education was at the college of Clamecy, then at the age of fifteen or sixteen he left for Paris where he studied at the Lycée

Louis-le-Grand. From 1886 to 1889 he was a student at the Ecole Normale Supérieure; and from 1889 to 1892 a student at the French school at Rome in the Farnese Palace. He was made a fellow in history and Doctor of Letters in 1895 with a thesis on the history of opera in Europe in the eighteenth century, and another thesis in Latin on the causes of the decadence of Italian painting. He was a professor of the history of art at the Ecole Normale Supérieure from 1897 to 1902, and then at the Sorbonne from 1902 to 1910. Since then he has given up teaching in order to devote himself entirely to literature, though at present he is actively engaged in Geneva in the work of the International Agency for Prisoners of War under the auspices of the International Red Cross. Aside from *Above the Battle* his works may be thus summarized:

1. Several dramatic pieces, three or four of which have been played; six were published in two volumes by Hachette of Paris.
2. Several works on the history of music. Two of them "Musicians of Other Days" and "Musicians of To-day" have been translated into English and published by Henry Holt of New York.
3. Some heroic biographies: Beethoven, Michael Angelo, Tolstoy, etc.
4. The ten volumes of *Jean-Christophe*.
5. In preparation with Ollendorff as publisher *Colas Brugnon*, a new novel.

A personal letter to the editor of *The Open Court* will also prove of interest. The portrait here reproduced is taken from Seippel's book, according to M. Rolland's own suggestion. His letter, translated into English, is in part as follows:

"I am purely French from the center of France, without any admixture of foreign blood. I was born January 29, 1866, at Clamecy in Nièvre, and my family on both my father's and my mother's side has lived in that region for many centuries. I will add that although I know a little about Germany through her arts and letters as well as through certain precious friendships, yet I have never made any but short visits there, whereas I have passed some years in Italy toward which my instinctive sympathies draw me very closely.

"People judge me by one single work, *Jean-Christophe*; but this contains but one part of my thought which is in its full creative activity. When the war is over I intend to publish a work of an entirely different character, one in which the Gallic basis of my nature will find expression. I feel myself profoundly French, but at the same time profoundly human—*homo sum, nil humani a me*

alienum puto. I cannot endure narrow and arrogant nationalism, nor stupid hatred between peoples each of which has its greatness and its weaknesses and is necessary to the others for human progress. I consider that in defending such a cause I am defending that of France—of greater France—and if this attitude brings me injury and hostility I regret it but I shall not change my attitude in the least. I know that I am doing my duty, and that it will be recognized later when the fanatical delirium which now vexes European brains shall have passed away.”

THE ART OF JAPANESE BUDDHISM.

BY THE EDITOR.

M. ANESAKI, one of the greatest authorities on the science of comparative religion, professor at the Imperial University of Tokyo, and author of many books in his specialty, spent two years in this country where he was engaged as professor of Japanese literature and life at Harvard University. He delivered four lectures at the Museum of Fine Arts, at Boston, and these embellished by a number of fine illustrations have been published in book form in a stately and beautiful volume under the title *Buddhist Art in its Relation to Buddhist Ideals, with Special Reference to Buddhism in Japan*.¹

Here is a religious man of a non-Christian faith, a scholar of international repute, who dedicates his work to a Roman Catholic saint, “the pious and beautiful soul of Saint Francis of Assisi,” and throughout the book we feel a thrill of religious faith aglow with universal devotion and recognition of other faiths, and endowed with a feeling of the kinship that ought to obtain among all of them.

In this universality of spirit we notice, however, that the roots of the author’s sources reach deeply into his own soul and are characteristically peculiar to himself. He is not only a Buddhist, he is a Japanese, and it seems that whatever meets our eye in this volume is Japanese Buddhism and the factors which have developed Japanese art. Under this perspective we see Hindu and Chinese art included.

Nor is the book limited to religious topics. We find also contributions to secular art, and among them the humor of the human

¹ Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., Price \$6.00.

oozes out, for instance, in the painting of the three laughers (Plate XXXVIII), which represents a recluse visited by two of his friends. For thirty years the recluse had kept his vow not to cross the bridge which secluded his hermitage from the rest of the world, but during a visit from two old comrades when he started out with them to see them off, all three became so absorbed in their merry talk that he too had crossed the bridge before he noticed it. When they dis-



THE THREE LAUGHERS. Plate XXXVIII.

covered what had happened all broke out into a merry laugh. It seems as if the purpose of the painting by Soga Shohaku (1730-83) is almost irrereligious, for it ridicules the narrowness of religious vows, selecting one, to be sure, which may justly be considered irrelevant, but nevertheless exhibiting a triumph of the human over the narrowly religious, and the merry laugh proves that the trespass is not taken seriously.

The frontispiece of our volume is a triptych similar to the

Christian triptychs in Christian cathedrals though Buddhist in style and conception. It represents the "Amita Triad," the Buddhist trinity, and is a reproduction of a Japanese painting ascribed to Eshin Sozu Genshin (942-1017). The inscriptions in the two upper corners of the painting express the devotion of the artist to the Buddha.

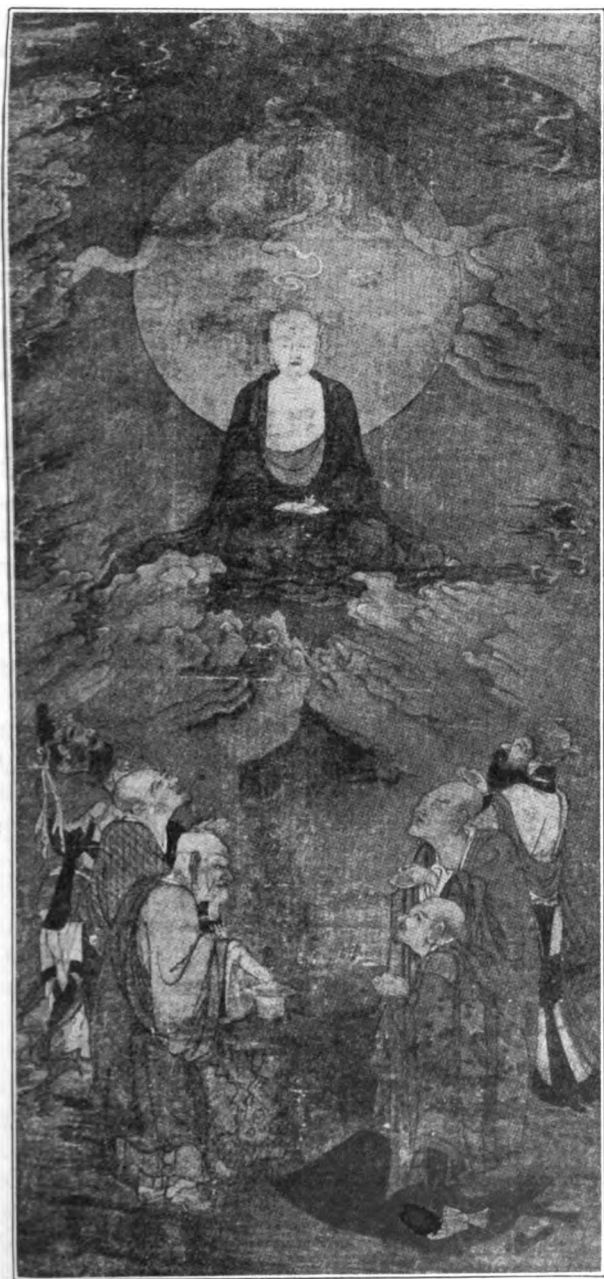
In the preface Professor Anesaki declares that he did not attempt a history of Buddhist art in all its phases, but wished rather to elucidate it in its developed form, and so in the first chapter he treats of the connection between Buddhist art and Buddhist ideals. He wishes to introduce his audience to the spirit of Buddhist devotion which has found expression in these various details and representations of religious contemplation.

Here Western readers will probably expect more than is offered, for the inspiration of Buddhist piety is not plainly exhibited, and Professor Anesaki does not feel the need of elucidating to the average Western mind the religious devotion of Buddhists to ideas which leave the heart of a Christian untouched.

The text is illustrated by forty-seven plates, representing among other subjects a Buddhist memorial stela, the top of a gateway to the great stupa at Sanchi, India, and some Gandhara sculptures executed by the Greek invaders of India who had turned Buddhist and who had become the founders of a definite style in Buddhist art. We also find several Kwannons, the merciful All-mother of Asiatic Buddhism; a beautiful statue of Brahma, the king of the heavenly hosts, photographed from a Japanese lacquer sculpture; nor is Fudo missing, the deity representing will power to the Japanese people.

There is also a diagram of the Red Order (*Shuji Mandala*) which represents the different divinities that exercise their power in the various branches of the dispensation in the shape of Sanskrit letters. Further the six-armed deity Aizen-Myowo (in Sanskrit, *Raga*) representing the passions—a deity recognized as powerful but by no means worshiped as pure or unmixed in his qualities—has also been admitted into the cycle of this collection. The trinity of the Buddhist faith representing Buddha himself in the center, and his two main disciples—Fugen on an elephant at his right and Monju on a tiger at his left—is seen here pictured in the orthodox fashion. It portrays the contrast of the Buddhist doctrine in its all-embracing love and all-pervading comprehension, in its particularity and its universality.

Plate XXVIII represents the syncretism of the Japanese



DABBO THE MALLIAN. Plate XXXVII.

national religions, Shinto and Buddhism. The Shinto deities were transfigured into Buddha incarnations, and the two religions developed side by side. Here in this plate of the Kasuga temple we see five figures: in the center Shaka (i. e., Buddha); Yakushi, the Lord of medicine, above on the right; Jizo, above on the left; Monju, with sword and scripture below on the left; an eleven-headed Kwannon with a flask in her left hand below on the right.

The same belief in the universality of a local deity in the Kasuga hills is found in a hymn of the eleventh century which praises the deity of the country and assures the worshipers that he will look down upon his people in mercy and endow them with prosperity.

A peculiar though typically Buddhist conception is represented in Plate XXXVII where a story is illustrated which is told of the Buddhist saint, Darbha Malli-Putra in Udana VIII, 9. As translated by Albert J. Edmunds in *The Open Court* for February, 1900, and but slightly altered in his *Buddhist and Christian Gospels* (Philadelphia, 1909, Vol. II, pages 174-175) it reads as follows:

"At one season the Blessed One was staying in the bamboo grove beside the squirrels' feeding-ground, at Rājagaha. And the venerable Dabbo the Mallian approached the Blessed One, saluted him and sat on one side, and so sitting, said to him: 'O Auspicious One, my time is at hand to enter Nirvāna.' [The Buddha answered:] 'Whatever you think fit, O Dabbo.' Then the venerable Dabbo the Mallian rose from his seat, saluted the Blessed One, and keeping him on his right hand, went up into the sky and sat in the posture of meditation in the ether, in the empyrean. Intensely meditating on the nature of flame he ascended and passed into Nirvāna.

"And when the venerable Dabbo the Mallian had thus gone up, meditated and ascended, there remained neither ashes nor soot of his body when passed away, consumed and burnt. Even as, when ghee or oil is consumed and burnt, neither ashes nor soot remains, so was it with the body of the venerable Dabbo the Mallian. And forthwith the Blessed One, having understood the fact, gave vent on that occasion to the following Udana:

"The body dissolved, perception ceased, all sensations were utterly consumed;

"The constituents of existence were stilled, consciousness and sense departed."

This story does not perhaps correspond so much to the resur-

rection of Christ in the domain of Christian traditions as to Elijah's ascent to heaven.

We also find typically Chinese pictures. We refer to what Professor Anesaki calls a travesty of Han-Shan and Shih Ti. Since the representation of two Chinese poets as women seemed puzzling we sought an explanation and obtained the following facts from Mr. Suh Hu, a young Chinese scholar temporarily employed at Columbia University in New York City:

"According to the 'Lives of Great Buddhists', these two poets sought concealment in the kitchen of a Buddhist temple, where it was their duty to watch the fire in the stove. Another monk of high attainment disclosed their identity to the prefect of Tai Chow, who soon came to worship them in the kitchen. This discovery made their stay in the temple impossible, so they left, and according to popular lore they disappeared into the crevices of the rocks.

"That they have ever been represented as women is quite unknown to me. I have seen pictures of them, and always they are represented as beggars with all the madness and eccentricities which the 'Lives of Great Buddhists' attributes to them."

Professor Anesaki's book is a valuable contribution to the history of Buddhist art, and the publishers have done their best to bring out the pictures in a dignified and artistic form. We may add that the binding is as simple and serviceable as circumstances demand.

RACIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

WITH REFERENCE TO O. C. BACKOF'S "PSYCHOLOGY OF GERMAN ACTION."

BY THE EDITOR.

MR. Otto C. Backof's contention in his article, "The Psychology of German Action" in the December issue, may be summed up in the statement that the Germans are inclined to a group form of action. This means that men are not merely individuals but are inclined to group themselves together in order to carry out a common purpose by a coalition which naturally will make them more efficient than if they acted as isolated units. This is true, and I will not contradict it; but I wish to emphasize that this tendency is not exclusively German but Germanic, by which I mean that it is strongly manifested in all German peoples, especially the English,

and the Saxon race generally, including the lowland Scotch, the Scotch-Irish and other northern European peoples.

According to the most recent theories in anthropology the human race did not originate in the East and spread from a middle ground between Asia and Europe in the vicinity of the Hindu-Kush mountains as was formerly thought, but had its origin in central Europe. There the monuments of primitive man have been discovered in the caves of Belgium and near by, where the remains of the Neanderthal man have been found. The most recent view contends that in this portion of the world man has developed from his state of *homo alalus* to the type of the European of to-day, and that from here at different stages adventurous groups went forth to sunnier and more favorable climes. They pushed south, taking possession of Africa where they became arrested in their development and now represent the different more or less humanized strata of the race. The Hottentot, the negro, the somewhat more civilized Abyssinian, and the Arabian, represent progressively higher types in the successive stages of the development of the original stock. Later the currents of migration went westward and can be traced in the Mongolian, the Ainu, the Slav, and finally the Aryan.

There is a tendency to group-formation even in the most primitive man, but as the race advances this phase too becomes more and more highly developed. I would say that we have here to deal with a condition of reciprocal cause and effect, where group-action develops a higher type of mind, and a higher type of mind produces more and more pronounced group-action. Take specimens of *homo sapiens* in a higher stage of development and they will naturally develop a better organized society, and this better organized society in turn will naturally produce better and more highly developed minds. Accordingly I would say that the last stage in the development of humankind would naturally show a greater tendency and readiness to group-action than was manifested in the lower stages. This tendency is most highly developed in the Germanic races. Yet I would hesitate to say that group-action is the cause of a more efficient mentality, for we are equally justified in making the converse statement that a higher mentality favors the development of group-action.

In this connection, however, we insist that group-action does not develop directly as a tendency to submissiveness to autocratic forms of government; it develops hand in hand with a strong insistence on individual liberty, and this is noticeable in all Germanic races. But all Germanic races, including the Saxon tribes, empha-

size both phases, submission to law and insistence on personal liberty, and this combination of qualities can be seen in its most recent development in America. Even the opposing tendencies toward trust formation on the one hand and labor unionism on the other are but two phases of this development. We will grant to Mr. Backof that the regulation of these conflicting elements in Germanic peoples is best worked out in Germany, but the phenomena themselves are almost more pronounced in England and in the United States than in the Fatherland.

One point may be added here which may serve to show the significance of this feature of Germanic society. Germanic peoples, more than any others, have the faculty of organizing peoples into states, and as a result of this characteristic we have the peculiar fact that almost all the royal families are of Germanic origin. The Russian family were *Warangers* or *Varangians* which are of Norse extraction, and the Ruriks are their descendants. The Slavs did not have the talent of organizing states, and foreigners have had to enter the country and become their princes.

During the middle ages the guilds developed by the same natural tendencies which have produced the labor unions of to-day. And when the guilds lost their significance at the end of the seventeenth century by the growth of a new order of things which abolished the medieval institution, the idea of the guild with its moral world-conception developed the ideal brotherhood of Freemasons which prescribes the underlying philosophy of the guilds and uses the terminology of the trade the members had been accustomed to practice, to symbolize its conceptions of the world and of human existence. Thus God became to them the architect of the world.

The Latin races have not developed the same strength of group activity. They either emphasize the state as a relation between ruler and subject or carry the ideals of liberty to the extent of absolute license. The combination of these two tendencies has been best developed in Germanic states, and even to-day in the most recent development of Saxon tradition in the United States we emphasize our demand for liberty by emphasizing at the same time the necessity for law and order. If a president has been elected by a slight majority the defeated party submits without question, whereas in Latin republics a civil war would be in prospect if the defeated minority had any chance to assert itself by force of arms.

Shall we say that all this is a result of group-action? Are not, rather, group-action, submission to law and order, and the tendency to organized cooperation symptoms of a higher mentality?—the

The accompanying diagram helps to explain the details of our frontispiece though allowances must be made for the different direction of points of the compass. In the center we have the Caaba, the building which contains the sacred black stone in its eastern corner. The south corner pointing in the direction of Yemen is called the Yemen corner. On the northern side are two slabs of greenish marble believed to be the tombs of Hagar and Ishmael. They are surrounded by *el hatim* which means "the broken," a semicircular wall supposed to mark the original extent of the Caaba. The whole is surrounded by a circle of columns surmounted by lamps. In front of the Caaba we see the *Babes-salam*, the Gate of Peace through which Mohammed entered when he was chosen to life the black stone into its proper place. Between this and the building itself is the *Makam Ibrahim* (the station of Abraham) where the patriarch's footprint is supposed to be preserved. It is a small building supported by six pillars. This is the station where the *imam* of the Shafi'i sect stands when he leads his fellow members in their prayers. There are three other stations (*makam*) on each of the other three sides for the *imams* of the other orthodox Mohammedan sects: To the right, the Makam Hanbali, to the left the Makam Hanafi, and the Makam Maliki opposite the first. At the east corner of the enclosure we find several small buildings the first of which covers the sacred *sam sam* well. A stairway leads to the upper story. Further out toward the east there are two ugly buildings called *el-Kubatain* which serve the purpose of store rooms for utensils used in the care of the masque. Not shown in the diagram but near the *makam Ibrahim* is a pulpit or *mimbar*.

THE PROBLEMS OF UNIVERSAL PEACE.

Mr. Victor S. Yarros of Hull House, Chicago, writes as follows concerning a recent American movement for international peace:

"A number of distinguished Americans have formed a League of Peace, or an American branch of what they hope may become in time a world-wide League of Peace. The platform adopted by the gentlemen at their Philadelphia meeting appears to be reasonable and moderate. It urges arbitration of all justiciable disputes while favoring discussion, investigation and earnest effort at the adjustment of non-justiciable controversies. Avoidable war is to be prevented by *force majeure*! that is, if any power or nation that voluntarily becomes a member of the League shall make war on any other member without reason or justice it will become the immediate duty of all the other members to punish and coerce that aggressor into surrender.

"There is no civilized man or group of men in the world that does not devoutly wish to prevent ~~preventable~~ war. Those who would fight for the sake of keeping alive the so-called military virtues are negligible alike numerically and morally. So far as the principle of the League is concerned, all should be plain and smooth sailing. No great nation should hesitate to join a league of peace that is really designed to discourage and restrain mere aggression or erratic, rash and impetuous Jingoism. But it is clear that before the great nations join the projected League and solemnly bind themselves to fight for peace, if necessary, many questions will have to be put and answered.

"Wherever the ultimate appeal is to force there must be a supreme tribunal to hear and determine controversies, to decide that this litigant is right

and that wrong, to render judgment and demand obedience. States and federations of states have their supreme tribunals; in forming a federation the constituent states agree to abide by the decision of the supreme federal tribunal. Where will supreme judicial authority be lodged in the League of Peace? Is an international tribunal to be created, and are the decisions of that tribunal to be final? If so, what if the judges disagree and there are majority and minority opinions filed? Is the majority opinion to prevail, and is a nation to make war even when its representatives on the tribunal hold that there is no occasion for war? Will parliaments and congresses and chief executives consent to abdicate, to surrender their own power and carry out the decisions of another tribunal? Will the nations consent to amend their respective constitutions to the full extent implied in the extraordinary proposal?

"If the true object of the League is peace propaganda, if no early practical results are expected by it, then the thought arises that the direction chosen by the founders of the League for peace propaganda is rather unpromising. It will not be easy to persuade any government to join the organization. The appeal will have to be addressed to public opinion, and, since this is the case, public opinion had better be addressed first with reference to deeper, underlying questions. In other words, leagues of peace should work for the removal of conditions that bring on war. What, in our day, are the causes of war? National arrogance, national jealousy, national greed and ambition, national suspicion and distrust. Kings and foreign ministers cannot make war unless they actually reflect public sentiment or have the craft and skill to make the nation believe they are serving, representing and reflecting its wishes and aspirations. Leagues of peace should determine in a thoroughly scientific and impartial manner what justice at any given time requires in international relations and affairs. They should then candidly and vigorously support those nations that ask and offer justice, and as candidly and vigorously assail those nations that demand too much for themselves and deny justice to other nations. Is a nation conspiring to close a door that should be open to all? Is a nation plotting to undermine another nation's commercial prosperity? Is a nation too ambitious and too selfish, and are its policies so unfair and dangerous that sooner or later they must lead to an explosion? Is any nation unjustly treated in connection with the development of new markets, the redistribution of colonial territory? Is any nation or group of nations seeking to isolate another nation or group and thereby stimulating military expenditures and measures of defense and offense? In any of these cases it would be the duty of a league of peace to expose and denounce the dangerous policies of the selfish, predatory or short-sighted and stupid governments.

"Such a program as this for a league of peace would tend to solve problems, to settle controversies, instead of breeding new problems and controversies. Such a program means hard and honest scientific study of knotty questions, and patient, unrelenting efforts to develop a consensus of competent international opinion touching the "sore spots" of world politics and diplomacy. We greatly fear—or, rather, we have no doubt—that leagues of peace that ignore the deeper causes of war and neglect the spade work, the educational and scientific work above briefly outlined will be wasting their time and labor.

"We have had some fruitful investigations and studies of past wars. We have had fairly useful peace reports and pamphlets of a general character.

But this is not what is needed. Hindsight has its value, but foresight is better. The world has certain sore spots, as Bismarck called them, certain storm centers. Nations have grievances, actual or imaginary. Nations have complaints, causes of action, so to speak. Some of these are not in their nature arbitrable, and to ignore them is to endanger the peace and progress of the world. Let, then, an international league of peace undertake an earnest and unbiased study of these threatening complaints or causes of action, and let it work out, propose and energetically advocate just and reasonable settlements of these causes of action.

"Are we to take the position that national bias will bar the way to anything like a consensus of opinion on any question of the sort indicated? If so, leagues of peace are futile and vain enterprises. If scientific, philosophical, independent minds cannot agree on certain principles of international justice and right in the matter of colonial trade, open doors, protectorates, and buffer states, immigration and naturalization, and so on, how can any league or any tribunal created by it hope to enforce peace?

"To put the matter most concretely, a league of peace should undertake to determine fearlessly what grievances Russia has, or Germany, or Austria, or Japan, or France, or Denmark, and what can and should be done by wise and honest diplomacy to remove these grievances. Such inquiries and findings would in truth powerfully contribute to the success of the peace movement."

* * *

Another writer in more or less the same vein is E. D. Brinkerhoff, who sends us for review a pamphlet bearing the ambitious title, *Constitution for the United Nations of the Earth*. The document is interesting but need not be treated seriously since neither Great Britain nor Germany nor the United States will accept Mr. Brinkerhoff's plan. The constitution is fashioned mainly after the pattern of the United States. The house of representatives is called by the Russian name "Duma"; their number is altogether 566, of whom the British Empire sends 143, the United States 36, France 32, Germany including all its colonies 25; Alsace-Lorraine-Luxemburg counts as a new state with the meager delegation of 1, while Belgium counts 10 and Abyssinia 4. The Senate is composed of two senators from each dominion. For some unknown reason the seat of the parliament of the United Nations of the Earth is not betrayed, nor is there any hint where the president will establish his abode.

The United Nations will keep a regular standing army and a navy. All its officers are required to speak "Esperanto, Ido, or other artificial language adopted by the parliament."

A president shall be elected, to be commander-in-chief of army and navy, and he shall have the appointing of "consuls, judges of the supreme court, ambassadors," etc.

The parliament shall not impose any income tax, nor capitation tax, nor make laws establishing patents or copyrights, nor interfere with the liquor or opium trade. Land would be taxed only "in proportion to the rental value." Freedom of speech and of religion is assured.

Section 11 sets forth the surrender of the rights of the present national powers (we refrain from following the reformed system of orthography in quoting):

"1. No dominion shall, without the consent of parliament, keep troops or ships of war in time of peace beyond its internal necessities.

"2. No dominion shall grant letters of marque and reprisal.

"3. No dominion shall engage in war with any dominion in or out of this Union unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay.

"4. The separate dominions shall not acquire or hold coaling stations outside of their own domain.

"5. No dominion shall enter into any treaty, alliance, *entente* or confederation; or enter into any agreement or compact with another nation except as to copyrights, patents, postal matters and extradition.

"6. All persons born or naturalized in the United Nations and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United Nations. No dominion shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United Nations.

"7. No nation shall secede from this Union."

We shall reserve further comments until Mr. Brinkerhoff's constitution shall have been adopted. People interested in his proposals should address the author directly, E. D. Brinkerhoff, 870 President Avenue, Fall River, Mass.

* * *

Still another plan to put an end to war has been suggested by General Harrison Gray Otis of California, in a pamphlet entitled "After the Great War—What?" It is similar to Mr. Brinkerhoff's proposal. A general government is to be established by an alliance of the great powers of the world which are to maintain a joint army and navy and will have a regular constitution to decide international questions. The armies and navies of the world would be allowed to remain as they are now, but if any one nation failed to obey, the universal government would suppress its ambition. The plan is very simple if you can establish such a general government. The pamphlet can be obtained from the "Press of Los Angeles Times," Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

Some time ago there appeared in *Pearson's Magazine* an article by W. L. Stoddart entitled "On the Edge of a World Court,—A Chapter in Secret Diplomacy." This tells the story of the failure to establish a world's court on the very brink of the present world war, and expresses disappointment that an arbitral court had not been established to which the powers would have pledged their difference before going to war. But it is not likely that the present war could have been avoided even if such an arbitral court had been in existence, for the vote of the majority of the powers represented would have been predetermined before the question could have been laid before the judges.

The fact is that the proposition was made to let the great powers, England, France, Italy, Germany and Russia decide the quarrel between Austria and Serbia, but Austria could not accede to it because she knew that the majority of the judges would be against her whether right or wrong were on her side. The decision would have been a partisan vote in which the Austrian interests would be represented by the vote of Germany alone. Under these circumstances it is quite natural that Austria should have refused to recognize a court whose judges were determined to vote against her interests.

Such conditions would prevail constantly, and the present situation would

have been no exception. Therefore it is impossible for the powers to acknowledge an international court of justice. The nations and their governments are supreme and cannot submit to an international court without surrendering their own authority. The only form in which such a court could be established would be as council of advisers which could be appealed to in the case of justiciable quarrels among the powers. Such cases frequently turn up in history, and it is desirable even for great powers to avoid wars whenever possible; but in the present case it would have been hard, if not even impossible, to have the question settled by an appeal to an international court. The truth is that the quarrel between Austria and Serbia was a mere accident which served as a pretext for the war, for the real war is not directed against Austria so much as against Germany.

It is the phenomenal growth of Germany—or, as English diplomats express it, the aggressiveness of Germany—that is the reason of the war. German trade and commerce had begun to outstrip English industry and English trade all over the world. Germany was outstripping the English in iron manufacture and had become a dangerous competitor even in England's own colonies. At the same time the emperor began to build a German navy, and England foresaw danger. Although the German navy was only about one-half the size of the English navy her ships were good and all of the best and most modern type; her crews were at least as well trained as English sailors, and England had no means to prevent the further growth of Germany except by war, and under these conditions war could not have been avoided even by an international court of justice.

The occasion of the war was the assassination of the arch-duke, heir to the throne of Austria, combined with Russia's intention to protect the little Slav state of the Balkans; but after all that the war might have been averted if the powers had desired to do so. The real issue was the strain between England and Germany, and the decision of this does not involve the fate of Serbia but rather the question whether England or Germany will be the determinant factor in the future development of mankind.

An arbitral court of justice will be possible under one of two conditions: Either the influence of one power will predominate, or all must agree on the main principle and have the sincere intention to keep peace. It would have been possible to establish a lasting world peace if England, the United States and Germany had been able to come together and agree on the general principles of international justice. It would not have been impossible to establish an international court on that basis had not England seen a different chance of eternal peace which was to establish the British empire as the dominant power in the world. This would have established peace after the pattern of the *pax Romana* which was the international court established for the world by the Romans in ancient Rome. The end of the war will be the beginning of a new era in history and the nature of that era will depend on the outcome of the war.

A WORLD UNION OF WOMEN.

Mention should be made of the commendable efforts of one international organization of women in the interests of world peace and amity. It is called "The World Union of Women" and has its headquarters in the neutral country

of Switzerland, Passage des Lions, Case Stand 16894, Geneva. Something of its objects and program can be gathered from the membership pledge which reads as follows:

"1. I the undersigned agree to work with all my strength for the establishment of a permanent peace and for unity of thought throughout the world;

"2. To abstain as far as possible from unnecessarily spreading news or reports which would raise feelings of ill-will or bitterness or hatred between individuals or between nations;

"3. To try to make known facts which tend to increase between men and governments mutual esteem and understanding;

"4. To do all I can to make known the work of "The World Union of Women" among the circle of my friends and acquaintances, so as to gain for it members and adherents."

Another organization in sympathetic affiliation with this international movement but with special reference to our relations in the Far East is the "Woman's International Friendship League" which has its center at Washington under the presidency of M. Virginia Garner. The corresponding secretary is Miss Josephine C. Locke, 2388 Champlain St., Washington, D. C.

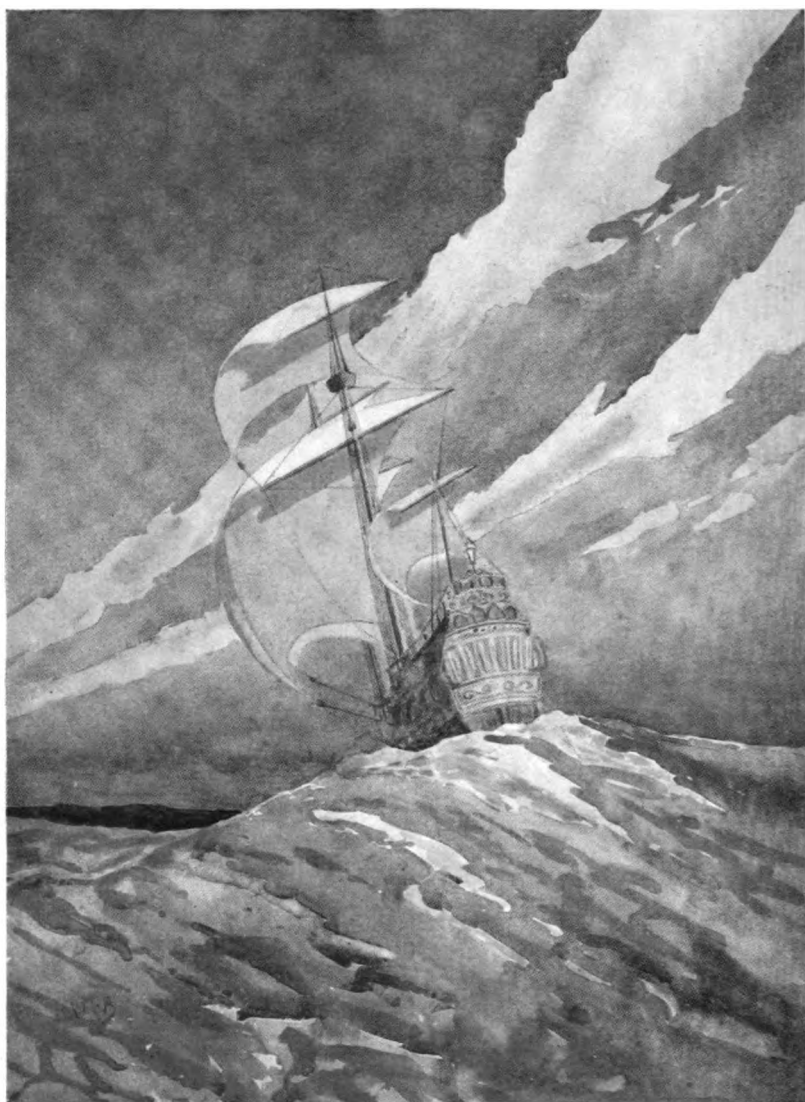
NOTES.

Mr. C. Crozat Converse, the well-known American composer, has ventured to publish with Breitkopf and Härtel, New York, six German songs for soprano or tenor. How bold to show a familiarity not only with the German language and put German words to music, but also to prove an appreciation of German music and give evidence of having been a student in the German school of so-called classical traditions! Mr. Converse's songs are melodies and might have been written by one of the old masters of German birth. Like McDowell's compositions these songs prove that American composers are capable of following German precedence and can develop a music that will be recognized in the home of classical music.

The songs are "Exhortation to Joy" by Hölty, "Wer sollte sich mit Grillen plagen"; "Melancholy" by Eichendorff, "Ich kann wohl manchmal singen"; "Delusion" by Hartmann, "Ich glaubte, die Schwalbe träumte"; "Rest in the Beloved" by Freiligrath, "So lass mich sitzen ohne Ende"; "The Nightingale" by Eichendorff, "Möcht' wissen, was sie schlagen so schön bei der Nacht"; "The Imprisoned Singer" by Schenkendorf, "Vöglein, einsam in dem Bauer."

Mr. Converse is not of German descent, but his intimate familiarity with German music almost makes of him a hyphenated citizen. Music is like German speech; so it has been stated in England and is repeated in pro-British circles in the United States that German music by Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, etc., should be shunned, yea that music should be abandoned altogether until a new and purely English school originates. Mr. Converse has not ventured into creating a new British style of music but has followed the old Hunnish taste. He has not even shown any objection to German words, and musicians still clinging to the antiquated German style will be pleased with his compositions.

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THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.
Painted by Mary Bassett.

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea.

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THE BEILISS-TRIAL GOVERNMENT.

THE RUSSIAN AUTOCRACY AND ITS DUPES.

BY ARMINIUS.

Who Planned the War?

HOW comes it that Germany is short of nickel, copper, rubber, cotton, condensed milk, and that her colonies were almost without ammunition, when our wiseacres tell us that she has been planning this war for years, in order to gain world dominion? On the part of the uninformed, that accusation is simply another illustration of the well-known propensity of ignorance to jump at conclusions; on the part of those who know the facts, it has to be described by an uglier name.

"The great German aeroplane factory, the *Deutsche Flugzeug-Werke*," writes Bertram Williams in the *Scientific American* of November 4, 1916, "had for some months previous to the war been turning out fast biplanes for the British navy at a branch factory on English soil—surely a potent argument, one would think, against those who say Germany wanted war."

"We have the records of German imports," wrote the British trade papers toward the end of 1914, "and we have the records of exports to Germany from other countries. None of them in recent years show unusual quantities of nickel, copper, rubber or cotton. It is certain, therefore, that Germany has at best no more than a year's supply of these articles, so indispensable for modern military equipment. That means"—they added triumphantly—"that she can not hold out more than a year."

In other words, the British government knew that Germany

had not been planning the war. Why, then, was the assertion made? Was it because "all things are fair in love and war?"

Quite different is the case of Russia. Readers of trade journals are well aware that during 1913 and 1914 Russian industry suffered from a shortage of coal, because the Ministry of Transportation, as early as November 1912, ordered the accumulation of immense stores of coal at the railway depots. It is plain as day now that these were intended for mobilization, in order to seize Constantinople, that is to say, world dominion.

The Growing Shadow.

For Americans, with no strong neighbor within 3000 miles, it is difficult to imagine the situation of Germany, not as large as Texas, alongside of Russia, three times as large as the United States. The population of Germany is 67 millions, increasing at the rate of 800,000 a year; that of Russia is 170 millions, increasing at the rate of 3 millions a year. Germany's increase must soon cease for lack of land; Russia has enough land to keep up her increase for centuries. One of the staple features of German newspapers is a table showing how soon Russia will have 3 times, 4 times, 5 times, 6 times the population of Germany. A hint from Petrograd to Berlin will then be a command. Germany will be Russia's vassal. The Russian ambassador at Berlin will occupy the same position as the British diplomatic agent in Egypt. How would Americans feel in a similar situation?

The prospect would be less appalling if the Russian government were as enlightened, well-meaning, honest, progressive, as that of Germany. Look at these adjectives and see how ludicrous they appear when applied to the Russian government. It is to be hoped that some at least of those Britons and Americans who since the outbreak of the war have been hailing the Russian government with "Hosanna!" may be capable of a twinge of shame on recalling that only nine months before the war they were shouting "Crucify him!" The candid reader, wishing to gain a true idea of the Russian government, can do nothing better than go to the nearest library and consult the British and American periodicals of the year before the war, when they were filled with comments on the Beiliss trial, ended November 11, 1913. By their fruits ye shall know them. The apple-tree gets its name from the apple, the cherry-tree from the cherry. If the Russian government is to be named after its most characteristic fruit, it may well be called the Beiliss-trial gov-

ernment. It may be useful to recall the leading facts of that famous trial.

The Beiliss Trial.

Chronic riots and assassinations had proved that the revolution had not been quenched in 1905 but was still smouldering. The murder of a Christian boy at Kiev in March 1911 afforded a welcome opportunity for the autocracy to resort to its customary trick of occupying the popular passion with its favorite subject. Mendel Beiliss, a Jew, was arrested and charged with having murdered the boy "for ritual purposes." For two years and a half he was kept in prison, while the authorities were trying to find evidence against him. The whole civilized world rang with protest against this revival of a medieval myth for the purpose of inflaming the fanatic rabble against an innocent people. Conspicuous among the protests were those of the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Liverpool, London, Glasgow, and Dublin, the International Congress of Orientalists, the International Medical Congress, and many other associations, besides thousands of the world's most distinguished scholars and statesmen in Germany, France, England and the United States. Alarmed at being thus placed in the limelight, and unable to find the desired evidence, the local authorities were anxious to drop the prosecution and set Beiliss at liberty, but were restrained by orders from Petrograd, issued, it is said, by command of the Czar himself. The former chief of the secret police at Kiev, who conducted an independent investigation and came near discovering the real perpetrators and laying bare their motives, was suspended from office, tried on some pretended charges and imprisoned—a fact which plainly suggests that the crime was committed by government agents, in such a fashion as to indicate a ritual murder, for the deliberate purpose of providing a ritual murder trial to inflame the populace. The trial began on October 8, 1913, and then for the first time Beiliss was allowed to confer privately with his lawyers. Under cross-examination the children who were made to testify against him confessed that they had been coached by detectives. On November 11 he was acquitted, but the questions which the jury had to answer were so arranged as to make it appear that there was such a thing as ritual murder. The autocracy had attained its aim, for the result of the trial was a series of antisemitic outbreaks, sufficient to occupy public attention while the fetters were being tightened on the limbs of liberty.

Look here upon this picture, and on this!

Such is the character of the government which covets Constantinople as the short-cut to world dominion, especially dominion over Germany. Consider now the character of the nation whom this government is trying to reduce to servitude. In Germany, illiteracy is practically zero; in Russia it is 69 per cent. The German governments have actually forced their people to become educated; in Russia a Minister of Education not long ago had the hardihood to say in public that "it is not good for the people to become educated." Why? Because the illiterate army is the only prop of the autocracy, which will be lost if the army becomes educated. Think of German universities overshadowed by such a government! According to recent dispatches, the Russian Imperial Council is contemplating a law to make education compulsory—ten years hence. Why did they wait till forced by the war? And how effective will that law be if the autocracy wins in this war? Germany is a true democracy, the Reichstag being elected by manhood suffrage and secret ballot. It will be remembered that King William I, being called to the headship of the reunited German nation in 1870, actually balked at the name Kaiser, preferring to be called "President of the German Confederation," till Bismarck pointed out to him that the title Kaiser, with its associations of past union and glory, would be the strongest bond of union among the people, at a time when such a bond was sorely needed. The present Kaiser never wearies of repeating the maxim of his ancestor, Frederick the Great: "I am only the first servant of the State and of my people." The Duma of Russia, on the other hand, is simply the puppet of the autocracy, dangled before the people's eyes to keep them quiet. In Germany there is freedom of speech and of the press; Russia has a rigid censorship. In Germany there is hardly a hamlet but has a good macadamized road; in Russia there are large cities without pavement. Germany is the birthplace of those rural credit associations which have lifted the farmer from penury to security; Russia until 1908 had no law under which these associations could be organized, and even now that immense empire, three times as large as the United States, has only 790. The German taxpayer gets most for his money; the Russian taxpayer gets least. Graft is unknown in Germany; in Russia it is supreme. An American consul in Russia, wishing to show that Germany is not so greatly superior to Russia, very innocently puts his finger on the vital spot. "Look at the theaters in Petrograd and Moscow; they

are fitted out with a magnificence unequalled anywhere. In dancing, Russia leads the world." Alas, that is where the taxpayers' money goes! The people are left without schools, without roads, often without food, that titled rakes may revel! And this is the government which has the sympathy of the American press—the press which is forever quoting Lincoln's "government of the people, by the people and for the people!"

"Government by experts" is the term by which the writer in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* defines the German government. If he had cared to be more precise, he would have said that Germany is ruled by the University of Berlin, the foremost educational and scientific institution in the world, representing the quintessence of the 67 millions of the best-educated nation. The influence of the daily contact between the legislators and this body of concentrated intelligence may be imagined, while the 9000 students, gaining an insight into national problems by the daily witness of eye and ear, become on their return to the provinces so many missionaries of enlightened legislation. We have something similar in Wisconsin, the most progressive state in the Union; but Congress, our national legislature, strangely enough, has hitherto been denied the incalculable assistance it would derive from a great national university at Washington, attracting the highest intelligence not only of this country but of the world. The Russian government, on the other hand, is constantly at daggers' points with the universities of Petrograd and Moscow, constantly suspending them, and would have abolished them long ago, if it could be done without paralyzing the economic life of the empire.

Brain Against Muscle.

No wonder that the prospect of becoming the vassal of the Beiliss-trial government seems a ghastly horror to the German people. To stave off the disaster till western Europe could be persuaded to unite against the common peril, there was only one means: the most thorough organization. That is the secret of the wonderful governmental machinery which the war has brought to light. Necessity was the mother of invention. Think of it for a moment and you will see what an infamous lie it is to assert that this preparation was meant for aggression and world-dominion, not for the cruel necessity of defense. The case is so plain that one can only wonder how grown people could fail to see what any child ought to be able to see without being told. Hemmed in between an unresigned

neighbor lamenting the past supremacy, on the west, and an enormous, fast-growing, despotic, irresponsible power, on the east, with no ally on whom she could safely rely, the German democracy had no choice but to strain every resource of intellect to make the most of her scanty material resources. Other nations, with abundance of land, and no overwhelming enemy near, could afford to be prodigal of their time and labor; Germany, with only 208,780 square miles, overshadowed by a power owning nine million square miles, had to make sure that every stroke should produce the maximum effect. In this way the German social machine, the most wonderful, most beautiful work of art of all the ages, was developed. Americans twenty years hence will hang their heads in shame on remembering that this wonderful work, by which the resources of a nation of 67 millions with 208,780 square miles were made to balance the resources of two nations of 215 millions with 10 million square miles, were regarded by the majority of the American press not as a heroic work of defense but as proof of wicked designs of conquest. Deeper yet will grow their shame when they recall the endless cargoes of ammunition which for filthy purposes of gain they supplied to those who attempted to smash the finest temple ever built. "Free Americans," some future historian will say, "secure between two vast oceans, beheld the superhuman effort of another free, educated nation to maintain its freedom against an overwhelming despotic power, growing daily more overwhelming, a huge mass of illiterates, deliberately kept illiterate by their government. And that superhuman effort was described by free Americans as Prussian militarism, and every effort short of actual warfare was made by them to perpetuate and extend the despot's power. And when the despot, in order to fasten his yoke more securely on the necks of free nations, laid claim to Constantinople, a city which had never been Russian, which to-day is inhabited solely by Turks, Greeks and Armenians, with not a single Russian—free Americans called the claim just. In all history it would be hard to find a case of more profound mental blindness."

Befogged Contemporaries.

How hard it is to view contemporary events in their true light, is strikingly shown in a recent article by Brander Matthews in the *New York Times*. To illustrate the blind hatred felt for Thomas Jefferson by his political enemies, Professor Matthews quotes from a poem, "The Embargo," written by William Cullen Bryant when he was only 13 years of age, and published in 1808.

"And thou, the scorn of every patriot's name,
Thy country's ruin and thy council's shame!
Poor servile thing! Derision of the brave!
Who erst from Tarleton fled to Carter's cave;
Thou, who when menaced by perfidious Gaul,
Didst prostrate to her whiskered minions fall;
And when our cash her empty bags supplied,
Didst meanly strive the foul disgrace to hide."

Bryant, arrived at maturity, might soothe his own shame by the plea of boyish ignorance; but the adults from whom he learned those sentiments, if accessible to shame, must surely have called on the mountains to fall on them and the hills to cover them, when time had revealed the true character of the man they had reviled. When time shall have revealed the true character of the present contest, Germany's revilers will have difficulty in finding a hole deep enough to hide their shame.

A Modern Isocrates.

However, the German leaders well knew that even the utmost education and organization could not in the long run avail against numbers. Their only hope of final safety lay in an alliance with those nations whose interests were identical with Germany's, but which, having acquired the habit of considering themselves the chosen people, found it difficult to get accustomed to the idea of looking on Germany as an equal. To Britain, the expansion of Russia is not less menacing than to Germany. Nothing seemed more natural than that these two great Germanic nations should unite for mutual security. This in fact has been the Kaiser's constant aim for the last 20 years. He never missed an opportunity of reminding Britons and Germans of "our common race," while his remarks about France were actually characterized in the British press as "fulsome flattery." That there was a responsive movement in Britain was proved by Mr. Chamberlain, who told Parliament that he had offered an alliance to Germany, but that it had been declined. Probably the conditions offered were such as to block every effort at expansion on the part of Germany and thus convert her into a British dependency, a hewer of wood and drawer of water for the children of Britain.

It was in fact difficult to devise a plan which would unite the two countries on a footing of permanent equality. To Germany the Near East, that is to say, Turkey and Persia, was the only re-

maining sphere of influence, the only "place in the sun," to enable her to remain a great power. Yet if that sphere were conceded to her, it was evident that, with her rapidly expanding industry, commerce and wealth, she would soon have Egypt and India at her mercy. In 1913 and the early part of 1914, especially after Lord Haldane's visit to Berlin, the differences seemed on the point of adjustment. Premier Asquith had declared that Britain had enough land and had no desire to acquire more, and that Germany was at liberty to take what remained. Germany, on the other hand, had practically agreed to a limitation of naval armaments on the basis of British naval supremacy. This very fact of the growing friendliness between Britain and Germany appears to have precipitated the war. To understand this, we must take a look at Russia.

The Dumb, Illiterate Millions.

There is no means of guessing what might be done if we could deal with the Russian people. The present Duma is of course a mere caricature of popular representation. The government which claims to represent the Russian people is in fact their worst enemy. The poor illiterate hordes which are fighting in Galicia are fighting to enable a ring of grafters, fanatics and rakes to perpetuate poverty and illiteracy in Russia—a ring nominally controlled by the Czar, but in reality controlling him. The fact that 790 agricultural cooperative credit associations have sprung up since 1908, when the law for that purpose was at last enacted, under compulsion of defeat in the Japanese war, proves that the Russian people are able and eager to help themselves if the government will let them. Zorndorf, Friedland, Borodino, Sebastopol have shown that in cool courage and tenacity the Russian soldier is unexcelled, and the names of Suvarov and Skobelev prove that the material for good leaders is not lacking. Why have Russian armies made such a wretched showing in the Crimean, Turkish, Japanese wars and in the present war? Because grafters, fanatics and rakes cannot afford to place the control of armies in the hands of able and honest men, but only in the hands of fellow-grafters, fellow-fanatics, fellow-rakes.

The euphonious and astonishingly rich and flexible Russian language is a source of perpetual delight to every one endowed with the slightest linguistic instinct, and suggests the perpetual reflection that the people who developed this language must be of high native quality. What revelations might come to humanity if these 170 millions had the same chance of mental development that Germany's 67 millions have! Russia's apologists point to the great

names in Russian literature — Pushkin, Lermontov, Dostoevsky, Turgeniev, Tolstoy, Gorki—as proof of civilization. The stunning, damning fact is that the works of these men are inaccessible to 69 per cent of their countrymen. Nothing can be sadder than the pictures of peasant life drawn by Turgeniev and Tolstoy—the frequent groan of some great soul staggering hopeless under its load of ignorance and drudgery. The haunting lines of Gray's *Elegy* come to mind:

“Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire.
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

“But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

“Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

And to think that England and France, the great free nations, are doing their best to bolster up a government which deliberately seals up the fountains of knowledge from its own people! To think that free Americans send ammunition to a gang of grafters, fanatics and rakes, to enable them to keep the yoke on the necks of 170 million victims, and to crush the nation which for a hundred years has been the world's teacher, especially Russia's teacher!

Tolstoy tells us that public opinion in Russia is simply the opinion of “the 5000 idle rich.” Certainly in a censor-ridden nation with 69 per cent illiterates and an additional 20 per cent not much better than illiterates, public opinion cannot represent more than a very small fraction of the people. We are told that this public opinion regards the possession of the Bosphorus-Dardanelles as the indispensable condition of Russia's welfare. Some Americans imagine that they show their liberality, breadth of mind and other noble qualities by sympathizing with this supposed Russian demand for a free outlet to the sea. Let us look at the facts.

A People Chastised with Scorpions.

It would be preposterous to say that Russia needs more land. With 9 million square miles, three times the area of the United States, she has land enough for centuries, ample to secure her rank

as a great power forever. Think of it! In 1607, the date of the first English settlement in America, Russia was already in possession of a territory nearly as large as the present United States. The entire United States was then a wilderness; the European part of Russia was dotted with hundreds of cities and towns. Yet to-day (according to the *World Almanac* of 1916, page 327), the wealth of the United States is estimated at 188 billion dollars, that of Russia at 40 billions, compared with Britain's 85 billions, Germany's 80 billions, France's 50 billions. And the government which has failed so miserably to do its duty to its own people, a government which treats 6 millions of its most intelligent subjects, the Jews, as out-laws, a government which would have its hands so full at home if it wished to make up for past sins—such a government wants to dictate to civilized nations, simply because it has a huge multitude of armed illiterates under its control! Having chastised 170 millions with scorpions, it wishes to chastise additional millions. If the German government, with only 208,780 square miles, has brought its people to their present state of prosperity and enlightenment, what would Russia be, with her 9 million square miles, if she had an equally able and honest government! And yet we are told that Russia must expand and Germany shall not!

What the Possession of Constantinople Would Mean.

Russia's demand for a free outlet to the ocean, when candidly examined, is equally preposterous. Through the Black Sea, she has an absolutely free outlet for her commerce, so long as she remains at peace—and she can always remain at peace if she will stop dictating to other nations and simply attend to the needs of her own immense territory, which needs attention so badly. If Britain, France, Germany and the United States become allied, there will be perpetual peace, giving Russia perpetual free access to the ocean. Suppose Russia did gain Constantinople; can any one imagine that a single sack of wheat would ever be sent by rail to Constantinople and thence exported by boat, instead of being shipped from the port of Odessa direct? What fool would substitute 450 miles of costly land transportation for 375 miles of cheap sea transportation?

Evidently Constantinople is demanded not for commercial but for military purposes—to make Russia's overwhelming and fast-growing preponderance still more overwhelming and fast-growing. The distance from Russia to Constantinople is 400 miles on the European side, 700 miles on the Asiatic side. Don't take my word

for it, but take any schoolboy's geography and measure the distances, and then measure the same distances on the map of the United States. You will find that 400 miles is the distance from Washington to Detroit, 700 miles the distance from Washington to St. Louis. All the vast intervening territory, comprising Rumania, Bulgaria, Turkey, soon also Greece and Serbia, would necessarily be Russia's prey if she once got hold of Constantinople, for it would be silly to suppose that the Beiliss-trial government would respect the independence of those countries, when there is nothing but its own mercy and its own promises to prevent it from annexing them. These acquisitions would mean an addition of 50 million people to the scorpion-smitten 170 millions and of a million square miles to the 9 million square miles already comprised in the realm of graft. With a railway extending almost to the Egyptian border, even Turkey is a dangerous neighbor to Egypt. What would Britain's position in Egypt be alongside of a power of 220 millions, controlling the Black Sea and the *Ægean*!

"We cannot desert the Serbians," said "public opinion" in Russia. Disinterested sympathy indeed! Look into history and you will find that the Serbians time and again sought annexation to Austria, and would have succeeded, had not Russia threatened to mobilize. Up to 1914, crowds of Serbian laborers emigrated every year to the Serbian-speaking lands under the Austrian "yoke," because there they found better wages, better schools, better roads, better medical attendance, more humane treatment. They were only too glad to become Austrian subjects and escape from the clique of regicides which pretends to represent the Serbian nation. The restoration of Poland ought to suggest to Emperor Charles a still more brilliant move with which to inaugurate his reign. Let him unite Serbia, Montenegro, Bosnia and Dalmatia into one autonomous kingdom of Greater Serbia, under a prince of Montenegro, and under Austrian suzerainty—and the entire Serbian army at Monastir will pass over to the Austrians bag and baggage. Similarly, if Rumania were united with Hungary into one kingdom, the remnant of the Rumanian armies would probably help Mackensen to conquer Bessarabia. National unity and autonomy under Austrian suzerainty is all the "reparation" that Serbia and Rumania need, all that they want.

In a word, nothing can be clearer than that the Russian demand for Constantinople and for a preponderant influence in the Balkans is a demand for world dominion. What, then, are we to think of those Americans who see nothing unreasonable in that demand, who

think it quite right that 50 million people should be annexed against their will and made to swell the power of despotism, while these same Americans accuse Germany of planning the conquest of the world, simply because she wrought miracles in the desperate effort to resist the Russian pressure till she could persuade Britain to become her ally! What does the Declaration of Independence mean by "governments, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed?"

Freemen Trying to Enslave Freemen.

History shows numerous cases of sudden delusions seizing upon whole communities, cases in which the evidence of the senses, reason and justice are thrown to the winds, and the wildest and most baseless fancies play havoc with men's minds. Such was the Salem witchcraft delusion of 1692. Such is the strange perversion which holds sway to-day. Americans glorify their ancestors to the skies because in 1776 they drew the sword rather than submit to tyranny; yet when another free nation draws the sword as the last resort against the menace of a more intolerable tyranny, free Americans do their best to help the tyrant to subdue that other free nation. If at the time of our Revolution there had been another republic which, instead of helping us in our struggle against despotism, had furnished arms to the despot, would not the name of that republic be now in the eternal hell of contempt, like that of Benedict Arnold?

Our champions of preparedness point to the war of 1812 and the Civil War as horrible examples of the disastrous results of unpreparedness; yet because Germany, in an infinitely more perilous situation, adopted that much-lauded system of preparedness, without which she would long ago have presented the most horrible example of the results of unpreparedness—these same orators denounce her as the incarnation of militarism, forgetting that Germany's standing army before the war numbered only 810,000 men, while the combined armies of Russia and France numbered 1,970,000. Consistency, thou art a jewel! No nation, situated as Germany was in 1914, could have acted otherwise than Germany did, without branding herself as a coward.

A Tweed Ring at Petrograd.

In reality the demand for more land and for the control of the Bosphorus-Dardanelles and the "independence" of the Balkan states is not the demand of the Russian people but of the ring of grafters,

fanatics and rakes whose interests are bound up with the maintenance of the autocracy. The events of the last forty years have proved to that clique that the days of their power are numbered, unless the people's attention can be diverted from the parasites that suck their blood. One easy method was to rouse the fanaticism, lust and greed of the rabble by hounding them against the Jews, as in the case of Kishenev massacres of 1903 and the "ritual murder" trial of 1913. The alternative method was aggression against other nations, with its prospect of glory and enrichment to the cunning, its appeal to the patriotism of the ignorant. That was the motive of the Manchurian adventure, blocked by Japan. Finding the avenue of expansion closed in the Far East, the grafters in 1907 announced their "renewed interest" in the Near East, that is to say, Constantinople.

Baccarat and the Triple Entente.

For obvious reasons, it has long been a cardinal principle of British policy that Russia must under no circumstances be allowed to take Constantinople. This is one of the few points on which the policies of Britain and France have until recently been in agreement. Of late, however, they have been between the devil and the deep sea. The question has been: Shall Constantinople be controlled by Russia or by Germany? Had Queen Victoria died twenty years earlier or ten years later. Britain would probably have declared in favor of Germany, and the new era of perpetual peace might have been initiated bloodlessly through the voluntary reunion of Germany and her great colony. As it was, Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, finding nothing to do in a harvest-field crying for workers, and growing weary of Tranby Croft and baccarat, sought distraction in Paris and became a bosom friend of various kindred spirits in that gay capital. In that company, of course, he was not likely to imbibe the deepest friendship for Germany, least of all for the Kaiser, whose strongest passion is work. When Edward came to the throne, on January 22, 1901, what a magnificent chance he had, as *persona gratissima* at Paris, to mediate between France and Germany and thus effect the union of civilization under British leadership! Instead of that, the pro-German current started by Chamberlain was quickly reversed; the *entente* with France (signed April 8, 1904) was concluded in an anti-German spirit, and Edward's Parisian friends became the natural mediators between him and the Russian diplomats who shared his fondness for the gay French capital. The result was the Triple Entente (August 31, 1907), conceived in

gaiety, and dedicated to the proposition that the hardest-working, best-educated, most progressive nation must not be allowed to enjoy the fruit of its labor, a place in the sun; that it must be condemned to atrophy in its little flower-pot of 208,780 square miles, while its neighbors sent their roots all over the globe, till they became giants while their victim became a dwarf. Baroness von Suttner, in ecstasy over the "peace pact" of the Anglo-French *entente*, bestowed on its author the title of "Edward the Peacemaker." Were she living now, she would be horrified to find that the title "Edward the War-maker" would have been more appropriate. The British and French partisans of the Triple Entente knew perfectly that their successors, in order to escape from Russian vassalage, would have to seek the aid of the nation whom they were trying to condemn to atrophy. "After us the deluge."

However, any one might see that an artificial creation like this Triple Entente could not long hold out against the pressure of real interests, especially after the death of Edward on May 6, 1910. The Russian grafters knew that, and determined to make hay while the sun was shining. That is the meaning of the immense coal piles at the Russian railway depots in 1913. No sooner in fact was the Triple Entente signed than the French socialists started a vigorous campaign against the unnatural alliance with Czarism and in favor of an understanding with democratic Germany. Mention has already been made of the growing friendliness between Britain and Germany in 1913 and the early part of 1914, culminating in Lord Haldane's visit to Berlin.

The Grafters' High Tide.

Haldane's visit, in fact, seems to have been the spark that set off the powder keg. "Britain is preparing to swing over to Germany," the Russian grafters whispered to one another, "and if she does, she will carry France with her, and we shall be isolated and all hope of gaining Constantinople and world dominion will have to be abandoned. The Russian liberals will eagerly seize on this defeat as a weapon against the autocracy; a revolution like that of 1905 will follow, and a new Duma will sweep away all the privileges now enjoyed by the autocracy and its favorites, at the same time giving equality to Jews and other malcontents. If we hesitate, we are lost. Not only shall we lose all our plunder, but our heads may go with it. Now or never is our chance to seize Constantinople and world dominion, and tenfold opportunities of graft. Britain's suspicions of Germany are still at fever heat, and Haldane will not find it easy

to cool them. If we can find a pretext for striking the blow, Germany will not dare interfere, knowing that an attack on us would bring France and Britain to our aid and involve Germany in a war which would ruin her commerce and expose her people to starvation.

“On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.”

The outcome was the Serbian conspiracy, aiming at the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary, Germany's only reliable ally. In all probability the Russian government, relying on the promise of French and British aid in case of attack by Germany, expected to accomplish its object without actual war. The Russian mobilization did place Germany in the most cruel dilemma. If she attacked at once, she would bring the whole strength of France and Britain down upon her; if she delayed, the Russian mobilization would soon reach a point where resistance would be hopeless. The Russian government probably expected that Germany would shrink from the awful consequences of a sudden break, but would negotiate as Japan had done in 1903. Internal friction would soon convince the Austro-Hungarian government that it was in no shape for war, and without Austro-Hungarian help Germany could not afford to take the field. The backdown of Austria-Hungary and Germany would convince the Balkan states of Russia's omnipotence and make them obedient vassals. A new Balkan confederation, under Russian patronage, would capture Constantinople, and the divided councils of the West would have nothing to do but to take cognizance of an accomplished fact. When the Balkans had become a Russian province, a new propaganda among the remaining Slavs of Austria-Hungary would create a new crisis, and a hint from Russia would suffice to secure the “liberation”—that is to say, the Russification—of these Slavic brothers, as well as of the Hungarians. Germany and Scandinavia would then become dependencies of Russia, giving her “free access” to the Atlantic and world dominion. Since nothing succeeds like success, the triumphant autocracy would be more firmly established than ever; freedom for the Russian people would be relegated to the dim future; repressive laws against the Jews would quickly follow; in fact the autocracy has taken advantage of the turmoil of the war to harass the Jews more than ever. Whoever cares for data on this subject can obtain them from the National Workmen's Committee on Jewish Rights, 175 East Broadway, New York City. The value of the promises of autonomy to Poland may be judged by

the fact that the autocracy is even now engaged in abolishing the autonomy of Finland. A nation whose illiteracy is 69 per cent is trying to "assimilate" a nation whose illiteracy is 1.2 per cent.

They Shall Take Who Have the Power.

That these are not mere speculations is proved by an article by Professor Mitrofanoff in the *Preussische Jahrbücher* for June 1914, to be found, no doubt, in all the leading libraries in the United States. Professor Delbrück, the editor, had asked for an explanation of the violent anti-German campaign which, by permission of the censor, was then raging in the Russian press. Professor Mitrofanoff's reply, on the lines and between them, amounts to this:

"Let the world understand that Russia has made up her mind to take Constantinople and to exercise a preponderant influence in the Balkans. We know perfectly well that this will make her dominant over the globe. Why should that make us hesitate? No nation that had a chance to become dominant ever scrupled to use the necessary means for that purpose. Germany is the main obstacle. We know that the road to Constantinople passes through Berlin. We also know how the subject looks from your standpoint. If we merely wanted to make sure of our future as a great power, we need not acquire another inch of land; our 9 million square miles will afford room for 500 million people without much crowding. We know that the Near East represents your only chance of growth, your only avenue of escape from suffocation. By annexing it, we shall of course convert 67 million Germans into unwilling Russian subjects. We hate to blast your hopes, especially when we consider how much we owe to Germany. But the situation before us is this: Shall we take Constantinople and rule the world, or shall we refrain from taking it and thus allow Germany to remain a great and independent power? Russia has made her choice. She has decided that Germany shall not remain a great and independent power."

No wonder the German people blamed the Kaiser for delaying the declaration of war three days and thus giving their enemies that much more time for preparation. The sudden and overwhelming invasion of Galicia proved that the Russian mobilization had been going on for months. And in this desperate effort of the most honest, most enlightened government on earth to escape from a trap set by a clique of grafters, the American press, with few exceptions, is on the side of the grafters!

Britain's Dilemma.

The resignation of three British cabinet ministers proved that Britain's dilemma was hardly less cruel than that of Germany. We may be sure that Haldane, who recognizes Germany as his "spiritual home," made an ardent plea for neutrality.

"We have no reason to doubt the sincerity of the Germans," he would say, "when they assure us that they have not the slightest design against our empire. Nothing could be more reasonable than their desire to remain a great power. Hence their demand for a free hand in the Near East, their only possible field of expansion. That would be a very modest sphere of influence compared to ours and Russia's. If we thwart them in this modest ambition, we cannot expect that they will be anything else than our consistent enemies, trying to thwart us in return. On the contrary, if we say Amen, they will be our eternal allies, and we shall forever be rid of the Russian nightmare. Between us and Russia we shall then have a buffer that can buff."

"It may be true," somebody would reply, "that the present statesmen of Germany have no evil intention against us, but it is equally true that if they controlled Turkey and Persia, they would have the British empire at their mercy. We need more substantial guarantees than their mere word. Though we own nearly one-fourth of the globe, with 440 million inhabitants, we are in reality not as strong as Germany, with her 67 millions. The total number of white people in the British empire is only 56 millions; our 384 million dusky subjects are a source of weakness to us, in that they require white garrisons to keep them in subjection. Even now, with her limited territory, Germany bids fair to dethrone us from our commercial, industrial and naval supremacy. If she gains control of the Near East, she will have threefold resources, and then our supremacy will be at an end."

"You seem to think," Haldane would insist, "that Germany alone knows the trick of growing, while Britain has forgotten how to grow. Please remember that Canada alone is larger than Europe, and is sure to have 100 million inhabitants fifty years from now; that the same or nearly the same is true of Australia; that in South Africa there is room for another 50 millions. The utmost hopes of Germany can never equal these opportunities. Moreover you seem to think that, if we allow Germany a free hand, she will convert Austria-Hungary, the Balkans, Turkey and Persia into German provinces. Nothing could be farther from the truth. They will be

Germany's faithful allies for defense against Russia, and for no other purpose. So long as we do not support Russia's designs against them, they will not listen to Germany if the latter tries to turn them against us, which is not at all likely. On the contrary, if Germany is beaten, nothing can prevent Turkey and Persia from becoming helpless provinces of Russia, which means that our possession of Egypt and India would soon become nominal, till we were ordered to quit. If Germany wins, we shall not be at her mercy; but even if we were, it is better to be at the mercy of a government responsible to the best-educated nation, our own flesh and blood, willing at any moment to be our ally, than at the mercy of an irresponsible, unprincipled government, controlling an illiterate nation. Let us not forget what Chamberlain said about the Long Spoon. The government which was capable of the deliberate villainy of the Beiliss trial is capable of any villainy. To allow the safety of the British empire to become dependent on the good faith of such a government would be insanity."

"We have not yet reached the point where we must be at the mercy of anybody," would be the reply. "Suppose we help the Russians and French to beat the Germans. The Russians would doubtless wish to crush them completely, but neither we nor the French would allow it. If afterward we had trouble with the Russians, both the French and the Germans would be compelled by their own interests to stand by us. In a word, the German peril is more imminent than the Russian."

"You are all wide of the mark," some one else would impatiently interpose. "You talk as if we had some ground for hesitation, when in reality we ought to thank our stars for this heaven-sent opportunity. Through the rashness of our rival in putting himself in the attitude of an aggressor, we have the chance to unite the world against him and to crush him, a chance which we shall never have again. Italy would surely be with us, for this is her great opportunity to gain control of the Adriatic. Thus with little cost to ourselves, by our usual method of hiring continental armies to fight our battles, we can put an end to the domination of the Prussian military caste threatening the national existence of the deluded German nation and its freedom of development, which we welcomed so long as it was in the paths of peace. We are now in a position to obtain the most complete guarantee against the possibility of that caste ever again disturbing the peace of Europe. Prussia, since she got into the hands of that caste, has been a bad neighbor, arrogant, threatening, bullying, shifting her boundaries at her will, and taking

one fair field after another from her weaker neighbors and adding them to her own dominions. With her belt ostentatiously full of weapons of offense, and ready at a moment's notice to use them, she has always been an unpleasant, disturbing neighbor in Europe. She got thoroughly on the nerves of Europe; there was no peace near where she dwelt. It is difficult for those who are fortunate enough to live thousands of miles away to understand what it has meant to those who live near. Even here, with the protection of the broad seas between us, we know what a disturbing factor the Prussians were with their constant naval menace. But we can hardly realize what it meant to France and Russia. Several times there were threats directed against them even within the lifetime of this generation, which presented the alternative of war or humiliation. There were many of us who hoped that the internal influence in Germany would be strong enough to check, and ultimately to eliminate it. Now that this great war has been forced by the Prussian leaders, it would be folly not to see to it that this swash-buckling through the streets of Europe and this disturbance of peaceful citizens was dealt with here and now as the most serious offense against the law of nations.

"We are sure of victory. We know that Germany produces only 96 per cent of her food, and cannot do even that when her best laborers are engaged in fighting. The Board of Trade has accurate records of the German imports of nickel, copper, cotton, rubber and petroleum, and accurate records also of the exports of the same articles from foreign countries to Germany. These articles are indispensable in modern warfare, and as the Germans have hardly enough of them to last one year, they will soon be at our mercy like a flock of sheep."

For a minute, the well-informed and philosophic Haldane would be speechless with astonishment. "What hysterics are these?" he would gasp at last. "Have you ever been in Germany? Have you ever taken the trouble to read a German newspaper or periodical? An untruthful Briton is supposed to be a contradiction in terms. You are a Briton, and therefore I must infer that you are not aware of the atrocious falsehood of your statements, but are merely weak enough, in this supreme hour, to repeat the wild phrases of irresponsible scribblers. Where did you study history? Will you specify the year in which Prussia was, as you say, threatening, bullying her neighbors? Was it when Frederick the Great, fighting our battles as well as his own, was facing those weaker neighbors, Austria, Russia, France and Sweden combined? Was it when Blücher at

Leipsic freed Europe from the yoke of Napoleon, or when, swallowing his resentment at Wellington's desertion, he marched to Waterloo to save an English army from defeat and possible annihilation? Was it in 1870, when Germany, after 200 years of French aggression, being attacked once more on the most frivolous pretext, for the deliberate purpose of despoiling her and preventing her unification, beat back the aggressor? If Germany was bent on conquest, why did she not profit by the opportunity presented by the Boer war and the Russo-Japanese war? Is it possible to imagine anything more preposterous than the so-called German menace to France and Russia? As well might you talk of the intolerable menace of David to Goliath. Germany numbers only 67 millions, with a standing army of 810,000, while France and Russia number 40 and 170 millions, with armies of 770,000 and 1,200,000 respectively; Germany's expenditures for army and navy in 1913-14 were only \$294,390,000, while Britain spent \$448,440,000, Russia \$439,300,000, France \$311,002,000. You are perfectly aware of these facts; they are set forth in the *Statesman's Yearbook*, which you have before you on your desk every day, and to which you yourself are a contributor. If I am not mistaken, you yourself have cited these facts in your speeches. Then why do you all at once talk as if the facts were the reverse? Is the truth a sail to be trimmed in accordance with the wind? If the 67 million people of Germany, with \$294,390,000, created a stronger armament than the 170 million people of Russia did with their \$439,300,000, and their far cheaper labor, what other reason can you discover than that the German government is honest, while the Russian government is worm-eaten with graft? Clearly the so-called German menace is simply the menace of honesty to dishonesty. And shall we ally ourselves with dishonesty against honesty, with illiteracy against education, with despotism against freedom? Scores of candid and well-informed Britons have admitted over and over again during the past twenty years that Germany would have been crushed and despoiled long ago by Russia and France, had they not had a wholesome respect for her army. Has Britain never bullied weaker neighbors? Do we not own thirteen times as much land as Germany? How did we get it except by taking it from weaker neighbors? People who live in glass houses should not throw stones. When China tried to stop the importation of opium, which was ruining her people, did we not make war on her for the deliberate purpose of forcing her to allow us to continue that nefarious traffic? To all remonstrances, did we not reply, year after year, with cynical effrontery,

that we would stop shipping opium to China as soon as somebody would tell us where India was to get her revenue? Have you ever met any of those German army officers whom you call swash-bucklers? Do you know that 99 per cent of them are the most modest, most unassuming gentlemen in the world, profoundly learned, spending their time not in swaggering through the streets but in the hardest kind of work? If a rowdy is found among them occasionally, is that not true of every army, including the British? Sir Norman Lockyer told us a few years ago, with the approval of every learned man in England, that we were sure to lose our place of eminence among the nations unless we reorganized our system of education on the model of Germany, the most highly educated nation in the world. If Germany is thus the leader in civilization, has she not the right to enjoy the boon of national unity, and the power conferred by that unity? And is it not a piece of effrontery on our part to block such a nation in every quarter of the globe—Morocco, Turkey, Persia, New Guinea—with the declaration: "Hands off! You have no business here!" What you call swash-buckling is simply the natural resentment of self-respecting men at being thus bullied.

"You say we are sure of beating Germany. But what if Germany rises as one man, as Prussia did in 1813, sending 6 per cent of her population into the field! If that was possible then, it is possible now. If you say that the Germans have not enough copper, nickel, rubber, cotton, to last more than a year, you confess that they have not been planning this war, for nothing would have been easier than to accumulate those articles. And if Germany did not plan the war but is merely turning at bay, what a foul blot shall we make in our history if we try to crush her and fail!"

It is to be hoped that Lord Haldane will some day give the world an account of his mental struggle on that occasion. Before arriving at a decision, that erudite and well-meaning man must have passed through hours of cruel agony. If he quitted the cabinet, after his vain effort to make an impression on minds nailed up against argument, he would further weaken the government and incur the reproach of refusing to lend his best service to his country in her hour of need; if he remained, he would necessarily be compelled to strain every nerve to defeat the country which next to Britain was dearest to him. It may not be rash to surmise that he consented to remain on condition that Germany's territory remain intact and that Constantinople be not surrendered to Russia; and

that he resigned when the course of events made it increasingly uncertain whether Britain would be able to guarantee these conditions.

Cain Outdone.

And so the impossible, unspeakable enormity came to pass. England joined her own natural enemies to fight her own natural friends, her "historic ally," with whom she had never been at war before. With parricidal fury, the Daughter attacked the Mother. She decided to trust the Government of the Long Spoon, the Government of the Beiliss Trial, rather than her own flesh and blood. The leading democracy of Europe, which itself had long felt the menace of the autocracy, nevertheless joined hands with it against a government which, according to British testimony, takes better care of its subjects, in other words, is more truly democratic, than any other government. The nation of 13 million square miles decided to aid the nation of 9 million square miles in absorbing the pitiful remnant of land which to the nation of 208,780 square miles represents the only chance of remaining a great power. The nation which produced Darwin, Spencer and Galton combined with the illiterate nation to crush the most educated nation. Yellow, brown and black men, of all degrees of barbarism and savagery, were armed by white, civilized Britons and hurled against white, civilized Germans. "We are fighting for you and you attack us!" was the furious shout that came from Germany. No wonder German soldiers learned to take a grim pleasure in the imprecation "May God punish England!" When the British people come to their senses, when the suicidal character of their policy stands out, grim and ghastly, in the light of its consequences, what a reckoning will they exact of their misleaders! Had Cleon lived long enough, what punishment would the Athenians have meted out to him!

Republicans Propping up the Last Despot.

When it appeared that the land of universities could not be reduced to subjection by all the civilized, semi-civilized and barbarous countries of the Old World combined, and that the tyrant's own subjects were about to be freed from the yoke, the "land of the free," ambitious to be known in history by the twin titles of "Servant of Despotism" and "Murderer of Germany," came to the rescue of the tyrant. She set a thousand ammunition factories going, to furnish, in her nominal neutrality, a ghastly illustration of the letter that killeth. But for this malevolent neutrality, the war would have come to an end a year ago, on the very best terms

for all humanity. All the lives that have been lost since then, and those that are still to be lost, all the horrors of mutilation, famine and disease of the second half of the war, will hereafter be a permanent burden on America's conscience: "Their blood be upon us and upon our children!" Guilty of wilful ignorance will be those who believe Germany to be in the wrong, because they are too sluggish to open their eyes to the glaring facts; guilty of swinish greed will be those plutocrats who would sell ammunition to the enemies of their own country if they got a chance; guilty of cowardice will be those who knew what ought to be done to stop the vile traffic, but shrank from the toil or the political risk of doing it.

Some Americans seem actually to be proud of the fact that the Brussiloff drive, intended to reconquer the land of Kosciusko and Pulaski, was made mostly with ammunition of American manufacture. The land of the free does everything short of actual warfare to crush the land which enjoys the truest freedom, to delay the day of freedom for the Russian people, and to make the autocrat of the Beiliss Trial supreme over the globe. And the heartless, conscienceless plutocrats who carry on this traffic are no doubt liberal donors to the American Red Cross and are praised for their "philanthropy"! Stop the ammunition traffic and there will be no need of any Red Cross.

All over Europe the cry is: "We must reorganize our government on the German model, if we want to be up-to-date." In other words, we must do exactly as the Germans did, but we must crush them for doing it. Has mankind gone insane?

"Public opinion should be suspended," was Admiral Sigsbee's warning at the time of the Maine explosion. Alas, how few people know how to suspend their opinion; how few, having formed an opinion at haphazard, know how to change it! "Remember the Maine!" was the slogan of millions who neither knew nor cared to know how the explosion occurred. The mere fact that Germany declared war was by many Americans deemed sufficient proof that she was the aggressor. And yet in 1812 and 1898 we ourselves declared war, and, for what? Was our independence at stake? Were we threatened by an unprincipled, overshadowing despotism? We did have grave motives in both cases, but they were trifles compared to Germany's motives in the present war. Colonel Roosevelt tells us that there are occasions when it would be a crime for a nation not to draw the sword. Let him tell us what he would have done if he had been in the Kaiser's place on August 1, 1914.

To throw the blame for America's attitude on President Wil-

son would be manifestly unjust. What the President's private sentiments may be, cannot without rashness be inferred from his utterances or his acts. In a republic, the chief magistrate can do little else than follow the drift of public opinion, such as he understands it. The blame must rest with the public, which allows its opinion to be manufactured by hirelings, ever ready to call 'black white at their masters' bidding.

Willing Dupes.

How the grafters, fanatics and rakes in Russia must rub their hands and chuckle when they see the democrats of Britain, France, and the United States toiling in the service of despotism! "Was there ever such luck!" they crow when they meet. "For thirty years we have had daily cold shivers to think that the democrats of Britain, France, Germany and the United States might at any moment have sense enough to combine and lend their support to the Russian liberals, which of course would mean the end of the autocracy and of our soft snaps. And here they are spending their money and their lives to make our darling despot supreme! We have been racking our brains to find some way of making these simpletons swallow the transparent lie about Germany's schemes of world dominion. And here the republican press takes that task out of our hands and performs it with incredible zest and ingenuity, and howls down any one that ventures to tell the truth! We never dreamt that they were such easy marks! 'We are fighting for our lives,' say British statesmen, and proceed to exhort their people to commit suicide. 'Liberty, equality, fraternity!' shout the French, and rush to demolish the rampart that stands between them and tyranny. 'America first!' shout the Americans, and proceed to send us ammunition with which to batter down the American ideal and keep our 170 millions from setting up a 'government of the people, by the people and for the people.' For inspiration, these sons of liberty invoke the shades of Hampden, Mirabeau and Washington, and then proceed to do the work of Pobiedonostsev. If there is a special devil that takes delight in making people cut off their noses to spite their faces, he must by this time be almost dead with laughter."

If the Dam were Broken.

What will happen if Germany were defeated? The program of the Beiliss-trial government will be carried out to its full extent, for Britain would be powerless to oppose it, and neither France nor

Italy would help her if they could. The only help—ye heavens!—could come from the “historic allies” of England whom she now is trying to starve and crush. Will they return good for evil? Will they not on the contrary feel tempted to make the Russo-Japanese alliance still more overwhelming, in the hope of sharing in the spoils? A Russian garrison will soon make its appearance at Jerusalem, ready to march on the Suez canal. Half of Persia will be taken at once, and the other half will be left in nominal British control, which will cease at the first hint from Petrograd. India may for some time continue nominally a British possession; in reality it will be part of the Russian empire as soon as Germany, hitherto its rampart of protection, has been broken down.

And to bring this ruin on herself, Britain is striving tooth and nail!

AN AMERICAN JUDGMENT OF GERMANY'S CAUSE.¹

A LETTER TO MY FRIEND IN KHAKI.

BY JOSEPH W. PENNYPACKER.

YOUR interesting narrative of life among the cacti I can answer only by giving you some reflections made as I look out upon the pageant from my watch-tower. You are for Germany. You may not know it, or possibly you are not aware of the reasons why. Here are some of them.

Texas contains 265,780 square miles, Germany 208,830. Contrast her size with that of the three great powers that have acquired extensive colonies, England, Russia, France,—and then smile at the mistranslation which our ignorant or malicious press has given to the song-title “Deutschland über Alles.” Yet upon that small territory exist 70,000,000 people, whose total share in the world-commerce before the war was \$5,000,000,000 a year. The great British empire had \$7,250,000,000 a year, and the United States stood third with \$4,250,000,000 a year. To this second place commercially Germany had climbed in fifty years. What does that mean? It means that by a spiritual process the German people had cultivated intensively, efficiently, frugally, the home products and industries of their

¹ With one or two omissions of personality, this is a *bonafide* letter written from back home to one of “the boys” on the Mexican border in August, 1916.

208,830 square miles and that they were economically justified in desiring to expand.

This question of national expansion is interesting. The moral basis for it, if any, is the right of the more civilized nations to carry their culture down among the more elemental peoples along the equator and bring back in exchange their native wealth. In 1904 England and France secretly agreed to recognize mutual "spheres of influence" in Egypt and Morocco—that is, to take those places. In 1907 England and Russia agreed as to the spoliation of Persia and chased out Mr. Shuster. It is only fifteen years since England took the Transvaal and Orange Free State by warring on their women, and now that she has got the single German colony in Africa she intends to hold contiguous territory from Egypt to Good Hope. Yet not England, France, nor Russia is cultivated at home so intensively as Germany. The latter, although she had commercial interests in Morocco, recognized the French protectorate and waived her rights by the treaty of Algeciras. That kept the peace in Europe; but it was unfair to Germany.

For Germany was needing to expand. Where did she go? Did she seize her neighbors? No! She acquired by purchase and treaty a right of way through the Balkans and Bulgaria, and set about building the Berlin-Bagdad railway intending to develop Mesopotamia to the top of the Persian Gulf. This was a good plan for civilization. Germany was going southeast. She was going among the Turks. She was developing a fertile country. As an American I heartily approve the plan. She had more right there than had England in Egypt, France in Morocco, or Russia in Persia. But when she got as far as Koweit, biff! she found herself blocked again by a treaty which the local sheik had made with England. Mind you, England was not trying to develop the country herself, but only to keep the German railway off the Persian Gulf. And why? Because if the line went through, England's India trade through Suez would be opened to competition. That also would be a good thing for us and for civilization. No single nation rightly monopolizes the world trade routes. But England looks upon the India trade as hers exclusively. And therefore Koweit is the key to a true understanding of the causes of this war. In a sense Germany is commercially the aggressor, but she has demanded no more than her right, an equal chance with other powers. England, unwilling and perhaps unable to compete commercially, is the military aggressor. When the history of this century is written, England will be found the real criminal now, just as she always has been in

the past. It is only the truth that she has conspired with France and Russia to shut Germany in on *all* sides; and now that Germany is driven to strike, they mean to crush her if they can. The recently announced plan of the Allies for a trade-boycott after the war tells the same story. That can only cause further trouble. To gain her selfish aims England has gone to all lengths. She is the ally of Russia and of Japan, and traitor to her own race and to western civilization. And in spite of all, she is failing. I, for one, hope to see her pay a very heavy penalty; for there will never be an enlightened peace founded on justice until this historic, deceitful, narrow British diplomacy, which sets other powers against each other and gobbles small nations, has been taught such a severe lesson as it can never forget.

Belgium! I confess the invasion of that unfortunate land does not seem to me, when my mind looks upon it from all sides, nearly so wicked a deed as the Anglomaniacs have shouted it into our ears. In the first place it was an *act* of war, not a *cause* of war. It was a military act after war had been declared. The British assertion, of which so much capital has been made in the United States, that England entered the war to protect Belgium is mere sham. England has never stood protector of small nations,—consider Ireland, the Transvaal, Greece. And in proof positive that Belgium was but a pretext and not England's *casus belli* we have the secret treaty which Edward Grey in 1906 made with France, whereby England pledged her aid to France in the event of a war in Europe. In a deliberate policy aimed at Germany England supported France, regardless of the merits of her causes, in 1904, in 1906, in 1911, and finally in 1914. Have you ever asked yourself how it happened that France got into the quarrel between Servia-Russia and Austria-Germany? Would Germany prefer to fight Russia alone, or Russia and France together? France was bound ally of Russia by her own desire and treaty! For a correct understanding of Belgium's case it is necessary to consider her geography. She lies opposite the English coast and between Germany and France, both of which countries were exposed to attack through her territory. But notice that an attack through Belgium into France would reach no vital spot and be, therefore, only a blow in the face; whereas an attack through Belgium into Germany would reach the Rhine provinces and be, therefore, a blow at the very heart of her munition and manufacturing center.

To fair reasoning it is clear that the invasion of Belgium was a defensive measure. The German ambassador had asked Grey

point blank whether England would remain neutral if Germany kept out of Belgium, and Grey had refused to promise. He was tied to France. The Germans captured in Brussels, and published, documents proving beyond a doubt that Belgium had not been honorably neutral. Those documents, the written minutes of a series of verbal conversations between high Belgian military officials and an English military attaché as far back as 1906, contain a plan for the landing of an English army upon Belgian territory. I assert that as Belgium's neutrality had been guaranteed by the powers, she could not honorably enter into secret negotiations of a military nature with one of them. She was not really neutral and the Germans knew it; yet they offered, you recall, to pay an indemnity and go through harmlessly. To be sure, Belgium was justified in refusing and resisting, but she made herself the pawn in England's game. In this whole matter of Belgium there has come only one open and honest word from any statesman in Europe. The words of Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg in the Reichstag deserve to go down in history. He said:

"Here is the truth. We are in necessity, and necessity knows no law. Our troops have occupied Luxemburg and have perhaps already set foot upon Belgian territory. It is against the law of nations. The French government has, it is true, declared at Brussels that it would respect the neutrality of Belgium as long as the enemy respected it. We knew, however, that France was ready for the aggressive. France could wait; we, no. A French attack upon our flank in the lower Rhine might have been fatal to us. So we have been forced to pass beyond the well-founded protests of Luxemburg and Belgium. We shall recompense them for the wrong we have done them as soon as our military end is attained. When one is threatened as we are, and fights for that which is most sacred, one can think of only one thing,—to attain the end, cost what it may. I repeat the words of the Emperor. 'It is with a pure conscience that Germany goes to war.'"

Here is no subterfuge. Nor were the fears of the Chancellor groundless. I have read the diplomatic correspondence of the Belgian ministers of foreign affairs with his three chargés d'affaires at London, Berlin, Paris,—letters covering the politics of Europe from 1905 to 1914. These four Belgians, looking forward, dreading for their country the deluge that finally came in 1914, substantially agree that during those years Germany was very patient under insult in an effort to keep the peace, while England was pulling the wires and making her secret treaties with France, Russia, and Japan.

Belgium! We all feel sorry for her plight; we all feel admiration for her heroic stand; but some of us are convinced that intrigue on one side was provocation for assault on the other. If England really desired to save her, she had the opportunity by guaranteeing her own neutrality. There is no proof to the present day that Germany intends to hold her permanently, or do more than insure her own safety.

Freedom of the seas! Since the time of Grotius a great ideal! The hope that the ocean outside the three-mile limit may become a public road upon all parts of which the commerce of every nation shall go with equal and entire safety. This when the world is at peace. And in time of war only two limitations of the ideal, (1) the belligerent's right of visit and search for contraband, (2) the belligerent's right to blockade the enemy. In spite of our very silly and partisan press, all who know history and have the capacity to think see clearly that upon the seas at least this fight of Germany's is our fight and the fight of all neutral nations.

When the war broke out, our duty as the leading neutral was plainly to have asserted our full rights with equal vigor against both parties. We haven't done it. What those rights were was a question of international law and practice. And in judging the policies of England and Germany in this matter we must take a big, broad view and let the details go. The record from the beginning of the sea-warfare and all the diplomatic exchanges relative thereto show the main facts to be as follows:

In 1909 the rules of sea-warfare, with definition of contraband, of legal blockade, and of neutral rights, were assembled in writing in the Declaration of London signed by Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Japan, Spain, Holland, Italy, the United States. It is true that that Declaration was not ratified, the House of Lords refusing on the ground that it limited England's sea-power; nevertheless, though not technically law, it represented the consensus of civilized opinion on right practices at sea. On August 6, 1914, we asked both England and Germany whether they would conduct the war by the Declaration of London. Germany answered "Yes." England answered "Yes,—with numerous modifications essential to our success." We thereupon notified Germany that the Declaration of London was abrogated and that we would stand upon the rules of commonly recognized international law. Almost at once the early British Orders-in-Council, without declaring a legal blockade of German ports, did declare nearly every sort of product,—foodstuffs, etc.—contraband, and British cruisers took up

their station off New York and began to seize American cargoes. On *November 2*, 1914, England declared the North Sea a war-area, under pretext of mine-danger but really to cut off our commerce with Scandinavia. At the end of December we sent to England our first protest on seizure of our commerce, and were told that it was necessary; we said nothing about the "war-area." After waiting three months Germany, on *February 4*, 1915, declared a submarine war-zone around England. She admitted it was illegal, but justified it as retaliation for the starvation "blockade" which was, indeed, equally illegal. The illegality of the British "blockade" is a technical matter set forth in many notes of protest which England has answered only by pleas of "necessity" and might. Technically the "blockade" is illegal because it is not "effective," is not "impartial to all neutrals," is not "limited to enemy ports," fails to distinguish between contraband and *bona fide* neutral goods, and for other reasons. As a matter of fact it is easy to see that England has deliberately cut off our trade with the Scandinavian countries while her own exports to them have been increasing. The American note of October 21, 1915, shows that between March 11 and June 17 of that year 273 vessels carrying American cargoes were haled into Kirkwall by the British. It is equally easy to see that the true reason England does not draw a legal cordon of warships around German ports is because she fears submarines. American passengers would be no protection to a British war-ship, even in the view of this Administration.

From the beginning Germany has been ready to abandon her submarine war on commerce if England would make her "blockade" legal. Even without this concession she has met our demands half way by practically abandoning it; whereas our appeals to England have met with no response. Our position in this triangular controversy has been monstrously unjust. The illegal "blockade" started first. The illegal U-boat warfare on merchantmen was an effective reply. Our rights under law were *both* to ship munitions to the Allies *and* to ship non-contraband goods to the Scandinavian countries or to Germany herself. But in an unneutral spirit we have done the former without doing the latter; and accomplishing nothing against the "blockade" ourselves, we have compelled Germany to abandon her own effective weapon. What do you suppose a German thinks of Mr. Wilson's "sacred humanity" when he knows his brothers are shot daily by American shells sold for money? It is idle to suppose the lives lost on the *Lusitania* were one bit more

precious in the eyes of Deity than are those lives which would have been sacrificed if her cargo of bullets had reached England.

Because the submarine is a new weapon not yet established in sea-law, Germany's position has been difficult and not strictly legal; but it has, I assert, been always more liberal and more in accord with common sense than has England's. Take the case of the "armed merchantman." In the days when any war-ship was comparatively so heavy as to be safe from merchant guns, the rule requiring a warning before capture or destruction of armed enemy commerce was all right; but to-day when the war-ship is a frail submarine sinkable by a single shot, she cannot reasonably be compelled to face hostile guns merely to warn. The old days of pirates are gone. In the modern world the "armed merchantman" is an anomaly, and in reason every armed ship is a war-ship. It is illegal for a civilian to carry concealed weapons,—the same should be true of a civilian ship. And recognition of such a rule would do away with the present difficulties of practice, enabling a submarine to warn with safety and then compelling her to do so. This solution of the problem the United States actually proposed to all belligerents on January 23, 1916. Germany accepted. England declined! Sweden recognized it when she warned her citizens not to travel on armed belligerent ships. Such sanity is not law to-day because England insists upon the peaceable "armed merchantman" (I wonder why?); but the Germans are entirely right in their contention that such ought to be the law. It may be noted in passing that under the old rule, upheld by England, the Germans were legally justified (the wisdom of it is another matter) in executing Captain Fryatt. For his "armed merchantman" was not a war-ship, yet he attacked a submarine. If his "armed merchantman" had been a recognized war-ship, he would have been treated, if captured, as an honorable prisoner of war.

But all these technicalities do not conceal the main issue of world import: England claims to rule the sea. In 1861-65 while we were busy, she destroyed our merchant marine. In 1914 when we proposed to buy the interned German merchant fleet, she protested; and we yielded, though we had a perfect right to make the deal. And what of Panama! Both the Clayton-Bulwer and the Hay-Pauncefote treaties were ratified on the basis that the proposed canal across the Isthmus was to go through territory of a third nation, owned neither by England nor by us. When we subsequently bought the canal-zone and built and paid for the Canal alone, the basis on which these treaties rested was ended, and the treaties fell. Yet

when we came to establish rates, England stepped in with a protest; which Mr. Wilson and Mr. Elihu Root allowed, thus practically taking the Canal back under the old conditions. It was an absurd act, for it gives England a lien for future diplomatic meddling, though she has geographically no more right there than if the Canal went from Philadelphia to San Francisco. And the Panama Canal was the only waterway in the world free from English domination!

England has gone too far. This war shows her up. Her blacklists, her trade-boycott, her stealing of our mails, her seizure of our ships,—are hurting her cause. There is a change of sentiment since the beginning. For as the real issue beneath the surface becomes more apparent, people begin to see that Germany's cause is ours. The true significance of the Deutschland's trip was to point, as no mere words could ever do, the common cause of Germany and this country against English abuse of sea-power.

In conclusion a few deeper and more positive words. What I have said hitherto is the negative side of the argument. The real reason I am for Germany in this struggle is because I think the Germans, a great people, have a message for us that is spiritual. They have begun their growth at home; but they show a deep, true culture of moral earnestness, capacity for enlightenment, and fearless searching for truth, such as will take the world onward. In this war the Germans are the only people who have been permitted to read the adverse reports of foreign newspapers as well as their own. Look at their universities and their sustained and arduous scholarship. The British empire is founded on wealth exploited from other peoples; the German culture is founded on ideals. What English scholar to-day is attracting the attention accorded to Rudolph Eucken? We may scoff at the claim which Germans make seriously of being the most advanced people vitally, but let us consider their remarkable social progress and their great leadership of thought, and not smile too lightly. By English lies, sold unfortunately to the American press, the German people have been slandered and vilified; but the most striking spiritual fact of the war has been the courageous unity of will in the German people behind their ring of defenses. They are contending against enormous odds,—which we, to our shame, have helped to heap up,—but they cannot be broken.

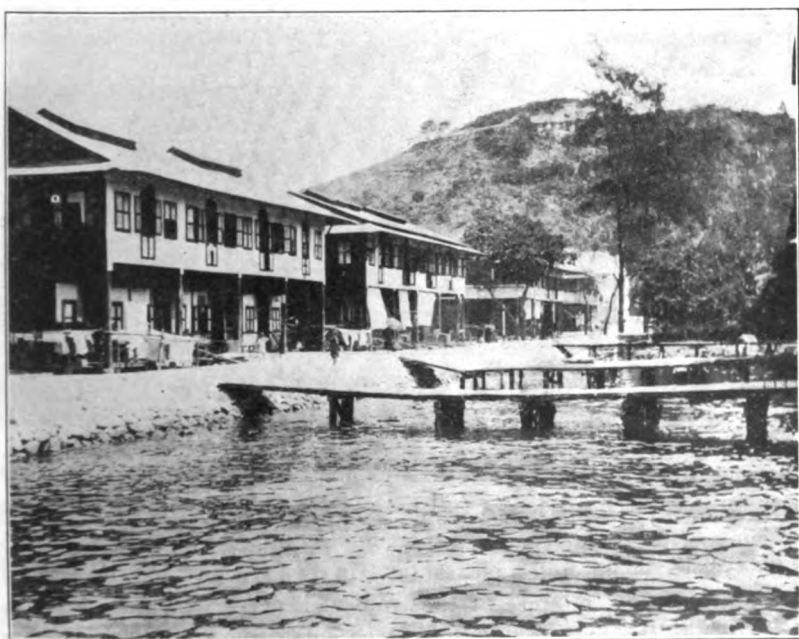
During our Civil War, while English privateers were wrecking our commerce and English statesmen were hoping to see this nation permanently split, 50,000 Germans were fighting to a man on the side of freedom. Of what use a national history if we forget in our

crises? Looking upon our present unfair and short-sighted national folly, one can only hope that we have not lost a good friend among the nations in exchange for a selfish, Japan-affiliated foe. When the choice is between money on the one side, and justice and truth on the other, I still choose justice and truth. To-day they are with Germany.

FROM ZAMBOANGA TO SINGAPORE.

BY A. M. REESE.

WHEN the Norddeutscher Lloyd steamer "Sandakan" left the dock at Zamboanga she had in the first cabin only three passengers, a Russian of uncertain occupation, a young lieutenant of the Philippine constabulary, and myself. We had, therefore, the



THE WATER FRONT AT SANDAKAN.

pick of the deck staterooms, which is worth while when traveling within ten degrees of the equator in mid-summer.

Zamboanga is the chief city of the island of Mindanao and is

the capital of the turbulent Moro province, which includes the well-known island of Sulu with its once-famous sultan.

After a night's run we tied up at the dock of Jolo, the chief town of the island of Sulu. Here my two companions left the ship, so that until we reached the next port, Sandakan, I was the only cabin passenger, and when the ship's officers were prevented by their duties from appearing at the table I had the undivided attention of the chief steward, two cooks, and three waiters. This line of vessels being primarily for freight the "Sandakan" has accommo-



SANDAKAN FROM THE HILL.
The "Sandakan" at the Dock.

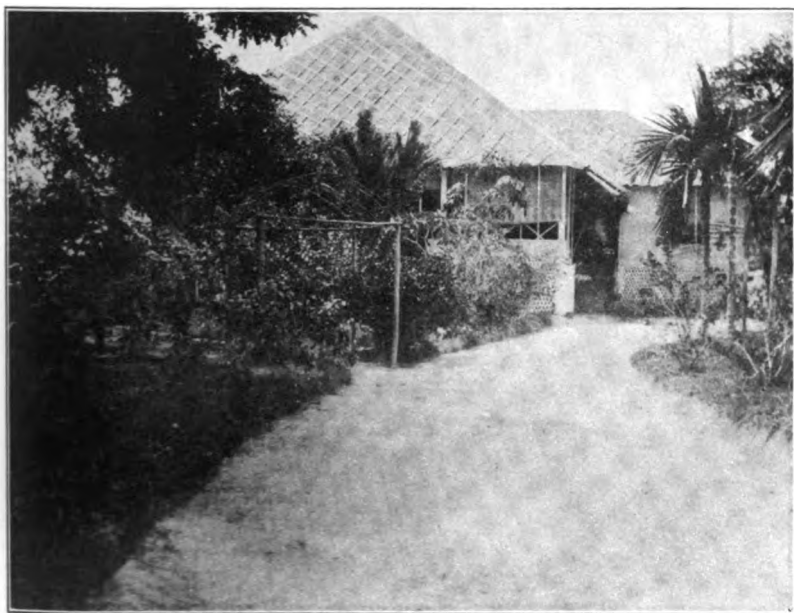
dations for less than twenty first-cabin passengers, and it probably seldom has anything like a full list on this out-of-the-way run from "Zambo" to Singapore. So far as its accommodations go, however, they are excellent, and a pleasanter trip of a week or ten days would be hard to find, in spite of the tropical heat.

While the first cabin list was so small, the third class accommodations seemed taxed to their utmost, and the conglomeration of orientals was an unending source of amusement. They slept all over their deck and appeared happy and comfortable in spite of the fact that they seemed never to remove their clothes nor to bathe; it is

probable that to most of them ten days without such luxuries was not a noticeable deprivation.

Leaving Jolo, a picturesque walled city with a reputation for dangerous Moros (one is not supposed to go outside the walls without an armed guard, and many men carry a "45" at their hip at all times), we sailed southwest through the countless islands of the Sulu Archipelago, and after a run of about twenty hours passed the high red cliff at the entrance to the harbor of Sandakan, the capital of British North Borneo, and were soon alongside the dock.

Sandakan is a rather pretty little town of two or three thousand

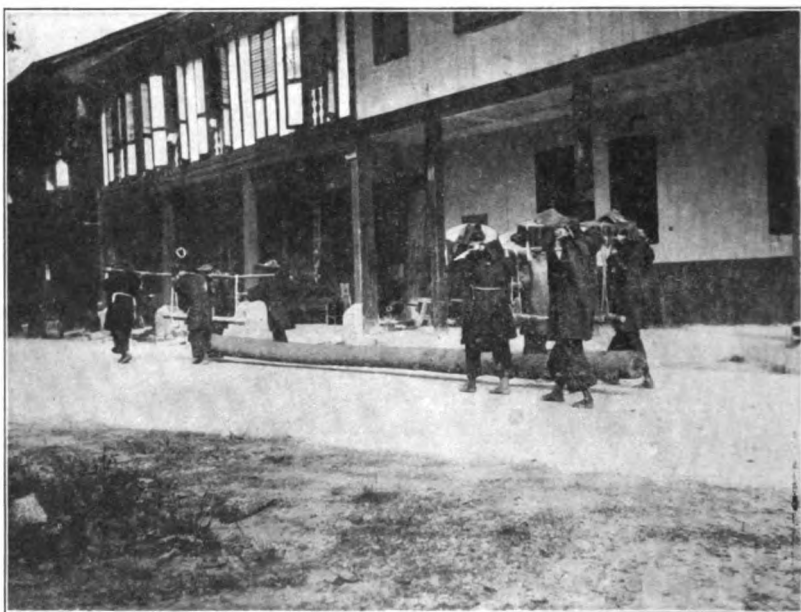


BUNGALOW ON THE HILL, SANDAKAN.

inhabitants, including about fifty white people. It extends along the shore for about a mile and in the center has the athletic or recreation field, that is found in all these little towns, as well as the post office and other government buildings. In this central part of the town are also the Chinese stores, usually dirty, ill-smelling and unattractive; but there are no others. In all this region the Chinese seem to have a complete monopoly of the commercial business.

A hundred yards or more from the shore the hills rise steeply from sea-level to a few hundred feet, and over these hills are scat-

tered the attractive bungalows of the white residents. There is also here a handsome stone church, overlooking the bay, with a school for native boys in connection with it. The hills farther from the town are heavily wooded, and the timber is being sawed at mills along the shore road. On the streets are seen men of several nationalities, Chinese, Malays, Moros, East Indians, and occasionally a Caucasian in his customary white suit and pith helmet; but of all these the most dignified and stately is the Indian policeman. He is tall and slender, with frequently a fine black beard; his head is covered with the usual white turban, set off with a touch of red.



CHINESE WOMEN CARRYING LOG, SANDAKAN.

His gray spiral puttees generally do not quite reach the bottom of his khaki trousers, thus leaving his knees bare. Hanging from his belt is his club, similar to those carried by American policemen, and jangling in one hand is usually a pair of steel handcuffs. In passing white men he often raises his hand in a formal military salute that would be worthy of a major general. Altogether he is a most impressive personage and, with such examples constantly before them, it would seem incredible that the citizens should ever cause a disturbance. An interesting contrast was seen in a group of men, sitting idly in the shade and watching eight little Chinese women



CHINO CARRIER, SANDAKAN.



RACE-COURSE AT KUDAT.
Movie tent in the left background.

stagger by with a huge tree trunk that would seem too heavy for an equal number of strong men to carry: but this is "East of Suez, where the best is like the worst," whatever Kipling meant by that.

At Sandakan the first cabin passenger list was increased 100 per cent by the advent of a young Danish rubber man—not a man made of young Danish rubber, but a young Dane from Singapore who had been inspecting rubber plantations, of which there are many on Borneo.

Leaving the capital city at sunset we arrived at Kudat, our next stopping place, early the next morning. With a very similar loca-



MORO SHACKS AT KUDAT.

In one of these a phonograph was heard.

tion this is a much smaller town than the preceding, consisting of four or five hundred people including half a dozen Caucasians. In spite of its small size it has a small garrison of native soldiers and the inevitable recreation ground. Besides this there is here a race track at which a meet was about to be held. Attracted probably by the races was the ubiquitous moving picture show, set up in a tent near the race track. It is impossible to escape the "movies." I attended a moving picture exhibition given in the cock-pit of a small Philippine village about fifty miles out from Manila, and here was another in a still smaller village on the Island of Borneo, hun-

dreds of miles from *anywhere*. In the same way it is impossible to escape the voice of the phonograph. On several occasions I have heard them in tiny nipa shacks in small Philippine villages, and in a Moro shack in Kudat, built on poles above the water, I heard the sound of what seemed a very good phonograph of some sort.

In the northeast corner of Borneo is its highest mountain, Kini or Kina Balu, the Chinese Widow, supposedly so named because of the fancied resemblance of its jagged top to the upturned face of a woman. It is really a very impressive peak and, being seen from the sea, it looks its full height of nearly fourteen thousand

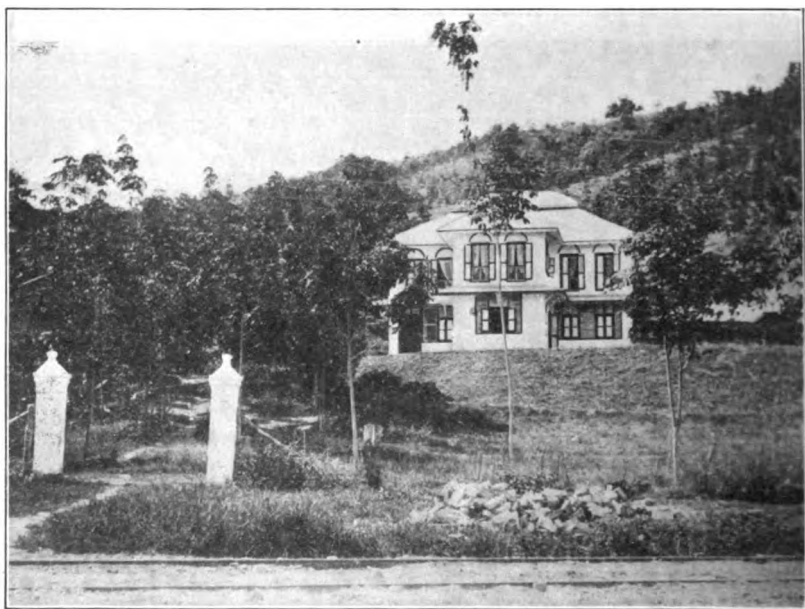


HOSPITAL ON THE HILL, KUDAT.

feet; being exactly under the sixth parallel it is, of course, too close to the equator to be snow-capped. Its position near the coast enabled us to enjoy it as we approached the island from the northeast and as we passed around and down the west coast, so that it was visible for nearly three days. Other mountain peaks of five or six thousand feet are visible along the west coast but they appear insignificant in comparison with old Kini Balu.

Leaving Kudat in the evening we arrived at Jesselton the following morning. This is a town of about the same size and character of location as Kudat, but as the northern terminus of the only

railroad on the island it seems much more of a metropolis. It has a clock-tower, too, the pride of every Jesseltonian heart, located in plain view of the railroad station so that there is no excuse for the trains leaving Jesselton more than two or three hours late. There is here again the recreation field and market house, and, of course, the usual Chinese stores and Indian policemen; besides this it is the home town of the Governor (an Englishman, of course) of British North Borneo. But the railroad is the chief feature of Jesselton. To be sure it is only a narrow gauge, but it carries people, if they

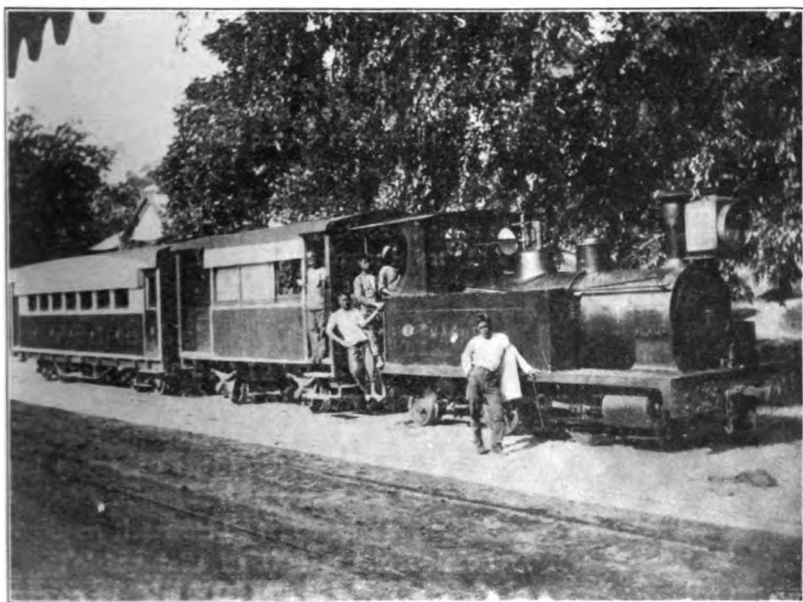


CLUB HOUSE AT JESSELTON.

are not in too big a hurry, and freight. The engines are of English type but the cars are—original, surely. There are first and third class passenger coaches, no second class, to say nothing of a baggage “van.” The third class cars have simply a rough wooden bench along each side and seat about twenty people. The first class cars are of two types: the first is like the third class with the addition of cushions to the seats and curtains to the windows; the second kind is a sort of Pullman car; it is of the same size, but instead of the benches it has about half a dozen wicker chairs that may be moved about at will.

Having a few hours to spare I decided to take a ride into the

country. I had already climbed one of the hills where I could get a view inland to Kini Balu, over miles of jungle where no white man has ever been. But I wanted to see a little of this country, from the car-window at least. So I entered the station and interviewed the station master, a portly official of great dignity. He told me, in fair English, that the train on the "main line" had left for that day but that I could take a "local" out into the country for about three miles. This was better than nothing, so I climbed (and climb is the proper word) aboard the first class car of the local that was soon to start. I was the only first-class passenger and I felt

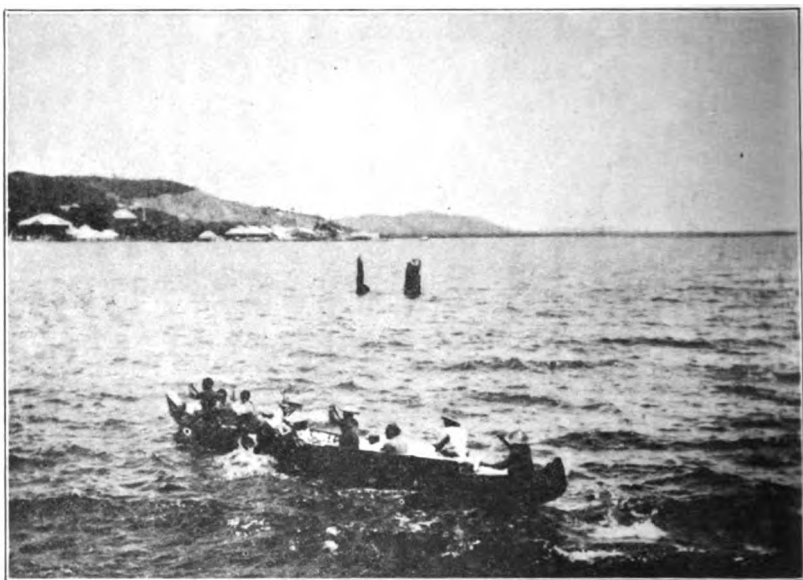


PASSENGER TRAIN ON THE B. N. B. S. R. R. AT JESSELTON.

like a railroad president in his private car. Soon after starting the conductor entered. He was a tall and, of course, dignified East Indian in turban and khaki uniform. He had the punch without which no conductor would be complete, and, suspended from a strap over his shoulder, was a huge canvas bag, like a mail bag, the purpose of which puzzled me. The fare, he told me, was fifteen cents to the end of the line; on giving him a twenty-cent piece I found the purpose of the canvas bag; it was his money bag, and he carefully fished from its depths my five cents change. The Borneo pennies are about as big as cart wheels so this bag was not

so out of proportion as it might seem. In exchange for my fare he gave me a ticket marked "fifteen cents," which he gravely punched. I did not know what the ticket was for as I thought there would hardly be a change of conductors in a run of three miles, but I kept it and in about five minutes the dignified conductor returned and gravely took up the ticket again; this impressive performance was repeated on the return trip.

After leaving the crowded(?) streets of the city our speed rapidly increased until we were traveling at a rate of not less than ten miles an hour, which was fast enough considering there were



BORNEAN BOAT AT JESSELTON.

no airbrakes on the train of three cars, and we had to be ready to stop at any moment when somebody might want to get on or off. Doubtless the "flyers" on the main line of the British North Borneo State Railroad run at even greater speeds than this. The dignity of the officials of this miniature railroad was most interesting, and was almost equal to that of a negro porter on the Empire State Express.

Leaving this railroad center early the next morning we arrived, before dark, at our last stop in Borneo, Labuan. We had added 50 per cent to our cabin passenger list at Jesselton by taking aboard a young English engineer from South Africa.



MAIN STREET AT LABUAN.



POST OFFICE AND RECREATION GROUND AT LABUAN.

The Island of Labuan upon which the town of the same name is situated lies just off the northwest coast of Borneo. It came under the protectorate of Great Britain in 1846 and, though small, has a more up-to-date appearance than any of the other towns visited. The stores are mainly of concrete with red tile or red-painted corrugated iron roofs, which, among the tall coconut palms, are very attractive in appearance. There is one main street, parallel to the beach line, that is extended as a modern, oiled road for some miles into the country. Along this road are the very attractive



CHINESE TEMPLE AT LABUAN.

official buildings, each with its sign in front; also the recreation field and the residences of the few white inhabitants. All of the streets are clean and have deep cement gutters on the sides that lead to the sea or to the various lagoons that extend through the town. Water pipes also extend along the streets with openings at convenient intervals. Extensive coal mines are located near the town, but for some reason they were not profitable and the cars and docks for handling coal are now nearly all idle. On one of the lagoons is a rather artistic Chinese temple of concrete, well built and in good repair.

On the main street is a school, and, seeing a crowd of natives

at the door, I joined the throng to see what was going on inside. It proved to be the singing hour, and about fifty little Chinese boys, from six to ten years of age, all in neat khaki uniforms, were singing at the tops of their voices, led by a very active Chinese man. The little fellows seemed to enjoy the singing thoroughly, and, after hearing several songs, all in Chinese, of course, to strange and unusual tunes, I was surprised to recognize one of the tunes—it was “John Brown’s body lies amoulding in the grave”—though what the words were I was unable to tell since, like the other songs, they were in Chinese.

At Labuan the last of our cabin passengers came aboard, two Englishmen, one a mining engineer, the other a government man. Since no more stops were to be made in Borneo, the Sandakan headed in a southwest direction straight for Singapore, and in exactly three days we entered that busy harbor and dropped anchor among the more than two dozen other ocean liners from all parts of the world.

Singapore is one of the busiest seaports in the world and the hundreds of vessels of all sizes and types against the background of handsome white and cream-colored buildings make a very interesting and impressive sight.

Thus ended a most interesting voyage of nine days, through a region seldom visited by any but a few Englishmen who are interested in some way in the development of that, as yet, little developed part of the world. Although it is a trip that is easily arranged by visitors to the Philippines it is one that is seldom taken by the tourist.

GERMAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR NATIONAL ACHIEVEMENT.

BY ALBERT GEHRING.

THE United States is often spoken of as an Anglo-Saxon country. Nothing could be further from the truth. According to the last census, there are thirty-two million people of foreign birth or parentage living in the country. Of these only ten million come from Great Britain, leaving twenty-two million from non-English countries. Now twenty-two million represent 24 per cent of the total population, and 27 per cent of the total white population.

However, this does not take account of the vast number of so-called native Americans who are not of Anglo-Saxon descent. The people of German origin alone, including those who were born in Germany, have been estimated at twenty millions. Adding all those whose ancestors hailed from other non-English countries, we obtain a considerable fraction of the population. Again, all the so-called English are by no means Anglo-Saxon. Even if we include the Scotch and Welsh, who are less easy to distinguish, there is the very considerable body of Irish, numbering many millions, who can hardly be classed as Anglo-Saxons.

If we make all these deductions, we shall find that the Anglo-Saxon element constitutes considerably less than half of the population. And even with the Irish included, it is doubtful whether it reaches the 50 per cent mark.

Now, when we come to consider the work done by our people, their contributions toward general civilization, we shall again be obliged to recognize that it is highly inaccurate to speak of the United States as an Anglo-Saxon domain.

We have made two important contributions to the work of the world. The first is our fight for freedom, involving the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. The second is our marvelous development along technical and industrial lines.

In regard to the first, Anglo-Saxon influence naturally prevailed, preponderant as this element of the population was at the time in question. Nevertheless, non-British contributions were considerable, not only in a relative but even in an absolute sense. In Jacob Leisler the Germans contributed a forerunner of the Revolution. In Peter Zenger they gained the liberty of the press. John Jay was of French and Dutch descent, Alexander Hamilton partly of French. Michael Hillegas, our first treasurer, has been claimed by the French and the Germans, Frederick A. Mühlenberg, the first Speaker, was indubitably German. Albert Gallatin, finally, was born in Switzerland.

But if the non-British elements were important in the realm of statesmanship, the part played by them on the field of battle assumes vital dimensions. To begin with the foreign volunteers, Lafayette was a Frenchman, Kosciusko and Pulaski were Poles, De Kalb and Steuben Germans. The services of Steuben, especially, in drilling the Continental Army and substituting order for chaos, can hardly be overestimated, and must be counted among the most prominent factors in winning the war. Among native-born leaders, Mont-

gomery and Marion had French blood in their veins, Schuyler was of Dutch descent, Mühlenberg and Herkimer were German. The battle of Oriskany, won by the latter with his German troops, was a turning point of the war, and can almost be regarded as a sufficient contribution by itself of this element, without counting the splendid services of Mühlenberg, De Kalb, and Steuben. Schott and Weedon were further Teuton leaders, Ludwig was the baker of the army, Lutterloh occupied the position of quartermaster-general, while Washington's body guard consisted mainly of Germans. Though without special military value, the heroic behavior of Molly Pitcher (Marie Ludwig) on the field of Monmouth may be regarded as symptomatic of the spirit animating the German women during the Revolution.

There is no doubt, indeed, that without the help of non-British leaders, augmented as it was by thousands of men, the English could never have been beaten.

Even greater, however, was the importance of non-British people with reference to the second contribution. The Teutonic element especially—comprising individuals of Dutch and German descent—did much of the work involved in our technical and industrial development.

Few persons probably realize that the individuals or families who were most prominent financially since the beginning of the nineteenth century were invariably of non-British, and generally of Teutonic birth or origin.

During the early part of the century Stephen Girard, it is said, was the wealthiest man in the country. Later this distinction was enjoyed by members of the Astor family. After them came the Vanderbilts, who were in turn succeeded by Rockefeller.

Stephen Girard was a native of France, the original Astor emigrated from Germany, the Vanderbilts were of Dutch descent, while Rockefeller again is of German ancestry.

Girard was not only a business man of unusual shrewdness, but also deserves the distinction of being one of the first of our great philanthropists. His establishment of Girard College is a lasting monument to his memory. It is not unique, however, among the educational benefactions of his race, for Vassar and Bowdoin Colleges were also founded or heavily endowed by men of French descent. The Drexel Institute, on the other hand, as well as the Case School of Applied Sciences, Vanderbilt University, and the University of Chicago, are a few of the institutions which owe their

inception or support in great measure to individuals of Teutonic extraction.

After Girard came the Astors. John Jacob, the founder of the family fortune, was a man of remarkable ability. Arriving here a poor youth, he worked his way up until he became the richest man in the country. His establishment of the trading station at Astoria, Oregon, has been styled "the grandest commercial enterprise undertaken by an American"; furthermore he was the first American whose boats regularly encircled the globe. His son, William B. Astor, handled the wealth entrusted to him by his father with such care that when he died in 1875 his fortune was estimated at two hundred million dollars.

The ascendancy of the Vanderbilts will be remembered by many readers. They were prominent especially in railroad activities, and the system of lines controlled by them was pronounced "the most magnificent in the world." Rockefeller, finally, has earned the coveted distinction of being the wealthiest man alive. He is the head of the Standard Oil Company, an organization so powerful and well known that it is unnecessary to dilate upon it.

So it turns out that our most prominent line of activity, once we were fairly launched on a national career, was presided over in the main by men of Teutonic extraction. But the leadership by no means hinges only on the three men cited.

We sometimes hear it said that the Germans have only gained prominence in the brewing industry. And true enough, this is a branch of business that is almost entirely in their hands,—Busch, Pabst, and Schlitz being among those who have built up especially large plants. But the statement is highly inaccurate. To be sure, we can hardly expect a class of people representing less than one-fourth of the population to control many industries. Yet there are some lines of endeavor in which they have in fact exercised such control, and many in which foremost representatives have been German.

The subject is so vast, of course, that we can only touch upon it in the most cursory manner.

To begin with, the sugar industry is one which was long directed by Germans. Havemeyer controlled the eastern part of the business, Spreckels was supreme in the west. Piano making, too, has been carried on largely by the same race. The Steinway instrument has generally been regarded as the best in the country, if not, indeed, in the world; and other makes which are presumably German are

the Knabe, Weber, Sohmer, Steck, Kranich and Bach, Mehlin, Decker, and Krakauer.¹

Weyerhäuser was known as the lumber-king, a title which was surely deserved in view of the immensity of his holdings. The Cramps have been unrivalled as shipbuilders, the Herreshoffs as constructors of yachts. German names are prominently identified with the Akron rubber industries. Heinz's position in the canning industry is well established, as is that of the Roebling's Sons in the manufacture of wire rope.

Westinghouse was of German descent, ditto Villard, so prominently connected with the Northern Pacific Railway. Heintze, head of the United Copper Co., belongs to the same race, and the list is swelled by Wanamaker, originator of the big department store, and Siegel, follower in his footsteps. Eckert was intimately connected with the growth of telegraphy, and was president of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Prang was foremost as a lithographer, Brill as a builder of street cars. Boldt has been styled the hotel-king of the country. In the packing business we must mention Nelson Morris, likewise Schwarzschild and Sulzberger; among bankers we may include Belmont, Drexel, and Schiff. The Leiters are of Dutch ancestry, as are the Flaglers and Yerkes's; the Du Ponts and Tiffanys are of French descent. We are not sure whether Diebold, eminent builder of safes, is German, but there is no doubt about Studebaker, foremost manufacturer of wagons, and Ellwanger, leader among nursery men. Guggenheim must not be omitted, likewise Schumacher, prominently identified with the cereal industry. Frick is the foremost producer of coke, Schwab second only to Carnegie in the steel business, Miller known as the cattle-king of the country. Faber, Baer, Altman, Funk, Kieckhefer, Hershey, Foerderer, Schirmer, Grasselli, and Niedringhaus are a few others of whom it is either known that they are of German descent, or who are again included on "suspicion."

When we come to technical achievements, the story is prac-

¹ The racial affiliation of almost all the individuals mentioned in this article has been verified. As regards the foremost individuals this is true without exception. But in the case of a few others, information on this point was difficult to obtain, whence they have merely been included by reason of the Teutonic sound of their names. In most cases this is a fairly reliable index of race, but of course it is not infallible. Consequently there may be a few individuals who are classed as Germans but who are not actually German. Such cases, however, cannot be numerous. Besides, the text is usually so worded as to show where they would be liable to occur.

² We have made no attempt to enumerate the prominent men of Irish, still less of Scotch ancestry. It goes without saying that they, too, have been responsible for much of our progress.

While many of the individuals who have been mentioned were of unmixed

tically the same. Edison, our great inventor, is Dutch on the paternal side. Mergenthaler, creator of the ingenious linotype machine, was born in the Fatherland, and the same is true of Steinmetz, brilliant mathematician in the electrical field, and Roebling, famous builder of suspension bridges. Roebling's crowning achievement, the Brooklyn Bridge, was one of the most brilliant feats of engineering ever accomplished on this side of the ocean. Hassler was the pioneer in the work of the United States Coast Survey, Wagner the originator of the sleeping car as well as its mate, the palace car. Westinghouse must again be mentioned, for he was an inventor as well as a man of business. And the construction of the Panama Canal, considered by some the greatest engineering feat of all times, was achieved by Col. Goethals, a master engineer of Dutch descent. Among other technical geniuses who, while they were not German, at least did not belong to the Anglo-Saxon race, were Ericsson, the Swede, and Tesla, the Serbian. And the Lick and Yerkes telescopes were made possible by men who were of German and Dutch ancestry respectively.

One of the most important events of the nineteenth century, from a material point of view, was the discovery of gold in California, in 1848. Now, it is no great merit to pick up a nugget of gold, or test it for genuineness. But credit belongs to the men who were there to pick it up and test it,—who braved danger and death in settling the wilds where the valuable metal was found. And thus we must do homage to James Marshall, who actually found the first gold, but even more to the German Sutter, who settled the land where it was found. To him, more than any other, credit is due for a discovery which not only added tremendously to our national wealth, but was of immense influence in the development of the whole western half of the continent.

Take away all these men and their achievements,—Edison, Mergenthaler, Westinghouse, Roebling, Goethals, Steinmetz, Ericsson, Tesla, Sutter, Astor, Vanderbilt, Rockefeller, Villard, Steinway, and the others,—and the United States would not be what it is. If we are great, if our technical and industrial development excites the envy and admiration of the world,—this is by no means due exclusively to the Anglo-Saxon elements of our population,

German descent, this is not true of all. In some cases, indeed, there was probably more extraneous blood than Teutonic. Credit for the work performed by these people is not claimed entirely for the Germans, but only in proportionate share. The same is true of all later names representing mixed ancestry.

but may be traced in great part to non-English, and especially to Teutonic, sources.

And there are other fields in which the Teutons have been equally influential. Notably the field of art. If we wish to challenge the statement that the Germans have only shown activity in the manufacture of beer, we need but refer to the art of music, a domain in which they are the controlling factor.

1. German music teachers and performers are to be found all over the country. Hardly a big city but numbers several among its best musicians.
2. The foremost conductors have been German. Witness Bergmann, Thomas, Damrosch, Gericke, Seidl, Paur, Muck, Van der Stucken, and others.
3. A majority of the performers in the big symphony orchestras are German. Those who are not Teutonic are apt to be Slavic or French. Few are Anglo-Saxon.
4. Many of the foremost operatic managers have been German or Austrian. Witness Grau, Conried, Hammerstein, and Dippel. Others were Italian.
5. The pianos which have long been regarded as the best are the Steinway. Many other fine makes have German names.
6. Among publishers who are presumably German are Schirmer, Schmidt, and Schuberth.
7. Among critics and writers with German names we find Ritter, Krehbiel, and Finck.
8. Germans are prominently connected with the musical magazines.
9. One of the most important musical inventions, the gramophone, was made by the German Berliner.
10. The most typically American compositions of late decades—the Sousa marches—were written by a man who is German on his mother's side.
11. Many of the big music dealers throughout the country are German.
12. Finally, most of the prominent Anglo-Saxon musicians have gained their musical education in Germany.

But in the other arts, as well, the Germans have been active. Our most celebrated picture, "Washington Crossing the Delaware," was executed by a man with the Teutonic name of Leutze. Our finest buildings, the Capitol and the Congressional Library, were designed by architects of the same race. T. U. Walter was the man who gave the Capitol its present imposing appearance, Pelz and

Schmitmeyer were responsible for the Library. Nast, born in the Fatherland, was our greatest cartoonist; Karl Bitter, a native of Vienna, the artist who had charge of the sculptural work at the Buffalo and St. Louis expositions.

The same story is again told by the stage. Here, too, foreign influence has been marked, though it was not always German influence. To begin with the managers, we might add the names of Frohman, Erlanger, and Schubert to those already mentioned. As for actors, many of the most famous were either born in non-English countries or had ancestors of whom this was true. Edwin Forrest, our great tragedian, was German on the maternal side. Likewise Mary Anderson, so favorably remembered by the theater-going public. Richard Mansfield hailed from Berlin, David Warfield is a Hebrew, Leo Dietrichstein a native of Hungary. Among women Modjeska was born in Galicia, Janauschek in Bohemia, Nazimova in Russia. A great number of our really superior plays, furthermore, have for decades been adapted from the French and German. So that we can safely assert that what has been good on the American stage was contributed in great part from non-English sources, while the vulgar and trivial was more largely Anglo-Saxon.

It would lead us too far to survey every branch of endeavor and show what has been contributed by non-English individuals. In the realm of science and thought we should have to mention Lieber, publicist and compiler of the *Encyclopædia Americana*, Agassiz the naturalist, and Münsterberg the psychologist. Among publishers there would be Pulitzer, Ochs, Kohlsaat, and Villard. Puck, for many years our foremost humorous paper, was founded by Keppler and Schwarzmann. Many prominent physicians have been Germans, and the same is true of educators and philanthropists. Lewis Miller, with Bishop Vincent promoter of the famous Chautauqua Assembly, belonged to this race, likewise Henry Bergh, founder of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

It remains to indicate in a few words what non-English, and especially German, influences have done in a collective way. It is known that the advanced work of our more prominent colleges has been patterned largely after German universities. More important, however, is the fact that so many of the foremost professors at these colleges have studied in Germany. Thus German learning is invading our country, even though we are not aware of it. The cheerful Christmas tree was introduced by Germans. Physical culture was furthered by them, music cultivated, and heavy drinking counteracted through the introduction of mild beverages.

If Americans no longer swear quite so much, if they are beginning to moderate their nasal tones, if tobacco-chewing and spitting are on the wane, if the feet are being brought down from the table to the floor—where they belong—this is probably due in great measure to foreign, and more specifically to German example.

And in more fundamental ways, too, the same influence is felt. Germans have helped to moderate the dread austerity of the old Puritan Sunday, have opened the museums to the people, led them into the parks, and encouraged them in the enjoyment of innocent games. In general, they have contributed immensely toward the sweetening and brightening of life. The county fair is due to them, likewise the establishment of roof gardens. And though much still remains to be done, they are probably beginning to counteract the prevailing industrial disregard of human life, the careless, slipshod way of doing things, the hurry and superficiality and vulgarity, and imparting to the national character some of their proverbial thoroughness, honesty, and depth of sentiment.

So numerous and important, indeed, have been the contributions of non-English, and especially of Teutonic, races, that it is ludicrous to speak of the United States as an Anglo-Saxon country. As has been well said, Europe and not England is the mother of this country. But as Germany is a vital part of Europe, so German influence has had a vital share in shaping the destinies of our land.

ANGLO-SAXON AND TEUTON.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is much talk at present about the two great Anglo-Saxon nations, by which are meant England and the United States, but the use of the term "Saxon" is here too narrow. The Saxons in the Middle Ages were the people of northern Germany along the Rhine up to the Elbe. The Angles belonged to the same group which have been characterized as Eastphalians, Westphalians and Engres, or "inner ones" living between the eastern and western "blond-heads," for that is the name of people that are *faal*, or "pale-haired" as the corresponding English term would be. The Flemish, the Dutch, the Hanoverians and their neighbors belong to this same group. Some of these people left for Britain in historical times, about the year 449. Their symbol was the horse which is still used for the coat of arms of Hanover and Brunswick on the continent.

and the mythical leaders of the Anglo-Saxons bore the significant names Hengist and Horsa.

The emigration of the Anglo-Saxons to England is the most recent establishment of a conquering people in its independence, and it happened that by two historical movements the original language became changed both in England and on the continent. In England the Norman conquest proved ruinous to the Saxon civilisation and established a period of barbarism from which the Saxon language gradually developed as English. On the continent the language changed from Low German to High German through the Reformation, because Luther translated the Bible into a literary dialect which was used as the common means of German interstate communication. The different courts of Saxony, Franconia, Thuringia, etc., used a dialect of High German character in which Luther wrote, although his own mother tongue was the Saxon of Mansfeld and Eisenach. The change from Low German or Saxon into High German was as radical as the change in Britain from Anglo-Saxon into English, and if these two changes had not taken place it is probable that the present language of the English might differ no more from the language of the North Germans than the language of Flanders from that of Holland. At any rate we notice that the missionaries whom Pope Gregory sent from England to Germany under Winfred (Boniface) did not encounter any difficulty in speech, and it seems that Winfred spoke his own language when preaching to the Saxons on the continent.

These are ethnic facts and they are not lessened by intermarriage and immigration from either side. German immigrants in England are frequent; even among the most prominent diplomats we find German names and we must remember that such typical Germans as Kant are of Scotch descent. Among the officers of Wallenstein there was one by the name of Butler, among Frederick the Great's another by the name of Keith, and everybody knows Mackensen of the modern army. We may also add that Moltke's wife, Marie Burt, was of English descent.

There are no two races on earth so similar as the English and the North Germans. They are even more near in blood than North Germans and South Germans. But nowadays we speak of the Anglo-Saxons and the Teutons as if they were wholly different races while they are not, and even the influx of Norman blood into the Anglo-Saxon inhabitants of Britain has not made much change because the Normans themselves were a Germanic race, not far removed from either the Teuton or the Saxon, or even from the

South German, the Swabian. The contrast is more a contrast of language and education than of race, and the present conflict is the more unreasonable since it is as much a fight between brothers as was the war between Sparta and Athens which ruined Greece. The present war has been repeatedly compared with the Peloponnesian war and the warning has been issued again and again that the result may be the same, the ruin of both nations, leaving the world neither to Saxon nor Teuton but to the growing Slav who would be the happy heir to their civilization. Russia is only waiting her time to pounce on India and to reach from Constantinople to the Suez Canal.

In case the Anglo-Saxon should win there is little chance left that he will survive the results of the war. That he would be able to use Germany afterwards against Russia is not likely, and all we can say concerning the present war is that the English Cabinet who made it committed the greatest historical blunder in modern times.

THE STRIFE BETWEEN NATIONS, AND ITS MORALITY.

BY S. HONAGA.

IT is a fact that war may have a beneficent effect in purifying society and evolving human culture. Accordingly it has been said: "*Alles entsteht durch den Streit*" (All things spring from strife), and "*Der Krieg ist der Vater aller Dinge*" (War is the father of all things). But that beneficent effects may follow from war is no reason for assigning war as the only factor capable of developing civilization, or for considering that war must necessarily be encouraged, or for believing it altogether impossible to do away with war. War is not a mechanical work of men acting under the will of some non-human being, but really occurs only from the human will to fight; and where men decide not to fight, no war can be provoked. In the next place, if we consider war as indiscriminate fighting it is devoid of morality, for the most important ideal element of war, a lofty motive, is lacking; and in present-day warfare the absence of such an ideal always involves ultimate failure. Now it is a great defect in the ideal of national morality wholly to neglect to see what root-relation its own morality has with the morality of other nations. Just as the morality of a nation, though not altogether the same as individual morality, is never independent of it, so international morality (as regulating

relations with foreigners) should not be confounded with national morality *per se*, although never to be dissevered from it. Thus as national morality is connected with that of the individual on the one hand, so it is also connected with international morality on the other; and all three stand on the common grounds of moral principle, though in detail they are not quite the same. It follows, therefore, that a national egoism which ignores other nations, which adopts such principles as: "The state is self-sufficient"; "The maintenance and development of its own power and well-being is the supreme principle of politics"; "The state can only have regard to the interest of any other state so far as this can be identified with its own interest"—can never succeed in making a state truly fit for its place in the world. Doubtless it is highly important for any nation to consider how social evolution may best be secured, but attention has often been very one-sided in considering this matter. Two definite lines of evolution must be recognized: (1) evolution in the world of biological phenomena, which arises from conflicts of the strong preying on the weak; and (2) on the other hand, spiritual evolution, which springs from the factors of self-sacrifice and mutual aid. Rivalries and conflicts are equally important in both cases, but in one the struggle is for goodness and beauty in the battle of social life. This higher ideal element plays a most important part in present-day contests between civilized peoples; and the principle of physical force, the indiscriminating affirmation that "might is right," must be altogether rejected. What we thus learn from a broad consideration of the evolutionary process is quite in accord with the oriental doctrine of self-sacrifice, which has developed from the idea of the microcosm as opposed to the macrocosm, or from the conception of "man as being a child of heaven." With such sanctions, then, the doctrine of "love to God and love to man" should be regarded as the principle upon which international peace must be based. In other words, among the most important principles which any state should remember in its international relations are the following:

1. Physical strength and intellect are not the only essentials for progressive human life, but also beauty and goodness.

2. Consequently the new ideal of international peace should be constructed not only on political and economic, but also on spiritual, that is moral and religious, foundations; and this might well be claimed as the only worthy national principle and political ideal for every country.

Now with regard to the great problems which the present great

war has proposed to the civilization of the world, nothing could be more pressing than the question of international morality, originating from the idea of humanity, which has been developing in recent times. A most important feature of that morality is an appreciation of the freedom and dignity of each nation, as we appreciate the freedom and dignity of individuals; and, as a matter of course, if the attitude of disdaining other nations and ignoring small countries is to be revised, the principle of "To attack is the right of the strong," and the fundamental idea that "envy and hatred between nations are natural and right" must be given up in the future. And the people who have a higher civilization and stronger traits of character, government, position, etc., should not use these advantages for selfish ends, but endeavor to contribute to others according to their ability. This is merely the quality of self-restraint which must not be lacking if the strong is to continue to maintain his qualification as a superior. As the oriental saying has it, "The superior man does not exhaust himself; that is how he attains completeness."

Accordingly, the nation which makes progress and at the same time appreciates the value of the individuality of other nations, approaches that spirit of reverence for others which Goethe regards as the essence of religion—a spirit, indeed, which makes the first requirement of an international morality concerned with a wider humanity. And as nations come into closer contact and feel more the necessity of understanding one another's conditions, and in proportion as the intercourse becomes rapid in succession, it is clear that they ought to rid themselves not only of prejudices but also of the indifference and aloofness which have marked the foreign relations of the Great Powers up to the present time. And it need hardly be said that such a general cultivation of friendship among the nations, by removing the causes of friction which arise from the lack of mutual understanding, would powerfully demonstrate that international peace depends not so much upon diplomacy as upon international morality.

If that were so, and yet nations found themselves unavoidably at war, they should nevertheless observe morality, even in conflict, and fight "fairly and squarely," in the manner known in the East as "*Bushido*" (the way of *Samurai*), or "*Kunshi no Arasoi*" (the conflict of true gentlemen—"clean fighting"). It ought to be a matter of course that morality should rule both the aims and the means of war. And when for the sake of justice and freedom war becomes inevitable every nation should consider the enemy's case impartially, as a judge, appreciating the good points of their foes even

while combating their faults ; hating their failings, but not necessarily hating their people. Any nation can only secure "the moral compensation of war" by advancing after war into a new kind of life, in the new light of this international morality. If war simply rouses the mutual hatred and hostile feelings of nations, and does not lead them to deep heart-searchings, it can have no other effect than sowing seed for another war ; it can never lift the world to a higher plane.

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

BY THE EDITOR.

VARIOUS communications have been received at this office which are straws in the wind indicating the various sentiments that prevail in the United States concerning the war. The pro-British are mostly hysterical and their opinions are based on the assumption that the reports of the German atrocities are true and that the Germans are barbarians who take a special delight in murdering women and children. The Kaiser is represented just as Lincoln was years ago by Great Britain when she sympathized with the South against the North in the hope of having the United States split into two hostile countries. The pro-German views are better grounded, and it is noteworthy that German sympathizers are gaining in numbers. The time will come when the utterances of the pro-British Americans will only be quoted as curious aberrations.

There is one queer communication which we received bearing the title : "George Washington and German Americans," which reads thus :

"'I abhor the thought of independence,' was the declaration of George Washington previous to the Revolutionary War. To sever connections with his beloved fatherland, England, was a thought intolerable, but when forced by the repeated crimes of the British to seize defensive arms, Washington, under the guidance of God, became the mighty liberator of America.

"Even so the German citizens of the United States, shocked by the iniquities of the Imperial Government, will stand united against a land that has systematically destroyed all the ties of affection that bound them to its shores.

"America has quelled a great civil war ; she can prevent all

internal insubordination. Treason dare not manifest itself beneath the stars and stripes.

"C. ALLISON, Richmond, Indiana."

If Washington were living to-day, he would most certainly insist on the right of the United States to continue trading with all nations in every commodity, in food-stuffs as well as cotton, with the sole exception of war materials. But our administration at Washington favors exportation of contraband of war to the Allies and tolerates the demand of Great Britain to discontinue our legitimate trade with England's enemies. Thus our attitude is hostile to Germany and submissive to Great Britain. We are not truly neutral, and there is great danger that we are drifting into war with Germany, which of course would please the English diplomats. Nothing would be more foolish on our part than to make demands of Germany which must be absolutely unacceptable because they are calculated to cripple her self-defense. On the other hand our present attitude in assisting Germany's enemies does her more harm than actual war. How many German soldiers have been killed by American ammunition! There are many German mothers who bewail their sad fate because they have lost their sons in battle, and they say: "Our sons have been slain by bullets manufactured by the people beyond the ocean who officially pray for peace and yet gain riches by selling ammunition to our enemies."

How are the Germans to defend themselves against us? We are an enemy shooting arrows from ambush. If there should be war between Germany and the United States, the Germans will be at liberty to sink American as well as English ships without discrimination; it will simplify matters for Germany and we shall probably need our ammunition ourselves.

Our fellow citizens of German birth or German descent naturally resent the policy of this country, and it is difficult to foresee what would be the final outcome of a war with Germany. So far the German-Americans have made no threat of a rebellion; on the contrary they have always proved most loyal citizens. The accusation of "treason" made by Mr. C. Allison is certainly misapplied. If there is treason it is committed by him who would make of this country a catspaw of Great Britain, or, still worse, support a policy of war in her interest.

Mr. Allison brands Germany's self-defense as iniquitous. Does self-defense become iniquitous as soon as it is efficient? Are English

passenger ships to be immune even when they carry 5471 cases of ammunition? It is true that there were passengers on board of the *Lusitania*, among them over a hundred Americans, but why did they not heed the solemn warning of the German government? Is it really inhuman on the part of Germany to protect her soldiers against bullets and shells manufactured by us, and is our claim justified that to furnish ammunition is our good right as a neutral nation? The Germans stopped their export of ammunition for Spain to use against us; but we claim that our neutrality imposes upon us the duty of letting the Allies have the death-dealing means of warfare actually used to kill German soldiers.

Our president is a university professor but his logic is somehow twisted and in the name of humanity he demands of Germany that she shall abandon her barbarous warfare.

There are some people who are curious to know what the human warfare President Wilson hints at would be like, and I have come to the conclusion that he will probably propose to replace the Big Berthas and other cannons by pop-guns and use sugar-plums for projectiles. That would be a merry war indeed, but so long as humaneness is to be imposed upon Germany only, while American manufacturers continue to furnish shrapnel for the Allies, we fear that the proposition will remain unacceptable to the Huns.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"BRITISH FAILURE."

BY THE EDITOR.

Under the heading "British Failure" the *New York Tribune* of May 1, 1916, published an editorial which pro-British interests of this country have endeavored to eliminate by buying up the whole edition and thus keeping it out of the market; but the article was reprinted in the *Milwaukee Free Press* of May 19, and so is still obtainable. Its arguments are pretty vigorous, but not in the least exaggerated. On the contrary they could have been much more vigorous if all the failures in both British diplomacy and British strategy had been pointed out; for instance the British fiasco at the Dardanelles is not set forth in detail, nor in its dreadful seriousness. But the remarkable thing is that this article appeared in a paper that is commonly regarded as pro-British. If the *New York Times* is aware of "British Failure" there can no longer be any doubt of the fact.

The *Tribune* says:

"The Germans are mistaken when they say that the effect of this defeat

[before Bagdad] will be to rouse the French and the Russians against their allies, the British. The French have been disappointed since the beginning of the war at what the British army has accomplished. They have been disappointed because the failure of the British has cost them terrible losses, but they are equally conscious of the fact that the failure has not been through lack of effort, and that the British aid remains a great and useful, even more, a necessary, factor in the result they seek. The Russian sentiment is more obscure, but hardly different.

"On the other hand, the effect upon British prestige in the world, upon British confidence at home, can hardly be mistaken. At the moment when Dublin is in ashes and a rebellion in Ireland is demonstrating the fatal folly of the domestic policy of those who rule Britain, an army sent foolishly to certain disaster surrenders, not to the Germans, not to the Austrians, but to the Turks. Gallipoli is followed by Kut-el-Amara, and a British army has laid down its arms to the troops of the Mahometan Sultan.

"In the Near East, in the Far East, this surrender before Bagdad is a greater fact than the Russian victory at Erzerum or the French at Verdun. What the French have purchased on the Meuse, the Russians along the upper Euphrates, for prestige and influence for the anti-Teutonic alliance, has been wasted by the British in Mesopotamia and in Ireland. All the Allies suffer thereby; but who can exaggerate the decline of British prestige in the world?"

Each of the nations entangled in this war has accomplished something, and if the war were to stop and each country keep just what it has now, Germany's prestige, even if she did not win European hegemony, would be preserved. Says the *Tribune*:

"Germany would stand forth as the marvelous nation which had for many months faced and, on the whole, bested the world in arms, performing miracles but failing to conquer Europe because the thing could not be done."

France and Russia will come out of the war with honor. "But," continues the editor, "what of Britain? Her fleet has kept the seas, she remains the ruler of the oceans, but on land wherever her armies have gone to battle they have gone to defeat, ignominious defeat, regard being had for the generalship, splendid defeat, regard being had for the soldiers. French's failure at Mons, not to win, but to retreat in time; the subsequent peril of his army, which eliminated it as a factor at the Marne; the British failure at the Marne, which spoiled Joffre's magnificent combination and nearly ruined his battle; French's indecision at Ypres, followed by his decision to retreat, a decision only just blocked by Foch in that terrible night when, having lost a son and a son-in-law and being nearly spent with weariness, he went to French and by moral force compelled him to reverse his decision to retire; the butchery of Loos, where men won a battle and their victory was thrown away and they were left to die unsupported—this is the story of Britain on the Continent to date.

"And at home. There is Ireland blazing into revolt. We have had strike after strike; we have had, and there remains, the struggle over conscription, the quarrel about married men. We have seen a civil government that cannot deal with a situation because it cannot understand it, because it cannot deal with facts at all, because it can only talk. It lied to the British people over all the years before the war came. It almost lied the British people out of the war altogether and left France to perish alone. It has been lying ever since."

The New York *Tribune* draws the following lesson from "British Failure": "The tragedy that is contemporary Great Britain has a meaning for Americans that should not, cannot be mistaken. Our leaders have lied to us as the British have lied to them. They have hidden the truth, they have fled the facts and suppressed the truth. They have made us feel safe when we were in peril, they have taught us to be selfish and to forget what our fathers and our grandfathers died to make enduring. When our crisis comes, and that day is not distant, we shall have the same defeats in the field, the same revolts at home, the same wanton waste of all that is best. It, too, will be thrown in the ditch and wasted in the swamp by leaders who cannot lead, and a people which cannot foresee will not then be able to rescue itself from the body of its own death.

"Democracy has failed in England as it is failing in the United States. It has failed because it has not bred up men who can lead, who have courage, faith or vision. It has not failed in France because the nation has taken over its own leadership and the men who are in office (weak men for the most, too) march to the command of a people who are facing the facts without illusion and without dismay. Such hope as there is for democracy must be found in France, not in England or America; it must be found in the fact that the people have proven themselves to be brave and sound. In the ultimate analysis the same will probably be true in Great Britain and America; but how much of terrible sacrifice there is to come before the people are at last able to understand and to act, the British history of recent months is a plain evidence."

There is only one mistake in this view. It is the use of the word democracy. Germany is certainly more democratic than England or France. All we can say in favor of France is that the French army is undoubtedly superior to the armies of the other Allies.

DISPOSING OF THE HYPHENATES.

BY MEDICUS.

It seems to me that in America our patience must by this time have nearly reached the breaking point. Is it not quite time that we follow the examples of France and England, and separate the loyal from the disloyal? Every American should be made to swear allegiance to France and England, and to declare himself in favor of the Allies first, America second. As is our way always in such matters we have been too lenient and procrastinating with those who insist on the United States first. All such should be rigorously interned in barbed wire enclosures. For this purpose I suggest the use of military barbed wire; first because the barbs are heavier and much longer than those of ordinary barbed wire, and second, because our factories are making it on a large scale at present, and it is, therefore, to be had more readily in quantity on short notice. It is the ideal barbed wire for internment camps. The wires should be placed not more than 2 inches apart, and the fences should be 27 feet high. This may seem like a waste of wire; but frankly I think not. Wires strung 2 inches apart will effectually prevent the small children from escaping, and a height of 27 feet will reduce all escapes to a minimum. This, in turn, will operate to reduce materially the number of guards necessary, and at the same time reduce the public expense incident to chasing and tracking down escaped Hyphenates. Another advantage that can hardly be ignored in

a country like ours, ruled by Public Opinion, would be the additional sense of security, especially in isolated rural communities, from the nocturnal practice of the Hyphenates in building concealed concrete gun emplacements. By Hyphenates I understand not only the German-Americans and Austrians living in this country but also the Swedes and the German-Swiss.

Some will object to this plan on the score of expense, and of space required; since probably upward of 50,000,000 inhabitants of this country will have to be so interned. But such objections are more apparent than real. America is large, and the detention space, I calculate, can be reduced to 25 square feet per interne; and in camps where the percentage of infants and children under 5 years of age runs high, this space can doubtless be reduced to 18 square feet per capita. The problem of clothing for the interned is one of comparative simplicity. Each person interned should be required to provide himself before internment with sufficient clothing for the period of his detention. The question of food, however, is one of far greater magnitude; and, indeed, at first glance looms up formidable enough to any Patriot; for the dictates of our humanity will require that these unfortunates be sufficiently supplied with an abundance of nourishing food. On the small allowance of 15 cents a day per capita, the cost to the country seems appalling, not less than \$2,700,000,000 per annum. Every Patriot will agree with me, I believe, that 15 cents a day is all and even more than any Hyphenate deserves; but, unfortunately, as we serve humanity first of all, we must consider 15 cents as a minimum allowance. My suggestion of 15 cents a day as a food allowance is made with hesitation. I am inclined to believe that the cost will be somewhat greater. However, this important question will undoubtedly be equitably adjusted by competent investigators and boards, who will fix upon a sum reasonably satisfactory to both the interned and the nation. Happily there is no reason to fear that our people will be in any degree niggardly. We may even confidently expect that a beautiful charity will grow up in connection with this phase of our public duty, appreciated equally by the world at large and the Hyphenates.

At frequent intervals around each enclosure, towers should be erected on which machine guns are to be mounted for the purpose of maintaining order among the occupants. This machine-gun feature I regard as one of prime importance; for, doubtless, during the first few weeks much disaffection will prevail in the camps.

When I first broached this project to my influential friend, Aliadus, he objected to it on the score of the barbed wire. He maintained that we would be diverting unduly large quantities of wire from its legitimate uses in Europe, and that we can best help our friends there by shipping them our entire output. Fortunately I was soon able to convince him that we can best serve them by using a portion of it for the purpose I have outlined above, and that ways and means can be found to double our production for a short period at least.

My feelings, aroused by these more than 50,000,000 uncured Hyphenates in the United States, are so deep that it is difficult for me to restrain myself sufficiently to speak in measured terms. I can sympathize with a German child, war orphaned, and even with a war-widow of Germany, especially if they be hungry. But I cannot express in words my contempt for any sodden-brained American Hyphenate who does not, and apparently cannot, comprehend that the Western European Allies are consciously and wittingly fighting America's

battle for liberty and continued existence; for one who knows not that these same European Allies are battling even to death that the United States may become the first nation of the universe; for one who knows not that England and France love the United States far more than any sodden-brained Hyphenate ever has, or ever will love her. The administration of the adequate and proper words of scorn to the cringing Hyphenate, hailed suddenly before James Beck's "Court of Universal Public Opinion," I leave to the able editor of the *New York Times* who has had vastly more practice in writing about Hyphenates than has this writer, and Patriot.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

PROTEST AGAINST THE CRUEL WAR; OR, PROPAGANDA TO CREATE A STRONG PUBLIC OPINION AGAINST THE WAR. Published by the author, *Peter Filo Schulte*, Box 43, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Pamphlet, 20 cents, postpaid.

This work treats the war and peace problems from the monistic view of life. The work is a poignant denunciation of the great war. The author states that the continuation of the war means only the continuation of the killing, suffering and destruction, and that no matter what the outcome of the war the result cannot be lasting. The author declares that permanent peace in the future is attainable only by the formation of a combination of the United States and the chief nations of Europe and the establishment of an international court. Significant are the articles, "Do the People Want War?," "Facts and Figures about World-Life," and "Monistic Ideals." If a person states conclusions that the people like he will receive support and a blind following; but if a person states the hard facts he is likely to receive abuse. The author emphasizes that it is necessary to face the facts and to work accordingly to avoid world-perils like the present great war. π

Our readers will understand that we are not responsible for opinions expressed in our advertisements; further, that it would be positively wrong to exclude advertisements because we do not agree with their statements. For instance in publishing the advertisement of the National Association of the Universal Religion we do not intend to defend the practice of bigamy, nor on the other hand do we wish to suppress the announcement of Mr. Kheiralla's book, especially as it offers "an effective reply to the attacks of Robert P. Richardson" which appeared in *The Open Court* of August 1915 and November 1916. At the time of their appearance we had asked the head of the Bahaists in this country, His Excellency Dr. Zia M. Bagdadi, to refute Mr. Richardson's criticism, and now see incidentally that such a reply is made public in Mr. Kheiralla's book. All direct replies which we received from Bahaists, including Mr. Kheiralla himself, have been given publicity in the columns of *The Open Court* from time to time.

Our frontispiece represents the wandership of Captain Dahul which is a type of Flying Dutchman. The gruesome story of this bloodthirsty pirate was told by Mr. Wilbur Bassett in the January number where it was accompanied by copious notes of the folklore of this tale, including also reference to the Wandering Jew legend.



KING SIVI'S SACRIFICE.

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and
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KING SIVI'S SACRIFICE.

THE STORY OF THE POUND OF FLESH IN ANCIENT INDIA.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN Alexander the Great entered India Greek and Indian civilization met for the first time with the result that a Hellenized kingdom known under the name of Gandhara originated in the Indus valley. The invaders were called Yavanas, which is the Indianized name of Ionians. The conquerors gradually adopted Indian habits and language, and Greek civilization amalgamated with Indian traditions. A Greek monarchy was established, and one of their kings (Milinda, whose Greek name was Meander) became converted to Buddhism. Milinda plays a considerable part in the history of Buddhist thought, and his conversion to Buddhism was celebrated in a Buddhist canonical book still extant which bears the title, *Questions of King Milinda*.

The Greek kings of Gandhara summoned Greek artists to represent Buddhist topics in the Greek manner, and characters and illustrations of Buddhist lore were worked out in an almost classical style. The lack of artistic technique was fully made up by the enthusiasm with which the novelty of the subject inspired the occidental converts to an oriental faith that appeared to them like a revelation, and this period in the history of Greco-Indian life establishes an epoch in the history of Buddhist art. Its works are known under the name of Gandhara sculptures and determine the later development of Buddhist art all over Asia. Buddha himself was portrayed after the Greek ideal of Apollo, with the result that even to-day Buddha figures bear occidental features, while the Arhats or Buddhist saints are more or less Asiatic in their appearance.

Among recent discoveries of Gandhara sculptures there is one which was discovered in the Swat valley in northwestern India, and is now preserved in the British Museum at London. We reproduce it as the frontispiece of this issue, from the February, 1913, number of the anthropological monthly, *Man*,¹ where it is accompanied by notes written by M. Longworth Dames and T. A. Joyce.

This relief pictures the story of King Sivi, and it is strange that we have here a religious tale which has made its round through several religions, Brahmanism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and possibly ends with a story told in occidental Christendom and finally utilized in English by Shakespeare in his drama of the "Merchant of Venice."

The style of the relief is typical of all Gandhara sculptures although it was not discovered at Gandhara itself, and we cannot positively say whether it represents the old Brahman story or its Buddhist version. The story must have been a favorite with the Indian population for it even received a Mohammedan version, and it is probably the source of the western story of that ideal friendship in which the merchant Antonio offers a pound of his flesh to save his friend Bassanio.

Glancing at the relief we see at the extreme left and seated under a baldachin a man suffering extreme pain, while another man is kneeling at his feet cutting off flesh from the calf of his left leg with a knife. The sufferer is King Sivi, and a woman is tenderly comforting him. His expression of pain and the sympathy of the woman, presumably his queen or one of the women of his harem, are admirably represented. The king's eyes are half closed and express submission to his fate. In the center of the picture stands a man with a balance like those used in ancient times. Under the chair of King Sivi sits a pigeon, and at the left of the head of the man who holds the balance something hovers in the air which can be recognized as the mutilated vestige of a flying bird, which can only represent the flying hawk mentioned in the story. At the right side of the man with the balance appears a deity holding a magic scepter called *vajra* in his left hand and indicating his attention to the weight by his raised right hand. He is adorned with a peculiar head-dress, and his divine authority is denoted by a halo around his head. Obviously he is Indra, known in the Jatakas as Sakka. By his side stands another personage with a nimbus, who in one of

¹ Published by the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, 50 Great Russell Street, London (American agents, G. E. Stechert & Company, of New York).

e versions of the story is called Visvakarman, an assistant to Kṛka. He is another divinity of Indian mythology, corresponding to the Greek Hephaestus, the artificer of the gods, and the story, according to its oldest version in the Mahabharata (Book III, chapter 197), is as follows:

The gods resolved to test the virtue of King Sivi, so Agni assumed the shape of a pigeon and Indra the shape of a hawk. The latter pursued the former and the pigeon took refuge in the lap of the king, begging for protection. The pigeon claimed that he was a *rishi* learned in the Veda and of blameless life, whereas the hawk demanded the pigeon as his prey, claiming that it was the food which he needed for his hungry brood. The king, however, refused to deliver the pigeon, declaring that the gods would punish any one who gives up a frightened creature that seeks refuge from its enemies. To do full justice King Sivi offers the hawk a bull cooked with rice, in order to induce him to surrender his right to the pigeon. But the hawk replies, "O King, I do not ask for a bull or any other meat but this pigeon. He is my food to-day, ordained by the gods. Give him up to me." The king still refuses and asks the hawk what ransom will satisfy him, whereupon the hawk demands a piece of flesh from the king's leg equal to the weight of his quarry. Sivi accepts and has a piece of flesh cut from his right leg. But the pigeon proves too heavy. Piece after piece is sliced from other members of his body without being sufficient, until finally Sivi enters bodily into the scale. Thereupon the hawk disappears and the pigeon changes to his original form as the god Agni, praising the king for his virtue and bestowing upon him proper rewards.

There is no doubt that this is the story pictured in the Gandhara relief, and we possess a similar representation in the sculptures of the Amaravati tope which is also preserved in the British Museum, but some details differ because in this the king performs the operation upon himself with his sword. The pre-Buddhist character of the story is assured by King Sivi's first offer of a bull presupposing that the slaughter of a bull would not have been regarded as an evil deed, for according to Buddhist views this act would be small evidence of his fairness toward life in general.

The name of King Sivi occurs in the Jataka tales, which are accessible to English readers in the translation of Cowell and Rouse. In No. 499 of this edition we read a story of the "Great Being" born into the world as King Sivi. He had been noted for his generosity and almsgiving throughout the kingdom. He caused

six alms-halls to be erected and six hundred thousand pieces of money to be distributed daily. But he was not satisfied with giving only these external things, he wished to give something that was part of himself. He therefore made a vow that if any one would ask of him something which was part of himself he would give it at once, whether it were his heart, flesh from his body, his blood, the menial labor of his hands, or even his eyes. Sakka, in order to test him, appeared at the alms-hall in the guise of a blind Brahmin and there besought the king to give him one of his eyes so that each might have one. The king realized that his desire was to be fulfilled and in spite of the remonstrances of family, courtiers, people and the surgeon to whom he entrusted the task, he insisted on having first one eye removed and then the other as well. In giving them to the Brahmin he said: "The eye of omniscience is dearer than this eye a hundred fold, aye a thousand fold; there you have my reason for this action."

The king stayed at the palace a few days, but then handed over his kingdom to his courtiers and retired to a park where he could lead an ascetic's life. Then Sakka visited him and offered to grant him a boon, intending to give him back his eyes, but all this blind king would ask for was death. Then Sakka hinted at the restoration of his eyes, but King Sivi replied: "If you wish to give me an eye, Sakka, do not try any other means, but let my eye be restored as a consequence of my gift." Accordingly he received two eyes, but they were "neither natural nor divine" but were "called the eyes of Truth Absolute and Perfect." Sakka returned to the world of gods and the king to his palace. The great news of his recovery spread abroad and the people thronged around him bringing many gifts. He took advantage of the opportunity to impress upon them the importance of generosity and self-sacrifice. "O people of Sivi! now you have beheld these divine eyes, never eat food without giving something away!"

This story appears to be the reflection of a "Great Being" who like Buddha had acquired the honor of the title. The main virtue of the Indian people is charity to the very extreme of self-sacrifice.

Sivi seems to have been worshiped as the patron saint of the district where the tale bearing his name originated, and this was probably the territory known as Sibi or Sevi at the foot of the Bolan Pass and until modern times commonly known as Sivistan. Here is situated the celebrated shrine of Sakhi Sarwar, now a Moslem saint venerated by the inhabitants. Among the stories told of him there is one of a blind beggar to whom Ali presented a whole string

of camels because the bread for which he asked was packed in a bale on one of the camels in their midst. This sound like a Buddhist story, and our story of the hawk and the pigeon is also preserved in Balochi folklore. Mr. M. Longworth Dames took it down in Balochi verse in 1884 and published a translation of it in his *Popular Poetry of the Baloches* (London, 1907) where it reads as follows:

"A hawk and a harmless pigeon struggling together fell into the king's lap, and the hawk first prayed for his help, saying, 'Hail to thee, Ali, King of Men, thou art certainly the lord of our faith. I left my hungry brood on the bank of the Seven Streams on a deep-rooted tree, and have come swooping round that I may find somewhere some kind of game to take to my ravenous young ones. Thou knowest all; take not from me what I have hunted and caught.' Then the pigeon made his petition. 'Hail to thee, Ali, king of men, thou art the guardian of our faith. This is my tale: I left my hungry little ones on the slopes of Mount Bambor, and came here to pick up some grains of corn to carry to my starving children. I have been seized by this cruel hawk who has taken me to tear me open. Now give me not to this ravenous hawk, for thou knowest all that has happened.'

"He called his slave and said, 'Kambar, bring me my knife.' He laid his hand upon his thigh. 'Come, hawk, I will give thee some flesh. Then he cut out as much of his own flesh as was equal to the weight of the pigeon, and even a little more. The harmless pigeon began to weep, 'He is not a hawk, nor am I a pigeon; we are both angels of God whom he has sent to try thee, and well hast thou endured the test.'"

Other versions of the story appear in other Buddhist traditions. One is mentioned by Taranatha and alluded to by Hemachandra,² and it also appears in a Chinese translation of the Jatakas.³ The notes in *Man* go on to state:

"The Chinese pilgrim Hiouen Tshang in the seventh century traveled through Udyana, that is the modern Swat, and there found a stupa built by King Asoka to commemorate the rescue of a pigeon from a hawk by the Bodhisattva, who, as King Sivika, cut flesh from his body to take the place of the pigeon (Stanislas Julien, *Voyages des Pélérins Bouddhistes*, Vol. I, p. 137). It seems prob-

² See S. d'Oldenburg in *Journ. Roy. As. Soc.*, 1893, pp 307-309.

³ See *Abstract of Four Lectures*, by S. Beal. Compare also Beal's *Buddhist Records of the Western World*, I, 125, note 20; and "Travels of Sung-yun" in the same work where the story is located near Gandhara. There we read: "Seven days' journey thence the pilgrims arrived at the place where Sivika-
raja delivered the dove."

able that the stupa from which this relief comes may be that visited by the Chinese pilgrim."

The story is typical of Indian ideals. While western mind glories in deeds of heroism the Hindu's highest ideal is self-sacrifice. The sculpture before us is only one conspicuous instance of many others indicating the same tendency and illustrating the same ideal of highest virtue.

THE RELIGIONS OF INDIA.

BY WILLIAM ALANSON BORDEN.

ALTHOUGH Christianity was preached in India as early as the sixth century, no results worthy of record were obtained in that land until a thousand years later, when the first Catholic mission was established in Goa.

Since then missionary endeavor in India has been continuous and equal success has attended the efforts of both Catholic and Protestant, if the term "success" can be applied to four centuries of work that has resulted in only three million converts out of a population of three hundred million.

To be sure, one per cent is better than nothing, but it is far below what we conceive to be the carrying power of our own faith.

In contrast with this meagre result, and the better to illustrate the point to be made: Some ten years ago a party of devout Hindus in Baroda State were moved to undertake a proselyting campaign among the hill tribes of the state, the only real heathen in India, and the census returns of 1911 show that thirty per cent of these tribes had been converted to Hinduism by these men, or four per cent of the whole population of the State of Baroda itself.

In one case four hundred years of conscientious attempt to convert a nation results in one per cent; in the other case ten years of work equally conscientious and carried on by men not more earnest results in four per cent. Why? Because Hinduism and Islam are more in the line of Oriental thought than Christianity is and, what is of equal importance, converts to Hinduism or Islam are not ostracized by their former communities.

The Christian missionary is an earnest, hardworking man, and a fairly capable one, who has achieved a small measure of success against tremendous odds. In the other case the odds are not as large and success has been attained in proportion.

The religions of the East have been born on eastern soil to remedy eastern wants, have developed amid eastern conditions and have been modified from time to time to agree with the advance of eastern civilization and the trend of eastern thought. They fit the eastern mind and satisfy the eastern philosophy.

Although Christianity was born in the East it has matured in the West. It has developed in a western environment and been modified again and again to agree with the progress of western thought and philosophy. It has finally reached a stage that is as entirely foreign to eastern ideas as the religions of the East are to ours.

We are entirely satisfied with our religion; they are equally satisfied with theirs and they are quite likely to remain so. But with one exception, and that one the depressed castes of the Hindu community. They are not satisfied with their social condition, and that condition is caused by their religion as it has been interpreted for them by the Brahmin priest. These people have been the scapegoats of the Indian system of caste; on them has fallen all the degraded and menial labor of the community and the social ostracism that accompanies that work. Their condition is absolutely wretched and any change in it would be a change for the better. Both Christianity and Islam offer that change, and yet so rigid are the laws of caste in India that, depressed as these castes are, they hesitate to take advantage of the offer, though, as has just been said, some three million of them are now in the Christian fold and in a wonderfully improved social and religious status in consequence.

However impossible it may be for our missionaries to convert any of the higher castes of Hinduism—and practically none have been converted thus far—there is still a large field left among these twenty-five million "untouchables" as well as among the eight million "hill people." The missionary boards of Europe and America may rest assured of several centuries of work still left in India, reckoning by past progress, before they will feel obliged to transfer their charities to fields nearer home.

* * *

Before the conquest by the Aryans, that greatest race of ancient times, the history of India is lost in the vague uncertainties of myth and fable, for India is one of the cradles of the human race. We have dim records in which we may see one people follow another through untold ages, each in its turn appearing from the mists of a remote past, developing its civilization of copper and bronze, of

cotton fabric, of stone temple and shrine, and then vanishing into the mists of a past only a little less remote.

What these races were, whether native or immigrant, we have no means of knowing, but one of these prehistoric races, commonly spoken of as the Aryans, we now know came into India from some place far to the north. They were a race of great fecundity and in consequence were forced to develop a genius for successful migration. One stream of this exodus moved toward the west and north-west. Encountering the bitter powers of nature, and learning to meet them, they became an active, hardy race. As they moved north over Europe they became inured to cold and able to extract a comfortable living from hard and rugged conditions; encountering a lower sun they became lighter in hue, and their physique became stronger as their environment demanded strength. As their advance met the sea they conquered it, and finally they produced the great maritime nations of Europe that, by means of the sea thus conquered, have spread their colonies over all the world, and with those colonies the religion of the Bible that had replaced in their hearts the older faith of the Vedas.

Another stream of Aryans moved toward the south and south-east, peopling Persia and pouring over the northwest passes of India into the Punjab, the "land of five rivers."

These movements were slow, one generation as it became crowded in its older home moving a little ahead and thus gradually coming into new conditions and being acclimated to them. As they moved further south they became of darker hue under a higher sun and of frailer physique as their surroundings grew more tropical.

The religion they carried into Persia and India, known as Vedism, was a pure nature worship with some slight admixture of ancestor worship, as would be natural in a primitive people. The sky that rained was Indra; Vishnu was the sun-god and Brahman the god of hymns. They had no priests, nor temples, nor any public worship. Neither had they any castes. All of these came later. Each man worshiped the gods in his own house, before his own hearth, and was assisted in that worship by his wife.

They were tillers of the soil and herdsmen. They lived on the grains they raised and upon their cattle which they killed for food. Their intense prejudice against animal food was still many hundred years ahead of them.

Their government was patriarchal, each clan being independent, but as they advanced farther into the plains of the Ganges and

thence into the hills of the Deccan they came into active conflict with the inhabitants of those countries and were forced to raise armies. With these armies came more powerful governments and a greater consolidation of civil authority. Thus arose the great kings of the epic period with their organized forces.

With the kings came also the priests who assisted them in the worship of the gods, devised more efficacious sacrifices by means of which the armies were to obtain victory, or designated the more auspicious days for battles or for domestic functions.

It was inevitable that these priests should gradually gather all religious ceremonies into their own hands and all the learning of the age as well. By the time the Aryans had conquered the whole of India the priesthood had become the distinct Brahmin caste, a class of learned men and scholars. By this time, also, the conquered inhabitants of the country, a people of much darker hue than the invaders, had become a race of serfs and were known as the Sudra caste. "Caste" comes from a Sanskrit word meaning color. The distinction between the Brahmin and the Sudra was mainly one of color, but it was also one of occupation, and as the people were divided generally into four occupations—priests, soldiers, cultivators (and tradesmen), and serfs—it was very natural that as the two extremes had become castes the two means should also so divide themselves. So at the end of this period of conquest we see the formation of the four original castes of Indian society. The priests were the Brahmin caste, the kings and soldiers were the fighting caste or Kshatriyas, the cultivators the Vaisya caste and the serfs the Sudra caste.

The Kshatriyas, being more powerful and important, took a slight precedence over the humble Vaisyas, but there was as yet no social distinction between them and the Brahmins.

The establishment of the priesthood was naturally followed by a distinct classification and arrangement of religious beliefs and practices gradually hardening into a definite theology known as Brahmanism, the second stage of the principal religion of India. This stage may be placed at about eight centuries before the Christian era, though some authorities are inclined to throw it a thousand years farther back.

Brahmanism from its theological side recognized one supreme being, Brahm, the creator of the universe, and a host of subordinate gods representing the different attributes of the great God, or a state of mediatorship between him and man, an idea that seems to be essential to the human mind inasmuch as it is found in all religions.

Brahmanism taught the immortality of the human race, but the conscious part of that immortality, or at least that part of it about which there seems to be a definite belief, consisted of an almost endless series of earthly lives for each individual, and the series extended as far into the past as it did into the future. The philosophers of that age saw the logical necessity of assuming that an immortal life must extend both ways, that a never-ending life implied also a never-beginning one, and as they believed that each life would eventually be absorbed into the being of God, they also held that in the beginning it must have emanated from God.

Just what was the object of this arbitrary pollution of some portions of a perfect being, which after freeing themselves from this pollution were to be united again with the original perfection, the theologians of the age failed to make clear. They probably covered their failure by the assertion that the divine purposes were not to be understood by a finite mind, an explanation that has served a like purpose in many ages since then.

These old philosophers also believed that every good or evil action, thought or word of every life in this endless chain created a spiritual atmosphere, or "karma," about the individual that accompanied him in all of his future lives, and that every evil element of that karma had to be thoroughly purged away by righteous living and pure thoughts before the soul could be fitted for its final absorption into the being of God.

There was no general heaven or hell. Each man created his own heaven or hell by his individual actions. A man whose life was good came into a life of increased honor in his next incarnation. One whose life was evil, and whose karma had thereby become polluted, descended in his next life to that stage of human or animal existence which corresponded to the polluted karma. They believed, and all Hindus still believe, that every man is personally responsible for his every action or intention, and that he must himself pay the penalty of whatever sins he has committed.

The idea of vicarious atonement is utterly foreign to Indian religious philosophy. They fail to see the logic of it. To their minds such a theory violates the reformatory purpose of punishment and argues a revengeful God rather than a just one.

On its ethical side this old religion, antedating Christianity by eight hundred years, will bear comparison with the moral teachings of the present day. It forbade suicide, perjury, slander, drunkenness, oppressive usury, and cruelty to animals. It taught mildness, truthfulness, obedience to parents, chastity, almsgiving, charity

toward the old, the sick and the feeble, the forgiveness of injuries and the returning of good for evil.

Just how far the people of that age followed the teachings of the priests or the precepts of the moral law is a matter for inference. We are of the same general stock ourselves; we live under about the same system of ethics and can form our own judgments on the subject, though it were scarcely judicious to cast many stones.

At this stage of its growth Brahmanism had only the four castes just mentioned, and the three upper ones of these were very nearly on an equality as far as social standing was concerned. They dined together and intermarried. In the subsequent development of the creed, after it had come more completely under the domination of the priests, these castes were subdivided into hundreds, and finally into thousands, of smaller castes and all social intercourse between them came to an end. Each small caste had its own laws and its own religious ceremonies, and these rigidly prescribed the daily and even hourly duties of its members.

In the Indian caste system no opportunity is given to any man to improve his condition in life; of whatever caste the father is that must be the caste of all his descendants to the remotest generation. Only death and the subsequent reincarnation can change a man's caste, his condition in life, or his associates.

No better scheme could have been devised for disintegrating a nation and placing it at the mercy of the ruling caste of priests, with no chance of its ever uniting against that rule.

In the patient working out of this elaborate scheme for his own aggrandizement the Brahmin has builded better than he knew, for it has worked out very much for the benefit of the Englishman who has calmly and definitely seated himself at the head of the civil part of it, with the Brahmin under him.

The Brahmin is still at the head of the religious part of the caste system, but he hungers for the governmental part which carries the power. This part there is very small chance of his getting. He may excite others to assassination, but that method is slow and the consequences are apt to be unpleasant. He might finally abolish the caste system altogether and then, by uniting all Indians in a patriotic uprising, drive the English into the sea; but he himself would be dethroned in the process, and the movement would only result in exchanging an English government for a Mohammedan one.

The present unrest in India is caused by the Brahmin's efforts

to get back into the saddle. He knows now that without the Englishman at his back he would not keep his seat for a week, even should he chance to get it, and so he is trying to make himself the co-ruler with the English; or, perhaps, some other nation has whispered to him.

* * *

The Hindu is a pessimist. He has been oppressed for ages. The whole history of India is one of raids and forays by other nations. The fair and just rule of the English is still too recent for him to have forgotten the centuries of rapine that preceded it, nor is he quite sure that even the English rule will not yet turn to exploitation.

His religion teaches him that life in this world is a dreary round of trial and tribulation in preparation for some future life somewhere else. For that matter most other religions of the world, being of eastern origin, teach the same. But in his religion that state of preparation in this world is infinitely prolonged. He can only look forward to millions of future lives that are still to come in their well-nigh endless succession, and he longs for some way of escape from the wheel.

About five centuries before the Christian era two reformers were born whose mission was to show him that way of escape. Devout Buddhists and Jains believe that these men were incarnations of a heavenly power, of the Spirit of Truth, sent into the world for that purpose. They were Vardhamana Mahavira, otherwise known as Jina, and Siddhartha Gautama, known as Buddha. They were both princes, sons of small rajahs whose states lay just north of Benares, and their ideas were so similar that they must have been pupils of some older teacher, or else both must have been members of some advanced religious brotherhood.

Both believed in transmigration or reincarnation, and neither of them saw anything in the endless series of earthly lives that was not also endless misery. Both gave up the ease and luxury of their royal estates and became wandering mendicants and preachers, relieving what misery they saw so far as their powers enabled them so to do, and each of them continually looking for a way by which humanity might be emancipated from its present and future sufferings by being taken back into the Spirit of the Universe.

Jina discovered the way in asceticism, in the extreme mortification of the flesh, in the triumph of the mind over the body, which in India has always been a much favored gateway to holiness. If his followers would devote twelve years of their lives to rigid

asceticism and would follow up a like effort through the following eight incarnations, they would be relieved from all further trans-migrations and gain a heaven of bliss where each would retain his individual consciousness throughout eternity.

This life of asceticism was open to all. If members of the laity did not choose to subject themselves to it, but would contribute to the support of those who did, would be charitable to all men, would lead pure and simple lives, would venerate the holy ones, would neither purposely nor carelessly kill any living creature, and would in all other ways conform to the ethical and theological precepts of their creed, they would ultimately attain the same heaven of eternal rest.

Jainism was not a complete departure from Brahmanism, for it recognized caste to some extent and adopted several of the Hindu gods. Brahmin priests often officiate in their temples. It is quite a distinct religion, however, and far more than simply a sect of Brahmanism.

The Jains number a million, or perhaps more. They belong largely to the merchant class and as a rule are prosperous and much respected throughout India. They have built many beautiful temples, somewhat gaudy, to be sure, but distinctive enough to have given rise to a definite order of ecclesiastical architecture.

There are still many ascetics among them and these may be seen in all the large towns of western India, with a small square of linen over their mouths that no insect may be inhaled with the breath and destroyed, and carrying a soft broom with which they sweep the path in front of them that no living creature may be trodden on and killed.

The Jains have established many animal hospitals and thus demonstrated their compassion in a very practical way, but it is also a pity that their intense conservatism in regard to the destruction of infected rats has served to perpetuate the bubonic plague in the large cities where as grain merchants they control the situation.

Although Buddha, like Jina, passed the first seven years of his pilgrimage as an ascetic, he was not satisfied with asceticism as a remedy for human ills, and so turned to the discipline of the mind rather than to that of the body.

After a long time spent in meditation it was irresistibly borne in upon him that the source of all unhappiness in this world was desire, and if one could so abate desire that it would finally be neutralized he would approach the nature of the spirit that underlies the universe. He thereupon taught that if one could so regulate

his thoughts and his human passions that all desire would be quenched, even the desire for life itself or for heaven hereafter, he would thereby prepare himself for immediate absorption into what might now be called the Spirit of the Universe—a state of unconscious existence lasting forever, Nirvana, so called; unconscious so far as one's own individuality was concerned, a dreamless sleep lasting through all eternity. Whether or not there was in this state a larger consciousness, more than a mere individuality and partaking of the nature of the Deity, the teachings of Buddha nowhere mention, though many modern followers of the faith believe that such is the fact.

The Buddhists do not recognize caste, but believe in the absolute brotherhood of the human race, in fact, in the brotherhood of all life. In recognition of that brotherhood Buddha advocated the monastic life and also preached celibacy. He seemed to think that the life of the world was an absolute failure and the sooner all living things were removed from the face of the earth the better for all concerned.

A dependent community of begging monks and nuns whose entire support was to come from the charity of others (for none of them were to do any labor, but were to pass their time in meditation) required a working laity to feed them, otherwise the proper preparation for Nirvana might be unduly abridged. So the disciples of Buddha taught that whoever lacked the courage or the opportunity to prepare himself for Nirvana during the span of a single life might so lead that life in purity, helpfulness and charity, and so "acquire merit" that after death he would pass into a heaven where he would be as a god for ten billion years before he must again return to earth for his next incarnation, and that even that incarnation would be as glorious as an unsuccessful world could offer.

There were hells, also, of varying degrees, where the very wicked were adequately punished until they were fitted to return to the surface of the earth and there begin over again the weary round of existence from the lowest form of animal life.

This religion swept over India during the next few centuries and was carried from there to Tibet, China and Japan. It seemed to have an irresistible fascination to the Oriental mind and at one time included within its fold a third of the human race. After a time, however, it began to lose favor in the land of its birth and was gradually superseded by a reformed Brahmanism, known in the present day as Hinduism, so that it now numbers only nine

million followers in India, settled mostly in Ceylon, Burma and Nepal.

* * *

During the Buddhist period Brahmanism itself was undergoing a considerable change, as would be the natural course of any religion, even one so much under the control of its priesthood as this one was. On the one side, under the influence of that priesthood it was riveting the fetters of caste more firmly on its followers, as has been explained before. On the other side it was opening its portals to all the new teachings of the Jains, the Buddhists and numerous other reformers, and was becoming so all-embracing that almost any form of religious belief could find shelter under its roof. This was a most unusual thing for a priest-ridden faith to do, and can only be explained by the fact that the Brahmins, who control the movement, are by far the most intellectual of all the people of India.

From the Buddhists and Jains it had adopted much of the belief in the sacredness of animal life. No Hindu will eat beef and very few of them will eat any kind of meat. From Christianity it had adopted the doctrine of the Trinity: Brahm, the Creator; Vishnu, Preserver; Siva, the Destroyer, and each member of the Godhead had come to be worshiped by his own particular sect. Buddha and Jina had been declared to be incarnations on earth of the god Vishnu. Even the name of the religion had been changed, and it is now known as Hinduism.

The old religion, always tolerant, had become supertolerant, and so broadened had it become that it had well-nigh ceased to be a distinct religion, but a collection of all religious beliefs. From many standpoints it might almost be considered the universal religion of India, with its basis in pantheism.

This widening of the doctrine brought to the newer Hinduism the popular favor that Buddhism had taken away from the older Brahmanism, and Hinduism now has two hundred million followers.

Although the modern Hindu recognizes the Trinity, he usually limits his worship to Vishnu, the mild god of the humanities; to Siva, the god of death and therefore the arbiter of one's next incarnation; or to some of their numerous wives or subordinates, or perhaps to some local or caste divinity. Occasionally, also, he will pay his respects to divinities outside of his own religion. He will pray to Jina or to Buddha, or he will join a procession in honor of the one God of whom Mohammed was the prophet.

On general principles, when so little is to be lost and so much

possibly may be gained, he does not propose to be out of favor with any god, if some small act of devotion will retain that favor.

But during all the time he may be flirting with the gods of other people he fully recognizes the tremendous fact of his own personal and individual responsibility for every thought, word and deed of his present life. He knows, as his fathers knew, that every pain and misfortune of this life is the punishment he must bear for the voluntary faults and crimes of some former existence; that the sum total of his present karma, which every day he is building up about him, will bring to him, and to him only, sometime, somewhere, either in this life or in some life to come, its fitting reward or its adequate punishment. And he knows, too, that an infinite power will measure that reward, be it good or bad, with an exact justice that will have no admixture of either favoritism or revenge.

* * *

These three religions, Hinduism, Buddhism and Jainism, are the principal *native* faiths of India. There are others of course, for India is as fertile in creeds as she is in material things, but these are the distinctive ones, although Sikhism has also a considerable following.

But among the Indian faiths there are two, besides Christianity, that have been imported from other parts of the Orient. These are Mohammedanism and Parseeism.

The former made its entry into India at the beginning of the eleventh century. It came, bearing a sword, over the northwest passes that had furnished an entrance to so many invaders in times past, and the bearers of that sword ruled India for eight hundred years, or until they were finally dispossessed by the Marathas and the English.

As the sword was used in the conquest so was it also used to convert the conquered to "the true faith," and with equal success. The surprising element of this forcible conversion lies in its permanency after the pressure had been withdrawn. The descendants of these converts still largely retain the faith of Islam and now form a considerable portion of the sixty-three million Mohammedans in the Indian census returns. This would rather indicate that Islam has its strong points as well as its sharp ones.

Mohammedanism originated in Arabia about five hundred years after the Christian era and was compounded partly from eastern Christianity but mainly from reformed Judaism. It was an intensely proselyting religion, making its converts more by force of

arms than by force of logic, and it soon overran the whole of western Asia and of Northern Africa and made considerable inroads into Europe by way of Spain and the Byzantine empire. With the exception of Europe the faith still flourishes where it was originally carried.

Islam teaches the one God, and that he rules the world with love and mercy; that he alone is the object of worship and that, since he is the all-wise ruler of the universe, there must be no murmuring at his decrees, and one's life must be put unreservedly into his hands.

Like other religions Mohammedanism has its heavenly host of angels, archangels and saints. Like Christianity and Jainism it teaches a personal and conscious future life, to which every soul may attain by its own individual efforts. It repudiates the idea of vicarious atonement.

Like Christianity and Parseeism it teaches the resurrection of the dead and a day of judgment. Some trace of old ancestor worship is seen in the Islamic belief that the spirits of the dead remain near their tombs until the general resurrection, and many Moslems decorate these tombs on all festal occasions and assemble there on holidays in rites of remembrance. As these tombs are scattered over the country in a most indiscriminate way, in one's dooryard, in the middle of a college campus, even in the center of a busy street, such gatherings are apt to be quite noticeable and rather inconvenient, but they are never interfered with.

Concerning the Moslem system of ethics, what was said concerning the ethical code of other religions may be repeated. They took the ethics of their age, just as all other religions did.

The Mohammedans are much more tolerant than they are given credit for being. In India they fraternize with their Hindu neighbors so far as the caste prejudices of the latter allow, and they even recognize Moses, Jesus and Buddha as prophets from the same Universal Father, but they believe, naturally, that Mohammed brought the latest commands. This spirit is well illustrated in a versified translation from the second book of the Koran:

"It matters not whate'er ye name yourselves,—
Believing Muslims, Jews or Nazarenes,
Or Sabians,—whoe'er believe in God,
The last e'erlasting day, and act aright,
Their meed is with their Lord; no fear nor care
Shall come upon them, nor the touch of woe."

There is no caste system among them nor a regular priesthood.

All converts are received into full religious and social fellowship; thus Islam offers large inducements to the depressed castes of the Hindus or to the socially ostracized of other faiths.

Though the Moslems are not as well educated nor as intelligent as the Hindus, they are stronger physically on account of their more natural diet. They are also fairly well united as a religious body, while the Hindus are not, and although they have now been quiet these many years they have not forgotten how to use the sword they wielded so successfully many years ago. Were England to withdraw from India to-day, to-morrow would see a Mohammedan empire there again.

* * *

There is one other faith that demands a place in any list of Indian religions, although its followers only number a hundred thousand, and that is the faith of the Parsees, or, as it is more commonly known outside, Zoroastrianism. This faith took its rise some eight or ten centuries before the Christian era from the preaching of Zoroaster, the Persian reformer. The southern stream of the Aryan migration had carried into Persia the old religion of the Vedas, but a different environment had of course made many changes in it, and a feud between the two streams had caused still larger modifications.

Zoroaster preached an almost pure monotheism. He taught the one eternal, all-powerful God, Ormazd, the creator of the world, and that this God was surrounded by the usual heavenly host of angels and archangels. A peculiar point of this religion was that its followers believed that the universe was the scene of a continual conflict between light and darkness, between good and evil; and as the good principle was personified in Ormazd and the heavenly hosts, so was evil, in its turn by Satan and his host of evil spirits, among whom were all the old gods of the Vedas. This placing of the old Vedic gods among the inimical powers argues a great change in the popular ideas, or as some might say, a great advance from the old nature worship of the Aryans.

This duality of divine control was not permanent. The Parsees believed that the conflict would finally end in the destruction of evil through the cooperation of humanity working in unison with God and keeping his commandments. At the end of the conflict, when humanity had developed to such an ethical state that it could work intelligently and effectively with the divine goodness, would come the general resurrection of the dead and the final day of judg-

ment, after which the good would inherit the earth in a life of eternal bliss.

The ethics of this religion were quite like those of the others before mentioned, and are summarized in their sacred writings as "good thoughts, good words, good deeds." And it may be said of the Parsees of India that they come closer to a realization of their ethical beliefs in their daily lives than any other class of the Indian community.

They hold scrupulously to the utmost cleanliness both of body and of mind. They consider the three ancient elements of fire, earth and water as sacred and not to be polluted, particularly by dead bodies which they consider specially unclean. They therefore dispose of their dead by exposing them, naked, on iron gratings set in the tops of tall stone towers, called Towers of Silence, where the flesh is consumed by vultures, after which the bones drop through into a pit below, to mingle with those of their ancestors, rich and poor alike.

They are not fire worshipers any more than the Christians are worshipers of the cross, but it is quite likely that the old fire worship of their ancestors has filtered down into modern times in the use of fire, the purest thing they know, as a symbol of their God. The sacred fire is always kept burning in their temples and when the priests approach it in the ceremonies their mouths are closely veiled that they may not pollute it by their breath.

Parseeism is probably the cleanest and purest religion of ancient times and has furnished many tenets to most of the later faiths. It was almost exterminated in the Mohammedan conquest of Persia in the eleventh century, but a few of its followers escaped and found refuge in India. They have settled mainly in and about Bombay and Navsari and easily stand at the head of the native populations of those places.

They are a light colored, handsome race, and their women are the most beautiful in all India. They are well educated, women as well as men (an exception among Indian people), and are the cleanest, healthiest, wealthiest, most charitable and most progressive of all the Indian religious communities.

* * *

This concludes the important and distinctive religions of India. They are distinct from each other and from Christianity only on the theological side, the less important; in all their precepts concerning man's dominion over himself and his relations to and deal-

ings with his fellow men they are at one with each other and with every great religion of the world to-day.

The theological side of any religion may be considered as ephemeral, perhaps altogether so. Theologies have changed largely in the past as men have gained knowledge concerning natural laws, and our present knowledge of nature can hardly be considered complete. Many theologies of the present day are rapidly changing as our discoveries are sweeping us onward toward a fuller understanding of God's plan, more of which may be revealed to our children at some distant day; but the great firm and solid edifice of moral law, of man's relationship to man, that has been growing precept upon precept for untold ages, whose architects have been the great men and the sainted teachers of the past and whose builders have been men even as we, this edifice is not changing but only growing. Its stones are not guesses at infinity, replaced in the next generation by other guesses, but truths wrought from the hearts of noble and just men whose sympathies have turned to the pains and the failings of their fellow men and who have sought to remedy them.

And as this temple rises, tier upon tier, we builders of the present may look forward through the mists of future years and behold its completed dome under which all the nations of the earth will unite in their paeans to the one Universal Father whom all men now worship, though under divers names and through varying ceremonies.

WHAT ENGLAND HAS DONE FOR INDIA.

BY RAM CHANDRA.

THE English first went to India for the purpose of extending their trade. The East India Company was formed for commercial purposes alone and the operations of that Company were the scandal of the civilized world. The proceedings of the trial of Warren Hastings are a sufficient exemplification of this fact. The House of Lords in the end acquitted Warren Hastings, in spite of his crimes, because of his services in extending the dominion of the Empire. Eventually Great Britain assumed possession of India, ostensibly on account of the iniquities of the East India Company. All this was accomplished by stirring up antagonism between different sections of the country, setting one prince against another, one religious sect against another, and in the name of local interests

constantly contriving to extend the British influence. The people were deceived. They were too simple, trusting and generous. England posed as a benefactor, and the people not being suspicious of foreigners, as were the Japanese, gave them a free hand for their machinations. They embraced the benefactor only to find themselves bound hand and foot, helpless at the feet of a rapacious despoiler. What followed may best be described in the words of Adam Brooks, in *Laws of Civilization and Decay*, who says:

"Very soon after the battle of Plassey (fought in 1757), the Bengal plunder began to arrive in London and the effect appears to have been almost instantaneous. Probably since the world began, no investment has yielded the profit from the Indian plunder. The amount of treasure wrung from the conquered people and transferred from India to English banks between Plassey and Waterloo (fifty-seven years) has been variously estimated at from \$2,500,000,000 to \$5,000,000,000. The methods of plunder and embezzlement by which every Briton in India enriched himself during the earlier history of the East India Company gradually passed away, but the drain did not pass away. The difference between the earlier day and the present is that India's tribute to England is obtained by 'indirect methods' under forms of law."

In judging the effect of foreign rule upon any people, the three most important factors to be considered are:

First: The influence upon industry, or the economic effect.

Second: The influence upon education.

Third: The influence upon the development of political life, or preparation for self-government.

As to the influence of Great Britain upon India's industries, I will quote from the late Mr. G. K. Gokhale, C.I.E., a member of the Imperial Legislative Council of the Viceroy. Professor Gokhale says:

"When we come to this question of India's industrial domination by England, we come to what may be described as the most deplorable result of British rule in this country. In other matters there are things on the credit side and things on the debit side. . . . But when you come to the industrial field you will find that the results have been disastrous."

Briefly stated, the facts are these:

A distinct policy of taxation and tariff was adopted by which raw material was prevented from being first turned into manufactures in India, thus causing it to be transported to England for that purpose and the manufactured products then returned to be sold in India, thus enabling English merchants to secure double

profits. In this way some forty million Hindus were thrown out of work and forced into agriculture.

In agriculture practically nothing has been done to improve conditions, it remains in its primitive state; the inhabitants are still using the old wooden plows; very little has been done for irrigation. But taxation has steadily increased until at the present time a Hindu farmer is obliged to pay from 50 per cent to 60 per cent of his annual product to the government. As a result of this constant and incredible drain, the most wide-spread and terrible poverty prevails throughout India. The average income of a Hindu is 27 rupees (\$9.00) according to Lord Curzon, and 15 rupees (\$5.00) according to Sir William Digby. India is now in a state of perpetual famine. From 1891 to 1900 not less than 19,000,000 died of starvation. This is not all. On account of the weakened condition of the people they have fallen victim to disease in incredible numbers. According to Sir William Digby, 15,000,000 also died of plague and malaria during the above period. (See *Prosperous British India* by Sir William Digby.) This makes a total equal to one-third the population of the United States. All of this could have been prevented by proper government measures. England is responsible for it all. Prior to the English occupation, no such poverty, famine or plague were ever known in India. In fact, it is the direct result of the measures taken by England to absorb to herself the wealth of India.

The following are the official figures concerning the famines of India:

FAMINES BEFORE THE BRITISH RULE.

| | | |
|-------------------------|---|--|
| In the 11th century.... | 2 | famines both local |
| In the 13th century.... | 1 | " around Delhi |
| In the 14th century.... | 3 | " all local |
| In the 15th century.... | 2 | " both local |
| In the 16th century.... | 3 | " all local |
| In the 17th century.... | 3 | " general area not defined. |
| In the 18th century.... | 4 | " to 1754, Northwestern Province, Delhi, Sindh (twice, all local). |

FAMINES UNDER THE BRITISH RULE DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

| | | |
|-------------------|----|----------------------------------|
| 1800 to 1825..... | 5 | famines, nearly 1,000,000 deaths |
| 1825 to 1850..... | 2 | " " 500,000 " |
| 1850 to 1875..... | 6 | " " 5,000,000 " |
| 1875 to 1900..... | 18 | " " 25,000,000 " |

The above figures are taken from *Prosperous British India*, by Sir William Digby (publication in India prohibited). Even in 1915 and 1916, there was almost a constant famine in Bankura, Bengal, and in Rajputana.

As to education, what has England done? She has established five universities—this in a country with 300,000,000 inhabitants. For general public education she has done very little. The five universities were established for the sole purpose of preparing Hindus to fill certain subordinate positions in the government service. High fees were fixed, so that only the children of the wealthy could attend and but few of them. As to the masses, Lord Curzon said it would not be wise to educate them, it might cause sedition. Even where movements have been set on foot among the Hindus themselves to secure public education along modern lines, and where they have offered to defray all expenses by an increase in local taxation, the answer of the government has been, "We do not think it necessary."

In 1910 a movement was started by prominent Hindu and Mohammedan leaders to raise funds for the purpose of establishing two independent universities, one under Hindu and the other under Mohammedan auspices. The government agreed to grant charters provided a sum was collected equal to \$4,000,000 for each institution. In 1914 the money had been raised and the Maharaja of Durbhanga and the Raja of Mahmudabad went to the government at Simla and made application for the charters. Sir Harcourt Butler, Minister of Education, refused to grant the charters except under conditions by which the government would appoint the instructors and in fact control the universities in every respect. This was a great disappointment. After much discussion the government induced the Hindus to accept the conditions, but the Mohammedans up to this time have refused.

In the past two years several hundred private schools have been closed by the government under various pretexts. Instead of increasing education it is being diminished. After one hundred and fifty years of British rule not more than ten per cent of the inhabitants know how to read and write.

After the above, it is hardly necessary to deny that England has done anything toward preparing the Hindus for self-government. India is ruled by a viceroy who gets double the pay of the president of the United States. The Council of the Viceroy contains some Hindu members, but the majority are always Englishmen and the Hindu members consist of princes and title holders who are not sym-

pathetic with the people. The government is strictly autocratic. The masses of the people have nothing to do with it except to obey its mandates. In Civil Service there are only 65 Hindus employed as compared with 1200 Englishmen, or slightly more than 5 per cent. In fact the policy of the government is to prevent the idea of self-government arising among the people.

The United States came into the possession of the Philippine Islands and after some fifteen years of occupation sixty per cent of the Filipinos are educated according to the most improved methods. The product of their work formed one of the most superior educational exhibits at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Congress has definitely adopted a program which will lead in a few years to complete self-government in the Philippines. Industry there is being reconstructed according to most modern methods, and the Filipinos are looking forward to a career of prosperity and freedom.

On the other hand, after one hundred and fifty years of opportunity England has done nothing for India, and the land lies desolate in poverty and ignorance. During the past fifty years the Hindus have begged England to change her policy and begin to do something for India's benefit. Since the only response is the same old policy of pretense and suppression, they are at last rising in revolt. No promises of reform will be of any avail; the fire of liberty is spreading and sooner or later the country will be free.

THE NEW NATIONALISM IN INDIA.

BY BASANTA KOOMAR ROY.

I.

THE present revolutionary activities for the establishment of a republic in Ireland and the subsequent execution of its leaders including Sir Roger Casement has naturally made many think of the outlook in India, for the case of India is somewhat analogous to that of Ireland. India may be called the Ireland of Asia, and Ireland the India of Europe. The history of these two countries unfolds a parallel story of past prosperity and present poverty and helplessness. Both were conquered by blood and iron, and it is mortifyingly true that both Erin and India are kept under foreign domination primarily by disunion among the factious classes and

creeds that are not far-sighted enough to merge their minor differences for the larger interests of the respective countries.

But it is a healthy sign of the times that the New Nationalists of both these countries have learned to subordinate their provincial or creedal interests to that of the country as a whole. The self-denying devotion of the patriots of Ireland was most emphatically proven in the past revolution. These martyrs have indeed "raised Ireland to a tragic dignity," to use the words of John Quinn. Those that are acquainted with the current affairs in India cannot conveniently deny that that country, too, is animated with an unrest which increases, as days pass by, in intensity and extensiveness. The present fad in England and America to attribute the spirit of unrest in India to German agitation is certainly an insult to the intelligence of the people of India. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, on his return from a trip to India, thus wrote in the pages of *The Nineteenth Century and After* for August, 1906: "To the Briton, his master, the Indian is naturally reserved; to the American he is drawn by sympathetic bonds. That there is a strong and growing desire on the part of the educated Indians ultimately to govern their own country goes without saying. They would not be educated if the aspiration did not arise within them. Education makes rebels against invaders. Material benefits conferred by them, however great, count for little against the spirit of national independence. . . . The problem is internal, not external. It is within, not without India that the wolf lurks."

When Lord Morley was Secretary of State for India he wrote as follows in the same magazine for February, 1911: "All will agree, that whatever the proportions, depth and vitality of unrest (in India) it is in spirit near enough downright revolt to deserve attention."

Five months before the present European war began, Mr. Shaw Desmond wrote thus in the *London Magazine* for March, 1914: "England may some day have a terrible reckoning for her 'official versions.' The thousands in these islands who have relatives and friends in India may have to pay in blood and tears for them. The horrors of the Indian Mutiny may again be written scarlet across the history of India. . . . India is the powder magazine of the world, into which a spark at any moment may be thrown, followed by such an explosion as will reverberate around the globe. If English officialdom has any imagination, it will tackle the problem of India ere it be too late."

With all the alarming statements of Lord Morley, Shaw Des-

mond and numerous other English writers and statesmen we know that an organized armed revolt is an extremely difficult thing in a country that has been forcibly disarmed ever since the Sepoy war of 1857. And the constructive thinkers of India know that their motherland did not come to the present predicament in a day, and that the situation, however humiliating, cannot be relieved overnight. The task of nation-building is slow and difficult in India or America, China or Persia, Ireland or Russia. But after all, the slow and secret work of the New Nationalists of India has begun to bear fruit. India may not be freed in a year or two, but it is a fact nevertheless that the spirit of New Nationalism in India may be oppressed, but can never be suppressed. When the spirit that animates the educated permeates the masses, as it is doing, the Hindusthanees will speak with an irresistible voice and will act to shatter the chains that fetter the motherland.

Signs are in evidence that men, women and children of all walks of life are being inoculated with the virus of New Nationalism. *Bandematarām* (Hail, Motherland!) is the slogan of India to-day. This rallying cry inspires and encourages the patriots of India under most trying conditions. But this little word is just as obnoxious to English ears as the Lord's Prayer is to those of Satan. The peaceful Hindus are assuming an aggressive attitude. The young men who ordinarily would feel qualms of conscience to hurt an insect are killing oppressive British officials and are most cheerfully hanging from the gallows with the word *Bandematarām* on their lips. Young men of respectable families are organizing themselves into parties to rob the rich men's hoarded treasures to gather funds for revolutionary activities. These bands of political dacoits are doing most daring deeds for their purpose in automobiles, boats or on foot. The Calcutta police have built drop gates in the main thoroughfares of the city to make the capture of the automobile dacoities easy, and yet these daring young revolutionists elude the special guards. This leads many people to think that a great many in the police department are working for the revolutionist propaganda.

Not long ago one such party invaded, in masks, the home of a rich man. The men of the family resisted, so they were confined in a room at the point of the pistol. In reply to inquiries about the key of the safe the young men were told that it was with the lady of the house. So the young men went to the lady of the house for the key. The lady hesitated, and one of the young men in the party said: "Mother, we are here to-night to gather money for the

liberation of our great motherland. It is just as much your work as ours. We keep accounts of everything we take from our people, and in that day of great adjustment you will get back a thousandfold what we take to-night." The lady smilingly blessed the party and cheerfully gave up the key and said: "My son, take all we have for the noble cause you represent, and tell us if we can do anything more." The young men, one by one, touched the feet of this noble patriotic woman in reverence and soon departed with a big booty of cash and jewels.

Political dacoities on land and water are the order of the day. Dozens of cases are reported every week. Assassinations of oppressive officers are quite common. Conspiracies with widespread ramifications to overthrow the British rule in India are not infrequent. The mutiny of the Sepoys at Singapore and the subsequent massacre of the Hindu and Mohammedan leaders, the riots of Ceylon with their bloody retribution, the massacre of the British officials in the fort of Jhansi, the open trench fighting between the revolutionists and the armed police in Orissa, the destruction of guns in the fort of Delhi are but a few instances of the growing spirit of revolt in India. And above all, the riotous disturbances of the Punjab were of such a serious nature that they barely escaped setting fire to the "powder magazine of the world." Even the English lieutenant-governor of the province has been constrained to make the following confession: "The crimes did create a state not only of alarm and insecurity but of terror and even panic, and if they had not been promptly checked by the firm hand of authority and the active cooperation of the people would have produced in the province, as was intended by the conspirators, a state of affairs similar to that of Hindusthan in the Mutiny—paralysis of authority, widespread terrorism and murder not only of the officers of the government, but of loyal and well-disposed subjects."

II.

It was discontent with the British domination of India that brought about the unsuccessful Sepoy revolution of 1857. And it is discontent again that is heading that country toward another titanic struggle.

The English went to India for trade and commerce, and it was by the courtesy and the kindness of India's ruling potentates that they were able to spread their commercial interests in the beginning. They gradually gained territorial concessions. As in America, even so in India, the French were first in the ascendancy. The British

took the side of some of the princes of India, and the French of others, and in the struggle the British gained the upper hand. The princes that sold their birthright to be free for purely selfish reasons were discontented, and those that were vanquished were discontented, of course. The highhandedness of England's trade methods killed many of India's thriving industries. The country was fast going down the hill of prosperity, consequently the people became discontented. Finally the crime of British aggression as evinced in the constant annexation of the states of Indian princes brought about the Sepoy war of 1857.

It was not a mutiny of a few soldiers. It was rather an organized revolt of the people to free themselves from the growing tightness of the octopus-hold of the British. The British won the victory no doubt, but it was with the help of the renegade Hindu princes and their soldiers. But it plainly showed, however, that the British could not stay a single day in India to rule, were it not for the help of such moral invertebrates.

When peace followed the horrors of this war, the people became, through strain and despair, hungry for peace and rest. So the candid proclamation of Queen Victoria encouraged the people. She pledged before God and man: "We hold ourselves bound to the natives of our Indian territory by the same obligations of duty which bind us to our other subjects, and these obligations by the blessings of Almighty God we shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfil." The Hindus, with their characteristic credulity, believed every word that their English rulers used to flatter their vanity with. The most dangerous of such pledges was the promise of British citizenship and training the people for self-government. The Hindu made no allowances for political expediency. He did not for a moment doubt the integrity of his rulers' intentions.

But as time went on the platitudes of Queen Victoria's historic proclamation began to show themselves in the hideously true diplomatic colors. The leaders of Indian thought slowly began to realize the abnormal state of India's political and economic relationship with England. So men like Mahadev Govind Ranade, Dadabhai Naoroji, Woomesh Chandra Bannerjee and Balgangadhar Tilak became impatient to do some constructive work for the political salvation of India.

The Indian National Congress was the outcome of this desire, and it met for the first time in Bombay in 1885. The principal object of this institution was to present, as a political body, India's griev-

ances to the rulers of the country, and to bring India's political workers in personal contact with one another.

The Congress, year after year, passed the same resolutions to petition the government for the separation of the judicial from the executive functions, for the expansion of the imperial and provincial legislative councils and the introduction into them of elected members, simultaneous civil service examination in England and in India (even to-day the Hindusthanee has to go to England to pass an examination to enter the civil service of his own country), trial by jury, free and compulsory system of primary education, expansion of facilities for scientific and technical education, introduction of a volunteer system among the people (an ignorant and illegitimate Eurasian may serve the army as a volunteer, but not an educated Indian), curtailment of military expenditure, repeal of the Arms Act which disarmed the people after the Sepoy revolution and still keeps them in the same condition and denies them the protection from robbers and wild animals. Other kindred resolutions were passed to better the administration of the country. This goes to show how the minds of the educated Hindusthanees were being animated with the ideas of larger economic and civic liberties and juster laws.

But the congress failed to secure any concessions from the government. On the contrary, the British government labelled the congress leaders as seditious. The government officers were barred from taking part in the congress. Though maligned in season and out of season the political workers were patient enough not to lose faith in England. They sincerely believed that India's wrongs were bound to be righted when the English people came to know of the deplorable state of affairs in India. But the greatest disillusionment came to the credulous Hindusthanees during the viceroyalty of Lord Curzon, that "proud peacock of imperialism." As the official representative of the Queen he had the frank hardihood publicly to declare that the Queen's proclamation was nothing more nor less than a diplomatic lie—a makeshift, and that it was beyond the bounds of practical politics to carry out the proclamation in spirit. This gave a rude shock to the Hindu mind. Skepticism took the place of faith, and hope vanished behind the veil of disappointment. Distrust followed disappointment and discontent distrust.

Lord Curzon's highhandedness as an administrator considerably added to the volume of unrest in India. With a stroke of his pen he robbed the city of Calcutta of its local self-government. By the

Universities Act he sought to check the progress of higher education in India by making it more expensive and by discouraging the study of sciences. The climax of his autocracy was reached in his arbitrary partition of the province of Bengal in two to break the solidarity of politically the most progressive province of India. The partition scheme was carried into effect on the 16th of October, 1905, in the teeth of tremendous opposition. And the day may rightly be called the birthday of the new Indian nation. It was indeed a sad day for Bengal. We went about clad in the garb of mourning, and fasted all day long. But in the sorrow of Bengal were sown the seeds of closer unity between the different provinces of India. It was on this rather auspicious day that India threw off her old apathy and saw a larger vision and entered into a life of newer activity and self-sacrifice. The New Nationalist of India was officially born on this great day.

III

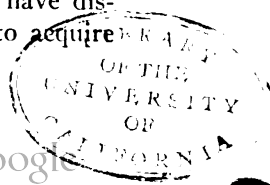
The cry of the French Revolutionist was "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," and the cry of the Hindusthanee Nationalist is *Shiksha* (education), *Swadeshi* (economic prosperity by industrial development), and *Swaraj* (unalloyed self-government).

As for *Shiksha*, it is really a bitter irony of fate that the people of Hindusthan who have contributed most sumptuously toward human culture have to beg their British overlords for the privilege of free primary schools and be denied this one of the first necessities of human society. It stands to reason that those that deliberately refuse to open the gates of learning are guilty of a more heinous crime than those that bombard undefended coast towns and kill a few men, women and children, for perpetuation of ignorance and illiteracy in the long run kills infinitely more than a few shells can do. In the second decade of the twentieth century eighty children of school age out of a hundred are growing up in India without any schooling at all. Out of one hundred men only ten know how to read or write their names, and out of a thousand women only seven are literate. In forty years' time America has educated 70 per cent of her recently freed negro slaves. In about the same time Japan has educated all but 5 per cent of her people. In about sixteen years America has dotted the Philippine Islands with free public schools and crowded the country with American teachers. About three years ago Gopal Krishna Gokhale introduced a bill in the Viceroy's legislative council for the introduction of free primary schools for India's children, but the British-Indian government that is arduously

engaged in the tremendous task of "civilizing the heathen Hindus" rejected the bill outright. And it was claimed by the official protagonists that the Hindusthanees were not fit for free education yet. Our point is that if after ruling over a country for more than a century and a half the people governed have not been made fit even for education, not to speak of liberation, then that government automatically forfeits its claim to rule over that country any longer.

But we know that there is a method in England's madness. The English authorities know that education brings in its train enlightenment, and enlightenment makes rebels against conquerors. So it is to check the growing number of Indian Nationalists that England wants and thus condemns India to ignoble illiteracy and its inevitable concomitant, delusion. This gives the British politicians a chance to say that the masses of India do not want self-government. Well, they do not refuse it either. Their negligence in demanding *Swaraj* is due to no love for their *Mlecha* rulers, but to their ignorance of the stakes at issue. The masses of India may die of famine but through sheer ignorance they blame their fate and not the economic forces that truly bring about famine, starvation and death. The masses may suffer from leprosy, but they blame their fate, and not the 1000 per cent tax on salt which is so strictly monopolized by the government that human beings and cattle are deprived from taking a sufficient amount of salt to preserve health. The masses in India may not demand self-government, but they need it more than the classes there. And in every country the enlightened speak for the masses.

That the government must emphatically discourage scientific and industrial education is most amply illustrated in its throttling policy toward the Scientific and Industrial Association—an association that used to send many students to America, Japan and Europe for scientific education—and also toward the Tata's Scientific Research Institute. Rabindranath Tagore was recently constrained to speak to an English special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* in Tokyo: "The Japanese have made remarkable progress, but, given equal opportunity, India would do as well. We are not inferior intellectually to the Japanese.... They have been free to educate themselves and to send their young men to all the universities of the world to acquire knowledge. But every Indian feels, and every candid student of India must admit, that you have conceived it to be to your interest to keep us weak and have discouraged education. In the laboratories you dislike us to acquire science and to pursue research.



"The Tata Foundation is an illustration. Here, at last, we thought, India's opportunity had come. But the government has taken control of it and killed it, and that splendid gift is now barren and worthless.... It is hopeless for us to try to educate ourselves or develop ourselves. Your government in India is so perfectly organized that you can render all such striving futile. But it is bad for you as well as for us. When one nation keeps another in subjection, when its authority is so perfect and complete that it can execute its arbitrary will with effortless ease, it saps its own love of liberty, its own vigor, its own moral strength. It discovers this when it comes into conflict with a virile nation."

In spite of the open and secret opposition to the spread of education in India, the men and women of the country are undergoing all kinds of privations to be able to educate their children. Instances without number can be quoted where men have sold their properties and women their jewels to educate the young men and women of India. One woman in the city of Dacca amassed a vast fortune by selling her body, and when the country first came under the influence of the New Nationalism, she gave all her property for the furtherance of education in India. Many self-sacrificing beggars in different parts of India have most generously (of course in proportion to their means) contributed toward the funds for education. In a mass meeting in a public park of Calcutta there was an appeal for funds for educational activities. The rich gave generously, but there was a poor beggar in the audience who had nothing to give. He at last took off his threadbare coat and offered it as his contribution. That coat was at once auctioned and sold at an incredibly high price.

IV.

The *Swadeshi* movement is the movement for the revival of India's defunct industries and the introduction of new ones to suit the exigency of the day. It is a well-known fact to the students of world commerce and economics that India's fabulous wealth which attracted the cupidity of India's invaders and conquerors from beyond the seas, emanated from the flourishing condition of her industries. These industries, like those of the North American colonies and Ireland, stood in the way of England's trade expansion; hence it was necessary to "strangle" them by political power. Laws were passed in England to regulate the trade in India. Laws were of course passed to make the export of India's manufactured goods to the British Isles extremely difficult. The following schedule of

tariff on Indian goods exported to England as given in the report of the Select Committee of the East India Company reveals a shocking state of affairs:

Asafetida 233 to 622 per cent; pepper 266 to 400 per cent; sugar 94 to 393 per cent; calicoes and dimities 81 per cent; manufactured cotton 81 per cent; hair or goat's wool manufactured goods 84 per cent; lacquered ware 81 per cent; mats and mattings 84 per cent, etc., etc.

The testimony of Prof. Horace Hayman Wilson, the historian, in Mill's *History of India* is significant on this point. He says: "It was stated in evidence (1813) that the cotton and silk goods of India up to that period could be sold for a profit in the British market at a price from 50 to 60 per cent lower than those fabricated in England. It consequently became necessary to protect the latter by duties of 70 and 80 per cent on their value, or by positive prohibition. Had this not been the case, had not such prohibitory duties and decrees existed, the mills of Paisley and Manchester would have been stopped in their outset, and could scarcely have been again set in motion, even by the power of steam. They were created by the sacrifice of Indian manufactures. Had India been independent, she would have retaliated, would have imposed prohibitive duties upon British goods, and would thus have preserved her own productive industry from annihilation. This act of self-defence was not permitted her; she was at the mercy of the stranger. British goods were forced upon her without paying any duty, and the foreign manufacturer employed the arm of political injustice to keep down and ultimately strangle a competitor with whom he could not have contended on equal terms."

The methods that the British used in India in the homes of the artisans and in the public factories are pathetic enough even to dry the heart of God. Even to-day for the crime of manufacturing cotton goods in our own mills set up with our own money and worked by our own men, we have to pay the penalty of a domestic revenue of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. This is of course meant to offset the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent import duty that is charged on cotton goods of foreign manufacture. England, of course, has the lion's share in this business. The destruction of India's industries has driven the artisans to farming. And the farmers are so highly taxed that "they do not know from year's end to year's end what it is to have their hunger fully satisfied." "There is no more pathetic a figure in the British empire," writes Mr. Compton who is certainly not a partial friend of India, "than the Indian peasant. His masters have been

unjust to him. He is ground down until everything has been expressed except the marrow of his bones." So the farmer dies in famine by the millions.

There is a famine now in different districts of India. Home papers are full of heart-bleeding tales of suffering and death in the stricken districts. Millions of India's hard-earned dollars are being forcibly pumped out of India for England's war charges while millions of our men, women and children are starving in the country. In the last century, according to Sir William Digby, about 33,000,000 of benighted heathens in India died of famine and starvation in spite of America's most generous contributions to the famine relief funds. Certainly the horrors of India's famine can most favorably vie with the horrors of the present war. In the last nineteen years about 9,000,000 have perished of a purely poor man's disease, the bubonic plague. In malaria and other kindred diseases village after village is being wiped out of existence.

India is handicapped not only in her industrial development but in almost every department of influence and affluence. Foreign masters of capital, mostly English, monopolize the railways, the shipping, the telegraph, the land, the forests, the manufactures, the joint-stock companies, the minerals, the irrigation work, the highest and most lucrative positions in the civil and military services (out of 1318 civil servants that hold responsible positions in India only forty-six are Hindusthanees and the remaining 1272 are British). In short, India is for the most part helplessly and ruthlessly enslaved economically. Dr. Paul S. Reinsch, the present United States minister to China, writes thus in his *Political and Intellectual Currents in the Far East*: "The present situation in India illustrates some of the unfortunate results of the political dependence of a civilized people. Not only politically, but also in economic matters, India is kept in a state of dependence on the metropole. But the most helpless feature of the situation is that the men who would naturally be leaders in government and enterprise, find themselves excluded from opportunities for exercising legitimate power in their own country. Such a decapitation of an entire people is a great sacrifice to impose, even in return for the blessings of peace and an efficient policing of the country. The continuance of this policy would mean either the total destruction and degradation of Indian national life, or the end of the British Raj."

And yet, utter despair has given birth to a new hope for an industrial regeneration in India. His Highness, the Gaekwar, the progressive prince of Baroda, has rendered an invaluable service to

his motherland by constantly dinning into the ears of the leaders of India the necessity for an industrial awakening. The propaganda for the boycott of English goods in Bengal and other provinces has strengthened the hands of the *Swadeshi* workers. Millions have taken the sacred vow not to buy or use anything made in England. The boycott of English goods was inaugurated in Bengal on August 7, 1905, as a protest against the proposed partition of Bengal. Many firms that dealt in English goods went into bankruptcy, and many new firms were opened to sell exclusively the home-made goods. In this struggle not a few English magistrates and missionaries openly acted as the agents of British merchants.

Pure boycott could not supply the goods necessary for daily life. So joint-stock companies were started to manufacture the things that the country needed most. The almost defunct handloom industry thus received a tremendous impetus. The English merchants and the press were alarmed at this new spirit of industrial nationalism in India. *The Englishman* of Calcutta, that most rabid English daily, thus spoke out in wrath: "The question however is, what is the government going to do about it? Boycott must not be acquiesced in, or it will more surely ruin British connection with India than armed revolution."

Nine of the most important of *Swadeshi* workers were deported by the justice-loving British government without a trial, and were kept imprisoned for fourteen months and maltreated at pleasure. The police arrested, under concocted charges, many *Swadeshi* shopkeepers, and the British judges sentenced them to different terms of imprisonment with hard labor. But they came out of prison as national heroes and were given ovations by men, women and children of all castes and creeds.

For a time the spirit of boycott rose to such a pitch that priests, barbers, washermen and even cobblers refused to do any work for the people that used English goods. Women broke their glass *churis* and burned their *bilati saris*. Children gave up eating ice cream made with foreign sugar, and the students gave up playing football, for footballs were manufactured in England. *Biri* took the place of cigarettes; and the pickpockets and the hooligans of Calcutta found work in manufacturing various kinds of goods, and so became conspicuous by their absence.

The *Swadeshi* spirit has given an impetus to cottage industries in India. Our best thinkers wish to avoid the horrors of the western factory system by making cottage industries profitable, and they can be made profitable only with the help of science. Hence the

great cry for scientific education which is most systematically denied the people for obvious reasons. The present European war however is substantially helping the development of our industries.

The *Swadeshi* has come to stay, and it means work for the unemployed, food for the hungry, and a home for the homeless. In other words, the first decade of the twentieth century saw the birth of an economic movement in India, and it is destined to play a prominent part in the politics of the world.

V.

The cry for *Swaraj*, self-government, is the crux of the entire situation in India. Politics is to society what air is to the human body. Politics surrounds us on all sides. Education, sanitation, commerce and industry, food, shelter and transportation, even birth, marriage and death are most vitally affected and controlled by politics, either for good or for evil. A society is prosperous or poor in proportion as its political conditions are good or bad. The New Nationalist of India finds that where the British government frowns at education he cannot open schools for the education of his children. And when it is against the interests of the alien rulers, it is extremely difficult to do anything for the economic development of the country. And again, when he finds that in the making of laws that raise taxes, disburse finances and shape the destiny of the country, it is the British overlords from beyond the seas, overlords that have been rightly called by Edmund Burke "birds of passage and of prey," that have the controlling power, he naturally cries out for a government in India that shall be a government of the people, by the people and for the people, and not a government, as it is to-day, of India, by the British and for the British.

It is for this that the cry of *Swaraj* is heard on all sides. Militancy has become the dominant note of the erstwhile dormant India. The words of the Bhagavat Gita where Krishna urges Arjuna to righteous war are heard from the lips of young men and women. And the prophetic words of America's Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death," are being muttered by the people of India on the banks of the Ganges as well as in the gardens of Ceylon, in the deserts of Katiwar as well as in the rice fields of Bengal.

But the British have already begun to show signs of nervousness at this new spirit of restlessness in Nirvanic India. Young India flatly refuses to acknowledge the constitutionality of the British rule in India. Hence this conflict. Had it not been for the internal dissensions between the different political parties, this conflict would

have resulted in a victory for India during the present war in Europe. The fossilized conservatives still cling most tenaciously to their old worn-out policy of petitioning John Bull for the redress of India's wrongs; and they glibly vouchsafe that they would reach the highest pinnacle of their ambition if their conquered motherland were granted a position in the empire of her conqueror like that of Canada or Australia.

So one section of the New Nationalists say: "Hence with your colonial form of self-government! Who wants to live in a harem? Canada is not our ideal. There is a loftier ideal to aspire to. Our ideal is the United States of America. We have promised ourselves to work unselfishly for the establishment of the United States of India. We have no use for men who have faith in begging for political favors. We must rely on ourselves. Our national salvation must be worked out from within and not from without. But we do not, however, believe in shedding human blood to gain our end. By strike and boycott, in other words by passive resistance, we shall be able to bring the British Raj to an end."

"You are mistaken," retorts a more advanced section of the New Nationalists. "To establish the United States of India you must adopt the same means as did the North American colonists in the days of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson to establish their great and glorious republic. Passivity is the dream of the idlers. The moment your passivity would threaten to dislocate the mechanism of their administrative machinery, or substantially affect the commercial interests, their guns would blow you into eternity. You must use force to win a struggle like this. India was conquered by blood and iron, and it must be conquered back by blood and iron. Christian John Bull understands only the logic of the lance and the parable of the gunpowder. We are perfectly within our moral rights to declare war publicly and simultaneously publish our Declaration of Independence. But we must not by any means pollute our sacred cause by the blood of individual assassinations."

"Your plan," replies the extreme wing, "of conquering our independence is exactly what it should be. If you cannot establish a republic by force of arms, a Russia, a Germany or a Japan may step in, and you shall be simply jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. But we believe in striking terror into the hearts of the arrogant Englishmen by simply removing by a bomb or a bullet the oppressive British officials. You know there is nothing wrong in killing a tiger, a crocodile or a cobra, even so there is nothing wrong in killing those that stand in the way of human progress by keeping

one-fifth of the total population of the world under the iron heel of alien despotism. So kill them singly whenever an opportunity presents itself, and organize to be fully prepared to kill them *en masse* in our next war. Follow America. You should not waste time quarreling over the methods. Use any and every method as long as it serves our end—the independence of the Motherland.”

VI.

The critic is apt to ask, “Well, if the people of India are so much discontented, then why are they helping the British with men and money? Is it not a fact that about 150,000 of India’s best soldiers are fighting in the different zones of the present war? Is it not also a fact that India’s princes have pledged their lives and states to help the British out of the present predicament?”

Yes, this is all true; but there are two sides to every question. The presence of India’s soldiers in Europe is no sign of India’s loyalty to England. They fight because they come from hereditary fighting classes and also because they are paid to fight. To-day they fight for England, and to-morrow they would fight against her on behalf of the Hindustanee revolutionists. And some of the princes are loyal, no doubt, but they are so for selfish reasons. For if the British rule ends in India these flattering sycophants and ignoble vampires would be called upon to give an account to the Nationalists for all their crimes against society. Some of India’s prominent men profess loyalty to the British Crown, for it is their profession to be loyal. Some have loyalty forced upon them, and there are others who have to profess loyalty for the sake of efficiency in ultra-radicalism. But let it be known once for all that the heart of India is not loyal to England. It cannot be. It is against the law of nature. The conquered can never be loyal to the conqueror.

There are abundant proofs to show that the English statesmen know in their heart of hearts that India is not loyal to England. They do not trust India. They have persistently refused to enlist the educated young men of India to serve in the war. They feared a second Sepoy war in India at the outbreak of the present war, so they took the great majority of Sepoys out of India to fight in the cold countries of Europe, while they were replaced by British territorials from cold Australia and a colder Canada. Not long after the beginning of the war India was placed under martial law. And the English minister who introduced the bill in the Viceroy’s Coun-

cil openly admitted that the political condition of India was rather serious.

About forty-eight Hindusthanees have been hanged from the gallows for the crime of conspiring to overthrow foreign rule. Thousands have been interned and a few hundred imprisoned for the same crime. British-Indian officials are searching the homes of the prominent men, and are discovering, in some instances, rifles, cartridges and revolutionary literature in unexpected quarters. They have in the past deported, and are still deporting, men without a trial. They have gagged the press, and during the first ten months of the war about 200 newspapers have been suppressed, and the money deposited on hundreds of printing presses has been confiscated by the government. They have restricted the privilege of public political gatherings and have also, in more instances than one, interfered with religious processions. They make it a crime to sing our national songs or to play our patriotic dramas. They have closed many gymnasiums where young men were wont to gather for the development of the muscles of their bodies. They are so nervous at the growing feeling of the unity between the Hindus and the Mohammedans, that they are uselessly conferring special privileges on the latter to sow the seeds of jealousy and disunion between the two great communities of India. They are saddling punitive police forces on the people of the progressive districts of India to nip the militant spirit in the bud.

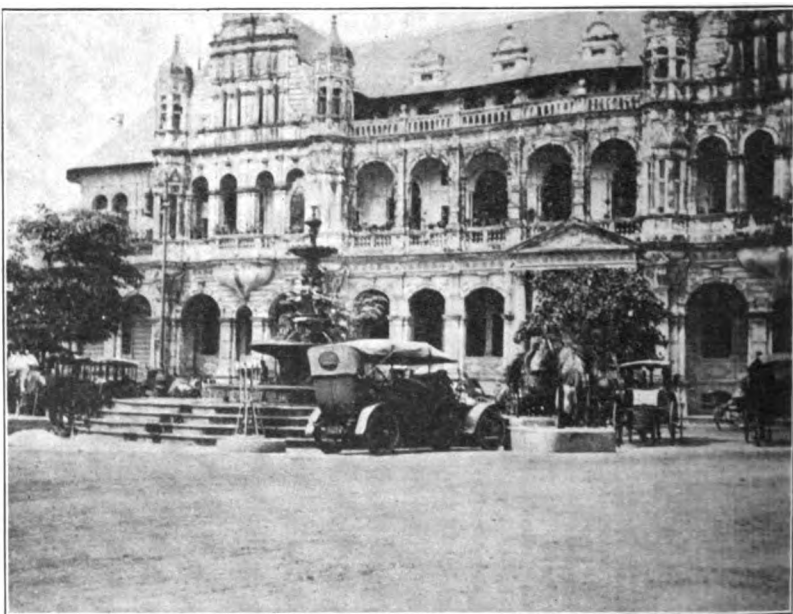
The policy of reckless persecution as adopted by the British-Indian government is helping the cause of New Nationalism, instead of hurting it. And in spite of all attempts of the government to the contrary, social, educational, economic and religious forces are at work that are welding the heterogeneous masses and races of that vast country—a country as large as the whole of Europe without Russia, and with a population more than three times that of America,—into a homogeneous whole. Living under one paramount power, smarting under the galling yoke of the same barbarous despotism, goaded by the examples of Japan and China, inspired by the same ambitions, the entire country is gradually being animated with a new national consciousness that it never knew before. And it is not too much to expect that, sooner or later, peacefully or forcibly, India is bound to take her rightful place amongst the free nations of the world. A free India, like an emancipated China, would be an asset to humanity, and emphasize the great movement for human liberty that began in this blessed land of Washington, Franklin and Lincoln.

SINGAPORE, THE MELTING POT OF THE EAST.

BY A. M. REESE.

IN Singapore, it is said, can be seen more races of men than at any other one spot in the world, so that it has been well named "The Melting Pot of the East." It is also sometimes spoken of as "The Gateway of the East," since all vessels bound for ports in the Far East call there.

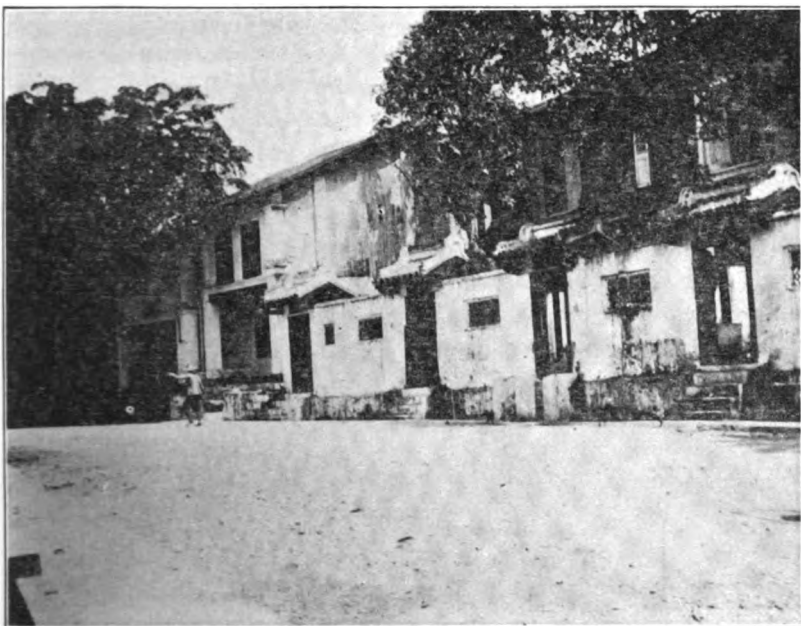
It is said, perhaps without sufficient historical evidence, that the town was first settled by Malays in 1360 A.D.; but as a port



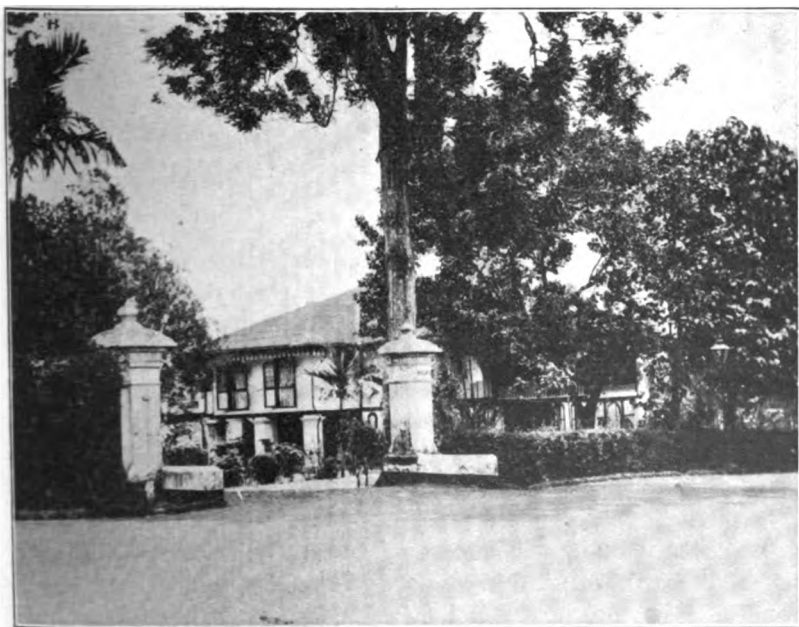
HONGKONG BANK AND PUBLIC SQUARE.

of any importance its history begins in 1819 when it was ceded by Jahore to Great Britain through the instrumentality of Sir Stamford Raffles, whose name is perpetuated in connection with many of the local institutions.

In the early days, in fact until the introduction of steamships, there was much annoyance and danger from pirates at sea and robbers on land, but that of course is now long past and one is as safe here as in any other part of the world.



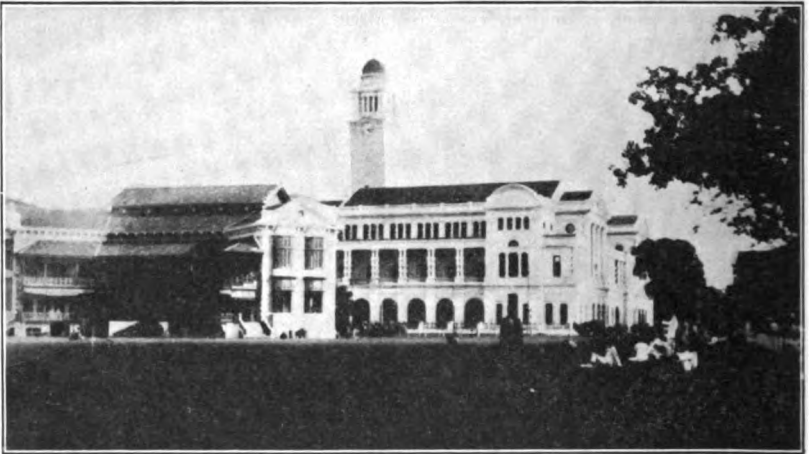
A CHINESE RESIDENCE STREET.



A SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

The present-day Singapore is a thriving town of more than 250,000 inhabitants, and is one of the busiest harbors in the world; more than three dozen sea-going steamships may sometimes be seen in the harbor at the same time, and the number of rowboats and other small craft is legion.

On landing one is fairly overwhelmed by the *rickisha* men, for the *jinrikisha*, the two-wheeled Japanese cart, is the method of travel in Singapore, though one may hire a pony wagon (*ghari*), or even an automobile at very reasonable rates. As to the electric cars, or "trams," the less said the better; they would disgrace a city of one-tenth the size of Singapore.



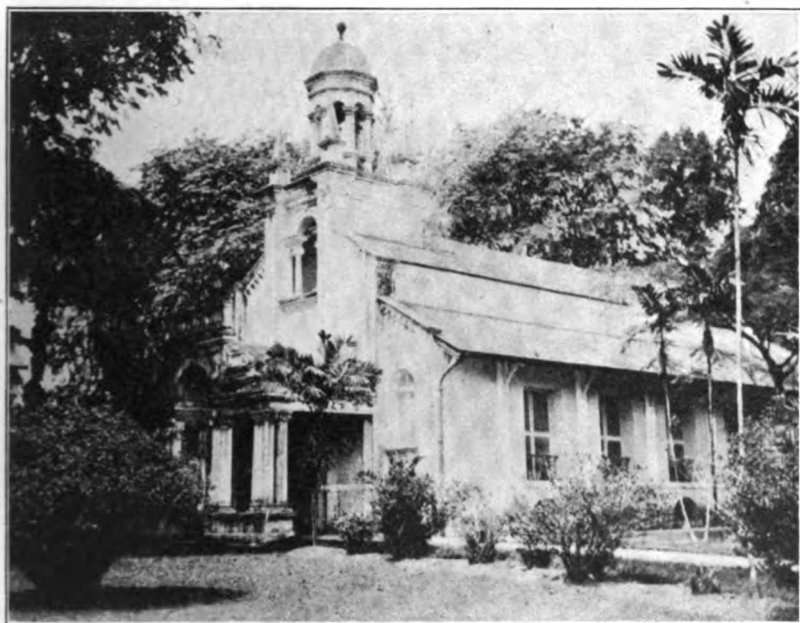
VICTORIA MEMORIAL HALL AND SINGAPORE CRICKET CLUB.

The streets are excellent and are nearly all level, so that the rickishas, usually pulled by Chinese, make good time. Many residents own their own rickisha and hire the man by the month; more well-to-do people, and there are many wealthy people both native and foreign in Singapore, have their own teams and automobiles.

While there are regular rickisha stands in different parts of town, especially near the hotels and other public places, there are few streets so unfrequented that one cannot "pick up" a rickisha at a moment's notice. Umbrellas are scarcely needed, for in case of a shower one may call a rickisha to the curb and be whisked to his destination dryshod. In fact there is very little walking done in Singapore, especially by Europeans; it is so easy to get into the

ever-present and alluring rickisha. Moreover, it is very hot in the sun, for Singapore is only a little more than one degree from the equator. There is a regular scale of prices for public vehicles, but the newcomer is always "spotted" and is charged double or treble the regular fare until he learns better than to heed the pathetic or indignant protests of the rickisha men.

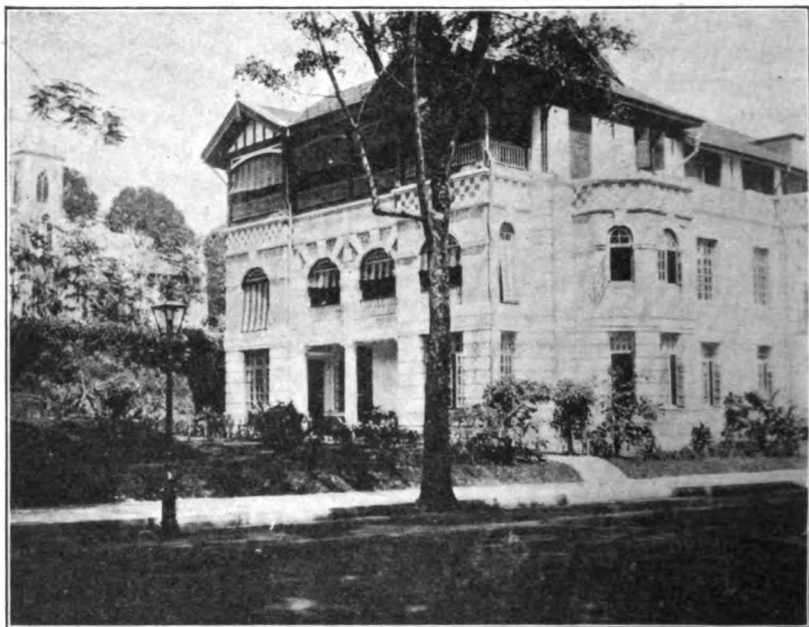
Like other cities in the East Singapore is a mixture of beauty and squalor. In the region of the banks, steamship offices, and wholesale houses there are many handsome buildings; but in the Chinese districts that make up the greater part of the business sec-



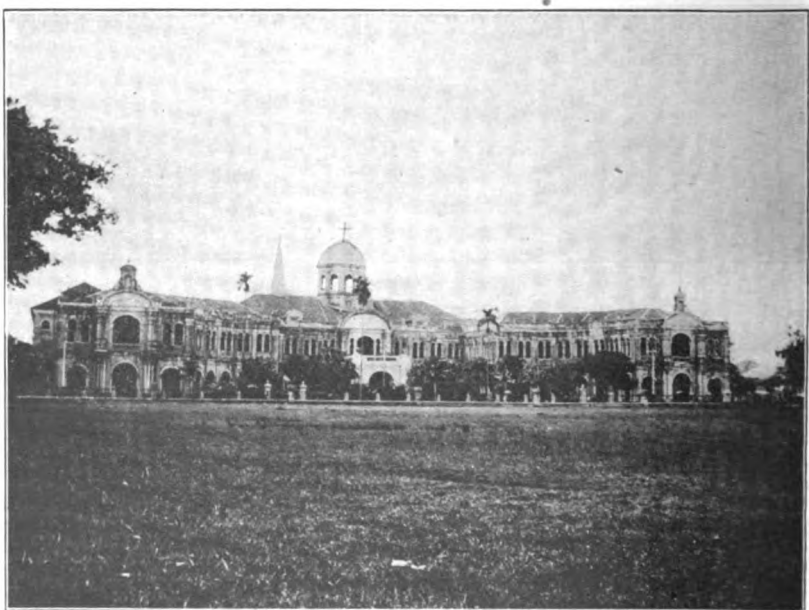
THE SCOTCH KIRK.

tion, for the Chinese merchants far outnumber all others, there are narrow crowded streets, small houses, and large and variagated smells. There is also a notorious and wide-open red-light district that is a disgrace to a modern and supposedly civilized town.

While the saloon is not particularly in evidence the indulgence in *stengahs* (Malay for *half*), or whiskey and sodas, is well-nigh universal among the European population, not always excluding the women and clergy. Since alcohol is said to be particularly dangerous in the tropics it would be interesting to know the total effect of this general indulgence. It is generally conceded that after a



Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.
Methodist Church in left background.



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE.

years of tropical life Europeans must go home to recuperate; it would be interesting to know if the use of strong alcoholics bears relation to the frequency of these necessary trips to temperate lands.

Life certainly seems easy and pleasant in Singapore, especially for government officials. About eight or nine o'clock in the evening a stream of rickshas, carriages and automobiles carries the traffic down town from their pleasant and often very handsome homes in the uptown or in the suburbs. Many of the finest of these vehicles are owned by wealthy Chinese merchants. About five in



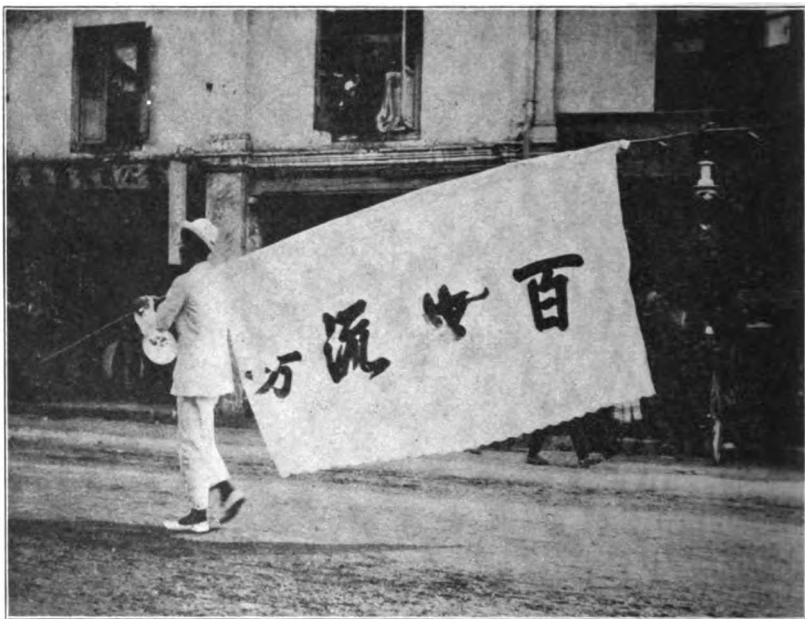
PART OF A CHINESE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

In the afternoon the stream sets in the other direction, carrying those who have finished their day's work back to their cool villas or to some recreation ground where tennis, cricket, golf, or football may be enjoyed for an hour or two before dark. Dinner is usually between seven and eight and is over in time for evening entertainments which are of a high class. Although too far from the beaten tracks frequently to find first-class dramatic talent, there are the ubiquitous "movies," and for the transient visitor the Malay and Chinese theaters are of great interest.

An excellent race course provides entertainment of that sort at frequent intervals. For the more serious-minded the extensive Raffles Museum and Library is centrally and beautifully located.

The beautiful Anglican Cathedral is the largest church in the city, and many other denominations possess smaller but attractive churches.

The central building of all is the beautiful Victoria Memorial Hall with its tall clock tower and chimes. In front of this white building is the black statue of an elephant, presented to the city by the king of Siam to commemorate the first visit ever paid to a



PART OF A CHINESE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

foreign city by a Siamese monarch. In the neighborhood of the Cathedral and Memorial Hall are the hotels, which are good in most respects but whose charges to transient guests are usually exorbitant: here is also the main recreation field where cricket, tennis and football are played every afternoon by both natives and Europeans.

While these churches, residences and parks (including the well-known botanical gardens) are interesting, it is the oriental element that has the greatest charm for those from other lands. A rickisha ride through the teeming streets of the Chinese or Malay quarters, especially at night, is most interesting. If taken

during the day a Chinese funeral procession with its banners, bands and tom-toms may be met ; in fact the death-rate among the squalid

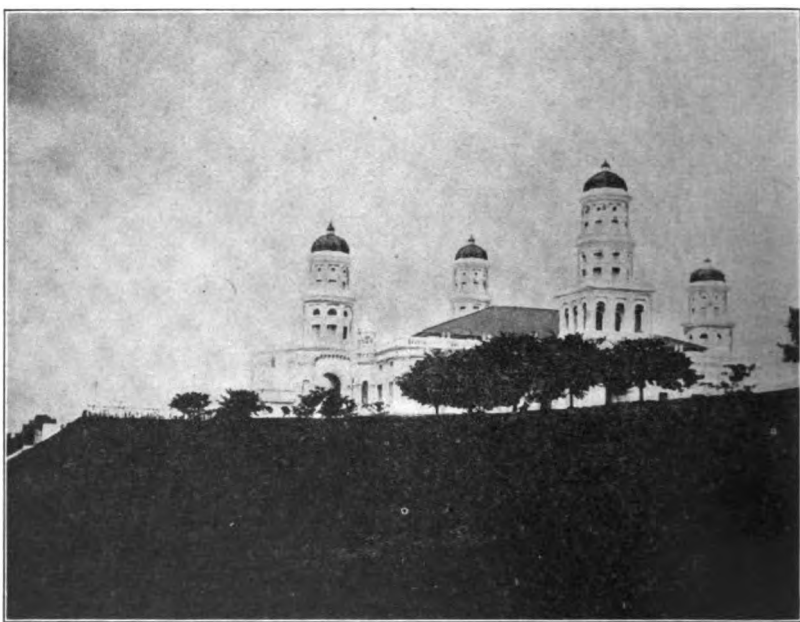


A HINDU TEMPLE.

Rickshas passing.

Chinese residents is so high that funerals are of very frequent occurrence.

At the docks and other gathering places one is fascinated by the constantly shifting sea of strange faces and costumes; sometimes the lack of costume is more noticeable than the costume, as among the coolies or laborers from India or Arabia. Chinese, Japanese, various races of Malays and East Indians, jostle elbows with Englishmen, Americans and every other race under the sun except perhaps, the American Indian. It is surely a motley throng and the tower of Babel was nowhere compared to this conglomeration of tongues.



THE MOSQUE AT JAHORE.

The oriental is a rather mild individual as a rule and wrangling and fighting is probably less common than among occidental communities.

Several interesting temples are to be seen in Singapore; their quaint architecture is always interesting to the occidental tourist, and the hideous images to be seen within will repay the trouble of removing one's shoes, which must be done before admittance is granted.

When the sights of the city have been exhausted a visit to Jahore on the mainland (Singapore is on a small island) of the

Malay Peninsula will be interesting. Here is the summer palace of H. H. the Sultan of Jahore; also a large and handsome mosque. Here is also a wide-open gambling establishment where hundreds of Chinese may be seen playing "fantan."

On the return from Jahore, if interested in such things, a visit to a rubber estate may be made, and the whole process in the manufacture of rubber may be seen in a few hours; it is a strange



CANAL AND MARKET PLACE AT JAHORE.

and fascinating process and is, perhaps, the most important industry of the Federated Malay States.

It is interesting to compare Singapore which has been a British colony for nearly a century with Manila, a city of about the same size, that has been under American rule for less than two decades. The results that have been accomplished in the latter place along the lines of sanitation, education, and other civilizing influences should make an American proud of his native land.

WHY INDIA DID NOT REVOLT.

BY D. E. G.

WHEN the present war broke out speculations were rife as to conditions in India to which it might give rise. If predictions of widespread rebellion, or of serious trouble of any kind, have not "gone up like a rocket and come down like the stick," they have at least missed the mark. The least surprised as to what did not happen were those who are intimately acquainted with India. Though there is in India a general feeling of unrest, partly apparent and partly dormant, which has lately been enhanced by a seditious propaganda of a certain educated class, it has been but of small consequence. India as a whole certainly has failed to convince the world that it could do these things or wanted to do them, even at a time that seemed propitious. It is therefore particularly interesting at the present juncture to reflect upon the situation of India.

In no quarter of the globe have the internal conditions of a country been more favorable to England's colonial policies than in India. To such an extent has this been true that she has been able, with but a handful of English troops comparatively speaking, to rule this densely populated country, which is almost as large as the European continent, excluding Russia. There, if anywhere, England's political skill has availed itself of the impotency of a people, and pursued its own interest with beneficial as well as detrimental consequences to the country. Among the natives of India the principal subjects for complaint against England are: The hindrance of the English party government to the development of their country; the obstructions to certain educational problems and community interests as well as to native commercial enterprise; further, the economic disadvantages caused by the use of a silver instead of a gold standard and by the destruction of certain industries by legislation, which is an actual asset to England but of great detriment to India, since it has thrown her population upon the land, raw production being practically the only means of subsistence; and, last but not least, the policy which keeps the highly educated native out of all government service and subjects him to the arrogance of his rulers,—indeed nothing is more galling to the native than the contemptuousness and air of haughty superiority with which the Englishman looks down upon him. Yet however much the natives' indig-

nation or point of view may be justified, the fact remains that by far the largest majority of educated natives are fully aware that their country is not yet ripe for self-government, that in the event of England losing its hold upon India it would lead to bloody strife among the Indian people and the probability of coming under the influence or even dominion of another, perhaps less desirable, foreign power. It is not very long since there was cause for apprehension of a possible encroachment of Russia (to-day England's ally).

No one is more to blame for conditions in India than its own dominant classes. One need but reflect upon the discord, schism and even disdain that prevails among them. Each of these classes, the warrior caste, the priesthood and the wealthy class, pursues its own interest without any consideration for any other. They are devoid of all feeling of responsibility to the people in general, and have more respect for animal life than for the coolie in the street. The warrior caste is the instrument of its rulers. The priesthood, which is either ignorant or bound up in metaphysical dogmas, has no desire to encourage progress of any kind. The wealthy class hoards its wealth to a large extent in the shape of ornaments and jewelry, mainly owing to a haunting fear of civil discord; or it is invested in land, which is a badge of social rank; or, worse still, it is put out in loans to the poor at forty and even fifty percent. Most of the poor people, who live by cultivating the soil, are in the clutches of some local *zemidar* (big landowner), who sweeps their produce into his garners, doling out inadequate supplies of food and seed grain.

Another incubus to the country as a whole is that it consists of a large number of native states, each ruled by the almost absolute sovereign authority of its native prince, at least so far as is compatible with England's policy. Jealousy and opposing interests among these rulers shut out any general political sentiment and prevent the growth of a wider national spirit, thus constituting England's mainstay in India.

The present time, while the greatest calamity in the world's history is taking place in Europe, is indeed but an inopportune moment to speak in a comparative sense about the East and West; however, while a new spirit unfolded its wings in Europe since the Renaissance, the East remained without inspiration. Only in recent years has the spirit of our age dawned upon a hitherto small class in India, but the masses of the Indian people are still as apathetic to their fate as of yore.

Influenced by the climatic and geographical conditions of their country, ground under the heel of ages, crushed by the severe struggle for existence and the terrible incubus of religious caste and social class system, their outlook on life is but a dismal one.

"Born a sweeper you shall die a sweeper, your children shall be sweepers, and there shall be ever upon your brow a mark as clear as the mark of Cain, but it shall be made in dirt instead of blood."

No little of the gloom which hangs over the people is due to their religion. Ignorant of the sacred text of the Veda or misconstruing the spirit revealed therein, confused by metaphysical dogmas that grew too subtle for the layman's comprehension, and under the influence of a hierocracy that exploited the all-pervading fear of the unknown to serve their lust of luxury and rule, the bright deities of the Veda changed to less kindly objects of worship. They worship the idol that most appeals to them. They are terrified by demons, haunted by the burden of sins which they committed in a previous state of existence; every misfortune is a punishment, and their heaven is hard to reach.

Such is the form of curse under which millions start forth on the journey of the world in the heyday of life. They are some of the great hordes who provide in their lean bodies victims for the yearly sacrifice to cholera, famine and plague. Plague will slay 25,000 in a week, cholera will destroy ten times that number in a year, while the famine of one well-remembered time accounted for five-and-a-quarter millions of dead people. Another impediment is the peculiar position which women are made to hold, as well as the customs and traditions which deprive their lives of opportunities for pleasure and of facilities for advancement. The standard of enjoyment among any people, and indeed the touchstone of a nation's cheerfulness, depends mainly upon the women, and no other nation on earth needs cheer and enjoyment more than the Indian people.

The natives of India are indeed religious people, and their religion finds its expression principally in Hinduism, while Brahmanism still exercises a potent influence over much the largest part of the people; though it has never sought to win proselytes, it competes with rival creeds by offering superior advantages. Deep seated in the heart of the Indian is the craving for the supernatural, and because Hinduism appeases this craving and appeals to the religious instinct which inspires him always to seek in every aspect of nature a symbol of worship and an attribute of the divine, rather

than the means of intellectual interpretation, it has kept its hold upon the people and is indeed the criterion of life in India. By a strange irony, Buddha, the founder of an essentially atheistic creed, has been deified by his followers, and the worship of "Nats," or evil spirits, is widely practiced among them. The same deterioration or inclination to return to the fold of Hinduism is perceptible among the Jains and the Sikhs, which are sects representing early reform movements; even the Mohammedans of the country have to a large extent remained Hindus in many respects. Hinduism is an eminently plastic religion. It remains a unity in spite of its division into mighty sects and constitutes the one common tie of the majority of the people in India. Within it lies dormant a power which, if utilized and properly directed, could be an important factor in bringing about the cooperative spirit so much needed in India.

Without arrogating to oneself Mr. Wells's gift of prophecy, but merely considering India's history, one may venture to say that since India not only has no nationalism but even lacks any sentiment or knowledge of it, she is incapable of forcing her own issue. Those Indians who consider the lack of nationalistic spirit in India as a matter of higher attainment, the ideal of a greater civilization, would do well to apply their minds to a more logical conclusion of the needs of our time.

India needs national solidarity. Nationalism should be the watchword of every Indian who desires better government than that of a British *raj*, and not until they have realized this can they hope to be their own masters.

There is a certain class in India who now hope that on the strength of participation in the war by their fighting classes England may after the conclusion of the war grant them a wider representation in the government than that initiated a few years ago by Lord Minto, a former governor general. Should such expectations be realized, however, it will have little or no effect on the general situation in India.

THE PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

BY CHINMOY.

IF India can be said to be a congeries of nations, it is to-day also the confluence of many faiths. Besides giving to the world some of the greatest religious thinkers, Hinduism was never intolerant of other religious creeds; and when the fire-worshippers of Persia

found their native land too hot for the practice of their own tenets, they found a ready home in western India. With its vast resources in human ore in the shape of an enormous aboriginal population, and an equally submerged people of the backward castes among the Hindus, the great Indian continent has always supplied very good material for Moslem and Christian propaganda work.

With the Moslems, before the advent of the British rule, religious propaganda was part of their program of political administration of Hindustan; and compulsion played a great part in matters of conversion. With the planting of the British flag in India, however, an era of perfect tolerance in matters of faith has been ushered into existence. And now every religious creed is free to propagate its particular ideas among the Indian people, so long as its proselyting fervor does not overstep the limits assigned by law. Only the other day, a Moslem paper in Northern India was bound down under the Press Law on a security of two thousand rupees, for having cast an aspersion on Christianity. And on its showing that the attack was provoked by a vernacular Christian missionary organ, which had cast a slur upon Mohammedanism, this offending journal also was bound down on exactly similar terms. But occurrences like this are very few and far between.

Hinduism proper, with its cast-iron inflexibility, does not allow any expansion of its fold from outside; so that the Hindu is born and cannot be made by conversion. This essential passivity of Hinduism, which is still the faith of more than two-thirds of the entire Indian population, is responsible for the absence of any missionary enterprise among the Hindus. With the spread of education and culture, again, Indian society is reforming itself on modern lines. And the sharp distinctions which the rigidity of the Hindu caste rules instituted, have begun to be felt as most galling and iniquitous at the present day by those who, though born in the despised classes of Hindu society, are now claiming some of the primary rights of humanity which are denied to them by the higher castes. A combination of these and other favorable circumstances has made the way easy for the Christian and the Mohammedan missionary in India.

According to the census of India held in 1911 the total population of India is 315,156,396, of which 217.3 millions or more than two-third are Hindus. This represents an increase of 5 per cent in ten years.

The term Hindu, it is useful to remember, is remarkable in its comprehensiveness: "It shelters within its portals monotheists, poly-

theists and pantheists, worshipers of the great gods Siva and Vishnu or of their female counterparts, as well as worshipers of the divine mothers, of the spirits of trees, rocks and streams and of the tutelary village deities; persons who propitiate their deity by all manner of bloody sacrifices, and persons who will not only kill no living creature but who must not even use the word 'cut'; those whose ritual consists mainly of prayers and hymns, and those who indulge in unspeakable orgies in the name of religion; and a host of more or less unorthodox sectaries many of whom deny the supremacy of the Brahmins, or at least have non-Brahmanical religious leaders."

Buddhism, although it had its rise in India and is still the faith of more than half of Asia, claims in India proper only one-third of a million people; but there are ten millions in Burma and their number is increasing there.

The followers of Mohammed number 66.7 millions, or more than one-fifth of the total population of India, which is an increase of 6.7 per cent in ten years.

Indian Christians number barely $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions, or 12 per thousand of the total population. This figure stands for 100 per cent increase in thirty years.

Having regard to the general percentage of increase of population in the last decade, which is 6.4, the progress made by Christianity is the most remarkable, while Hindus have not been able to keep pace with the general rate of increase of population. This general rate of increase, again, is less than half of that of the Teutonic races of Europe, but exceeds considerably that of the Latin races. In India, the birth-rate is far higher than in any European country; but the heavy mortality, specially among infants, checks the increase in population.

Let us now have a glance at the causes that principally determine the increase or decrease of each particular denomination. We find that in the case of the Hindus the system of early marriage and the infant mortality consequent upon it, enforced and life-long widowhood of women even of child-bearing age, restrictions in marriage owing to hypergamy, are responsible for a certain proportion of the set-off to the general rate of increase. Added to these, the stringent rules of caste and the unfavorable plight of the lower classes are not a little responsible for the defections from the ranks of the Hindus.

In the case of Mohammedans, we find that if their religion is essentially democratic and non-exclusive in character its social system is as much favorable to a growth of population. And al-

though there may be a small but continuous accession of converts, the main reason of the increase of Mohammedans is that they are generally more prolific, their social customs are more favorable to a high birth-rate, they have fewer marriage restrictions, early marriage is uncommon and widows remarry freely among them.

In the case of Christians, the remarkable rise in numbers must be set down mainly to the efforts of those devoted bands of missionaries who have done their best to let in light where there was darkness before, and are always the true help-mates of the down-trodden people of the lower classes in their hour of misery and oppression. There is another very significant circumstance which contributes to the gradual increase of Christians in India. It is the fact that Hindus regard Christianity with no ill-will, indeed instances are not wanting where they have displayed positive sympathy with Christianity. The hatred with which Mohammedanism is regarded by orthodox Hindus is the outcome of the aggressive nature of that religion and centuries of cruel campaigns which were led by Moslem rulers against Hinduism. Christianity, besides being a religion of peace and harmony, is the religion of the sovereign of India—which in itself constitutes a claim for respect. Again the friendliness of attitude which the Christian missionaries have, from the earliest days of British occupation of India, adopted toward Indians—whether in the matter of philanthropy, educational and moral progress, and improvement of the vernaculars, has removed much of the obloquy which might otherwise attach to an exotic faith.

But whatever the attitude of the people toward Christianity, it is very seldom that converts are actuated by a genuine religious prompting to embrace Christianity, conversion being almost exclusively confined among the lower castes without much education. A Catholic missionary, quoted in the census report, states that sometimes "individuals come over from religious motives, but these cases are rare, . . . as a general rule the religious motives are out of the question; they want protection against Zemindari and police extortion, and assistance in the endless litigation forced on them by Zemindars." That the desire for material comforts is the main propelling cause of conversion to Christianity is apparent also from the fact that when famine prevails people become converts in large numbers.

The embracing of Christianity by the lower caste people is not necessarily followed by a complete disruption of all their social ties, or even of their many crude social rites. And the Roman Catholic

missionaries admittedly do not interfere with caste distinctions. They object only to those caste customs which are distinctly idolatrous. Conversion in most cases means an accession of respectability, and is accompanied by facilities for education, assistance in getting employment, and the like.

The increase in the number of converts has been most remarkable in the Panjab and in Madras. In the former province, Hinduism has given 40,000 converts to Mohammedanism during the last decade, and nearly three times that number to Christianity. It is interesting to note that in Upper India the Methodist Mission of America has had by far the largest measure of success, for it has 104,000 converts. The Lord Bishop of Calcutta, who is also the Metropolitan of India, has been amazed at this unexpected movement among the masses in Madras and the Panjab. He is reported to have said that hundreds of thousands could be admitted as converts if the church had the necessary workers.

RABINDRA NATH TAGORE.

THE POET LAUREATE OF INDIA.

BY KSHITISH CHANDRA NEOGY.

THIS is the felicitous appellation which was conferred on Rabindra Nath Tagore by Lord Hardinge two years ago after an appreciative address by the Rev. C. F. Andrews at the Vice-regal lodge. Great as has been the renown of Rabindra Nath as the foremost poet of modern India, it has to be confessed that the rapidity with which the fame of the newest star in the poetic firmament has been traveling over civilized earth, has surpassed the sanguine expectations even of his admiring countrymen. Indeed, the sudden acclamation in the West of Rabindra Nath Tagore as a world-poet of the first magnitude, has made a few critical spirits in India shake their heads in doubt and weigh and scrutinize the meed of praise that has been bestowed on this illustrious son of Ind. Whether the halo that surrounds him to-day will endure is more than one can say. And these Indian critics are inspired with the fear that what appears to be natural splendor radiating from a lustrous gem of the Indian deep, may, after the excitement of the passing hour has spent itself, prove to be but the illusive effect of some handy optical stage device, impressed into service at the impatient call of the

goaded desire of the West for something fresh and quaint in the way of stimulants.

It would appear that the poet himself shares these misgivings. Speaking at a *conversazione* at the Ram Mohan Roy Memorial Library in Calcutta, some time before his recent trip to the Occident, Rabindra Nath Tagore said that it all seemed to him like a dream. And he was not quite sure that the present enthusiasm in Europe about his poetry might not turn out to be merely an ephemeral "cult" that was to be rudely brushed aside in favor of a more engaging one to-morrow. There was however no unreality—not a tinge of insincerity or patronizing condescension—about the attitude of those friends who chaperoned him, as it were, in the intellectual society of the West. The modest bard did not claim any striking merit for the translations which first turned the attention of European literary men on himself: "It was just an essay to taste and enjoy my old drink in a new cup." And the translations were not originally inspired by any desire that they ever should see the light of day on Britain's shores. There were, the poet continued, other poems of an earlier date, more delicately wrought, more tuneful and charming, which he could have given to the English-speaking world, if he had at all set his mind on European fame. It was therefore a wonder to him how brother poets and discerning critics of Europe could extol his translations in the way they have done. It might be possible, added the poet, that they were carried away by undue zeal and were in the wrong. Even the award of the Nobel Prize for literature, which was a great epoch in an Asiatic poet's life, could not be said to truly determine the merits of his writings. Time alone was the true judge, if a bit stern; and the poet was not sure what its verdict would be about his productions.

Overwhelmed as the poet has been by the eulogy and benediction with which he has been greeted from all quarters, he does not seem to be quite happy with his Indian audience. After his first return from Europe, Rabindra Nath was received everywhere in India with affectionate regard. But he seemed to suspect that much of the honor showered on him, particularly in his native province of Bengal, was but the echo of the tributes of praise that were unstintedly rendered to his genius in the West. "The mission of the poet is to touch the heart," observed Tagore, and if he had succeeded in achieving that he would be proud and thankful. But what he prized above all was the sincere appreciation of his work by his own countrymen. And he would consider it a good fortune if he could win the love and esteem of his brethren at home. If he had

done anything for his country he felt that he could claim the love and good-will of his people. But he would certainly not expect from his countrymen a mere echo of the sentiment of the West. If the honor they showed him in India did not carry with it the love and good wishes of the mother he would throw it away, just as a loving child flings away a toy given by its mother when it is discovered to be a mere fake. It might be said that a poet was oftentimes more honored by posterity than by his own generation. But, the poet observed, posthumous fame had no attraction for him. He hungered for the love and affection of his country, and if his fellow countrymen could offer him these he would be quite satisfied. He thoroughly detests the tinsel sheen of honor, for it has nothing of warmth in it.

It may be interesting to note that, although the most popular poet of India, Rabindra Nath Tagore is not altogether a favorite with a certain school of criticism in Bengal. His originality and mysticism seem to have been beyond the depth of these critics, whose standard of measurement of poetic genius was borrowed from a past generation. The number and influence of these detractors however is not such as to justify Dr. Tagore in charging his countrymen in general with slowness of appreciation or want of gratitude. Even before he first sailed for the West the Bangiya Sahitya Parisat (the Academy of Bengali Literature), being the foremost and most representative institution of its kind in India, gave him such a public reception in Calcutta as might turn a viceroy green with envy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OUR INDIA NUMBER.

We take pleasure in presenting in this issue a number of articles relating to India and treating the subject in many different phases. The authors are all prominent men in their various fields, but as all may not be equally known to our readers a few words of introduction will not be out of place.

Mr. William Alanson Borden writes on "The Religions of India" from the point of view of a student who has had opportunity for close observations. He spent the three years from 1910 to 1913 in the native Indian state of Baroda which is about the size of Massachusetts. He was invited there by the wise and public-spirited native ruler of Baroda for the purpose of instituting a system of free public libraries throughout the state. The story of what he was able to accomplish in establishing circulating and traveling libraries and training librarians for their administration was told in the December 1913 issue

of the *Library Journal*. This article also shows the contrast in this respect between the state of Baroda and the rest of India, giving sole credit to the enlightened Maharajah to whom Mr. Roy likewise pays an incidental tribute in his article.

Mr. Ram Chandra is the energetic editor of *The Hindustan Gadar* of San Francisco, an organ of the sympathizers of the Indian nationalist party outside of India. He writes from the fulness of his heart and in the conviction of the truth of his position. The first editor of the *Gadar* was Mr. Har Dayal, at one time professor at Leland Stanford University. But his work was so zealous and effective that the British government made it too uncomfortable for him to continue and he went to Europe in 1914. We make this reference to him because our readers may remember the article he contributed to *The Open Court* in March 1912 on "What the World is Waiting for," a plea for a spirit of renunciation in our nervous occidental life.

Mr. Basanta Koomar Roy is a young Hindu with an American university education. He is most closely associated in the minds of the American public with the name of the poet Rabindranath Tagore, and his article on Tagore which *The Open Court* published in July 1913 was among the first interpretative accounts of the Hindu poet that appeared in the magazines of this country. Since that time Mr. Roy has published many articles on Tagore in other periodicals and finally gathered together much new information on the subject in book form.

Mr. Roy also conducted for a short time a department in *The Open Court* on "Currents of Thought in the Orient." He is deeply interested in the Indian nationalist movement and knows many of its leaders. We also hold another article of Mr. Roy's on "Marriage à la Hindu" which we could not make room for in this number but we hope will appear soon.

Prof. A. M. Reese of the department of zoology at the West Virginia University recently made a collecting tour across the Pacific in the service of the Smithsonian Institution. On this trip he took many photographs, some of which accompanied his description of the route "From Zamboanga to Singapore" in the February *Open Court*, and others illustrate his article on Singapore in the present issue.

The author of "Why India Did not Revolt" is a native German and a traveler of keen observation who has had exceptional opportunities to know conditions in India because he was for many years on the editorial staff of a Madras journal.

The writer who contributes the article on "Christianity in India" is also an editor in India but prefers to write usually under the pen-name "Chinmoy." In consideration of the lives of self-sacrifice which are led by Christian missionaries in Oriental lands and the criticism that is often brought against them for their lack of tact and the meagerness of their results, it is pleasant to read Chinmoy's tribute to their comparative success.

Mr. Kshitish Chandra Neogy is an editorial writer of India, having been associated for some time with *The Indian World* of Calcutta. His article on Tagore gives a glimpse of that philosopher and mystic from his countrymen's point of view after his first visit to the Occident when he was knighted in England and was awarded the Nobel Prize, but before his recent visit. It will be of interest to the many friends he has made through his poems and the charm of his personality.

THE NESTORIAN MONUMENT IN ROME.

Our readers will be interested to learn that the replica of the famous Nestorian monument which Dr. Frits Holm procured in his expedition of 1908 to Sian-fu and brought to this country, has finally found a fitting permanent home in the Vatican museum. It was purchased from Dr. Holm by Mrs. George Leary of New York, in order that she might present it as the earliest Christian monument in China to Pope Benedict XV. Dr. Holm went to Rome to make the presentation in Mrs. Leary's behalf and took occasion, in the audience granted by the Pope on November 26, to acknowledge the honor conferred on him last spring when he was made Knight Commander of the Order of St. Sylvester. The Pope accepted the monument which had already reached Genoa and has probably found its place in the Vatican collections by this time. Dr. Holm gave two illustrated lectures in Rome during December on the monument itself and his Chinese expedition, one at the palace of Cardinal Gasquet and the other under the auspices of the American Academy at Rome.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

DAS WEIB IM ALTINDISCHEN EPOS. Ein Beitrag zur indischen und zur vergleichenden Kulturgeschichte. Von *Johann Jakob Meyer*, Leipsic: Heims, 1915. Pp. 440.

Unknown to the world at large there lives in Chicago a scholar of great learning, the son of a Michigan farmer, modest and without pretensions but filled with knowledge of Indian antiquity, language and literature. He is a Sanskritist by profession, but his name is not so well known, perhaps, as his extraordinary scholarship deserves. It is Johann Jakob Meyer, and the best evidence of his scholarship lies in this, his latest work.

Dr. Meyer's book treats of woman as she is represented in the ancient Indian epics, and the work is a contribution to the comparative history of civilization. For his motto the author writes on the fly leaf preceding the preface a verse which King Nala addresses to Damayanti in the *Mahābhārata*. It reads in a poor English translation thus:

"As long, O woman brightly smiling,
As my breath in my body liveth,
So long will my being center in thee,
To thee I swear it, oh pearl of womankind."

The book makes very entertaining reading, but it is first of all a serious scientific work and will be valuable to Indianists. It is not a collection of glittering generalities, but consists of chapters containing results of our author's study portrayed in many incidents cited from the *Mahābhārata* and the *Rāmāyana*. This method, to be sure, expands the work to great length, but it is the only one that could successfully be employed, for the reader would scarcely be satisfied with general summaries. He naturally prefers to meet the real characters, the Hindu women themselves, and to become acquainted with them in their native surroundings in the warm southern climate of India and amid the strange conditions of Indian culture and Indian religion. In these portrayals we observe side by side the contrasting elements of a sensuous fire

of passion and the calm resignation of a marvelous world-flight. Since the two great epics of India in their present shape represent the work of many hands in many periods of time, it is not strange that the passages here gathered together should represent many conflicting views.

The score of chapters deal with every possible phase of woman in ancient India: as maiden, as bride, as wife, as mother, as courtesan, as consort, as housewife, as widow, as property, as the ideal of womanhood; chapters are also devoted to woman's position in the home and the state, and to her character and influence.

In the first chapter, dealing with girlhood, Mr. Meyer illustrates how unwelcome girl babies were in the families of epic times, and on the other hand how they soon won a welcome for themselves. He gives incidents of good daughters and unruly ones and shows how highly chastity was regarded and how sorry was the lot of the one who violated its law. Incidents are also told from the epics to show in what case it was allowable for girls to make advances in matters of love. The next chapter tells whom the girl may marry and how, citing her father's privileges and obligations with regard to her, and enumerating the four kinds of marriage, by capture, by purchase, the orthodox so-called Gandharva marriage and that in which the girl herself may make her choice. Caste-regulations with regard to marriage, the systems of polyandry and hetaerism are discussed and the rule that younger brothers and sisters must not be married before the older ones. Then we have a brief chapter on marriage ceremonies and customs followed by one devoted to family life in general.

We are also told of the dignity and important position of the mother in the family and the beautiful relation between the mother and her children as well as relative positions of mother and father, when the child's duties to both are conflicting. The next four chapters deal with the laws and customs that controlled all phases of sexual intercourse in the time of the great epics, while one long chapter recounts the tales and lyrics devoted to the noble conception of love and romance, and the following one deals with the dignity and rewards of a faithful wife. Chapter twelve collects the passages referring to the physiological and metaphysical aspects of the origin of man.

Mr. Meyer devotes another chapter to the comparatively few incidents in the great epics in which the mistress of the house appears as a dispenser of hospitality, and in her domestic aspect generally. He mentions here the beautiful relation that obtains between mother-in-law and daughter-in-law. We also see woman as the epics portray her in times of sorrow and suffering and especially in widowhood which with its hard restrictions is the greatest grief the Indian woman is called upon to bear. In the seventeenth chapter Mr. Meyer puts together for us a composite picture of the ideal woman, with respect both to character and physical perfections, as regarded by the poets of ancient India.

In a further chapter dealing with the position of woman and the esteem in which she is held we learn that she often exerted great influence in important matters. Some laws permitted the government of kingdoms to descend to female heirs in default of male, although this is declared to be a misfortune for the state. In many instances wives accompanied their husbands to battle, to the hunt, etc. Polygamy was regarded as perfectly allowable (though no woman could have more than one husband), and Mr. Meyer gives illustrative

incidents of the enmities and heart burnings arising from the custom. Nevertheless there are very specific regulations to the effect that the wife must be affectionately cared for and considerately treated. It is clear from the passages cited in the twentieth chapter that woman in those days was looked upon as the sum and substance of everything evil, full of falsehood and deceit, insatiable in love and always unchaste, fickle, quarrelsome, imprudent and curious,—in short the creation of bad women could be accounted for only by the necessity of preventing heaven from being overpopulated. The Indian poets of old admitted to woman's credit only that she is compassionate, at least sometimes, and she is not regarded as beyond salvation.

In the days of the epics women were treated as chattels. Girls were presented as gifts, and the surrender of daughter or wife to Brahmans was looked upon as a means of acquiring great merit. Women of the household were loaned to guests or friends for their enjoyment—not only slave girls but even the daughter or wife.

But never do the epics of ancient India cast any doubt on the power of woman in war and peace, for weal and woe. This power lay in her beauty, her tears, her smiles, her allurements. She secured the love and devotion of her husband by means of magic charms, pious deeds and her own fidelity.

A translation of this monumental work into English would certainly be very welcome to large circles of people interested in old Indian lore, though the difficulties of the task will prove very great to the average translator, because it presupposes more than common scholarship. K P

THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES. Edited by *Louis H. Gray, A.M., Ph.D.* Vol. I. Greek and Roman. By *William Sherwood Fox, A.M., Ph.D.* Boston: Marshall Jones Co., 1916. Pages, lxii, 354.

As the first of this excellent series this volume contains a comprehensive preface for the whole edition by the editor, Dr. Gray, and an introductory preface by the consulting editor, Dr. George Foot Moore. We are told that much of the material used appears here in the English language for the first time, especially the Slavic and Finno-Ugric, Oceanic, Armenian and African lore. Then too no survey of American mythology as a whole has hitherto been written, and in other familiar fields new points of view have been presented. Dr. Gray takes this occasion to introduce the subject and author of each volume. The second volume is devoted to Teutonic mythology, consisting almost wholly of the old Icelandic sagas; the third is divided between Celtic and Slavic; the fourth discusses Finno-Ugric and Siberian folk-religion; the fifth, Semitic; the sixth again is divided between Indian and Persian; the seventh between Armenian and African; the eighth is shared by Taoism and Shintoism as representing the chief mythologies of China and Japan. The ninth volume contains the mythology of the Malayo-Polynesian and Australian peoples which form a sharp contrast in primitive types. The tenth volume treats the Indians north of Mexico, and the eleventh those of Latin America, both by the same author. The twelfth volume combines a study of Egyptian and Burman mythology.

Having thus outlined the scope of the series but little space remains in which to do justice to Dr. Fox's excellent treatment of classical mythology in the first volume. It presents a number of typical myths in whose selection religion in its most comprehensive form has been the standard. Contrary to

the usual order, the stories of local heroes here precede the delineation of the divinities whose characters are in most cases composites. Besides reproductions of many familiar subjects of Greek art the volume contains many later discoveries. The frontispiece is a photogravure of the beautiful Aphrodite at Toronto which is not yet as generally known as it deserves to be. p

GOETHE'S POEMS. Selected and annotated with a study of the development of Goethe's art and view of life in his lyrical poetry. By *Martin Schütze*, Ph.D. Ginn and Co., 1916.

Dr. Martin Schütze, professor of German at the University of Chicago, has published in this neat little volume a course of studies which he gave last year to his university classes. It is a collection of Goethe's poems in the original with a helpful introduction of seventy pages for students and a number of illuminating notes. The introduction undertakes to relate Goethe's poems to definite periods of his life and characterizes them in their significance. The footnotes will be specially appreciated for their enumeration of the facts which explain the origin of the poems and the occasions which gave rise to them. It seems to us that the individual student of German literature will derive much profit from its use in his personal study of Goethe while it will also be of great assistance to teachers in the class-room. p

THE FOUNDATIONS OF SCIENCE. By *H. Poincaré*. Translated by *George Bruce Halsted*. New York: The Science Press. Pp. 553.

This stately octavo volume contains the English version of three of Poincaré's latest and best known works on subjects of a general scientific character. The books here translated and combined into one are *Science et hypothèse*, *La valeur de la science* and *Science et méthode*, and Dr. Halsted's name has long been associated with Poincaré as his friend and admirer, as well as his faithful interpreter to the English reading world. A number of the chapters of this work have appeared from time to time in *The Monist*, in fact about half of *Science et méthode*: "The Choice of Facts," April, 1909; "The Future of Mathematics," January, 1910; "Mathematical Creation," July, 1910; "Chance," January, 1912; "The Relativity of Space," April, 1913; "The New Logics," April, 1912; "The Latest Efforts of the Logicians," October, 1912. p

THE GERMAN-AMERICAN HANDBOOK. By *Frederick Franklin Schrader*. Published by author, 315 W. 79th Street, New York. Pages 172. Price, 50 cents.

This handbook is intended for the use and information of "German-Americans and all other Americans who have not forgotten the history and traditions of their country and who believe in the principles of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln." In small compass it collects the salient points of all historical and current events that bear at all upon the relation of America to Germany or England, and gives brief biographical summaries of the lives of German-Americans prominent in our history. The items are well arranged alphabetically according to the most prominent catchword, but the book's value for reference could be greatly increased by a thorough index. The "Table of Contents" inserted at the end in the form of an index does little more than enumerate the main headings under the same or different catchwords. p



APHRODITE.

Reproduced from *Mythology of All the Races*, Vol. I, Greek and Roman.

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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ON THE RIGHT OF REBELLION.¹

BY MARTIN LUTHER.

Early in 1525 the peasants of South Germany rose against their rulers appealing to Luther as a defender of their rights, and protesting against being called rebels. They formed leagues and issued a Bill of Rights in Twelve Articles. The first of these demanded the right to choose their own preachers; the second that the preacher should be supported by the tithes of grain, which alone they held to be scriptural; the third to the eleventh inclusive demanded relief from sundry oppressive taxes and from serfdom, and concession of the right to fish, hunt and gather fuel for personal use on public domains; the twelfth offered to submit to correction supported by Gospel, but reserved the right to add further demands on the same ground. On account of the appeal to his authority Luther issued his "Admonition to Peace, in Reply to the 12 Articles of the Peasant League of Suabia." In May of the same year, after much rioting by the peasants, Luther issued a second pamphlet in the case, "Against the Plundering and Murderous Peasants," in which he justified harsh measures against them. We quote chiefly from the first pamphlet.

THE peasants who have formed the league in Suabia have set up twelve articles of their intolerable burdens under the government and published them with an attempt to found them on certain passages of Scripture. Among them all this pleased me best that in the twelfth they offered willingly and gladly to accept better reason if this were lacking and needed, and to be guided if this were done with clear, open and undeniable passages of Scripture, as it is

¹ Translated and edited by W. H. Carruth.

just and proper that no one's conscience should be instructed or directed otherwise and further than according to Holy Scripture.

Now because this affair is great and perilous, involving both the kingdom of God and the kingdom of this world,—for if this insurrection should spread and prevail both kingdoms would perish, so that neither civil government nor the word of God would remain but an eternal distraction of the entire German land,—therefore it is necessary to speak freely about it and to advise without respect of persons; and on the other hand that we listen fairly and hear both sides, lest, our hearts being hardened and our ears stopped, God's wrath should have full sweep and swing.

TO THE PRINCES AND LORDS.

In the first place, we have no one to thank for such disorder and rebellion but you princes and lords, and especially you blind bishops, and crazy monks and priests, who, stubborn unto this day, have not ceased to rave and rage against the blessed Gospel, even though you know that it is right and that you cannot refute it. Moreover in your worldly offices you do nothing but skin and tax in order to keep up your pride and splendor, till the common man neither can nor will endure it longer. The sword is at your throats, yet you think you are so firm in the saddle that you cannot be unhorsed....

This you should know, my dear masters, that God is so guiding things that people cannot, will not, should not bear your tyranny longer. You must reform and give way to God's word. If you will not do it in friendly wise, you will have to do it in violent and destructive unwise. If the peasants do not accomplish it, others will have to. And even if you beat them all, they would not be beaten, but God would raise up others. It is not peasants, dear masters, who are opposing you; it is God himself who is against you to punish your tyranny. There are those among you who have said they would stake land and people to root out the Lutheran teaching. How would it seem if you should prove your own prophets and land and people were already lost? Jest not with God, my masters....

Therefore, my dear lords, despise not my faithful warning, although I am a poor man. And do not despise this uprising, I pray you. Not that I think or fear that they prove too much for you, nor do I wish that you should be afraid of them. But fear God and consider his wrath; if he wishes to punish you, as you deserve, I fear, he will do so, even if the peasants were a hundred-fold fewer. For he can make peasants of stones and vice versa.

and by the hands of one peasant he can slay a hundred of your retainers, so that all your armor and strength would be naught.

If you will still take counsel, my dear masters, for God's sake give way a little to wrath. A load of hay should make way for a drunken man; how much more should you cease your rage and your stubborn tyranny, and deal with the peasants in reason, than with drunken men or madmen! Do not begin quarrels with them; for you do not know what the end will be. Try first to settle it in kindness, for you do not know what God may intend, lest a spark may be kindled that shall set all Germany on fire so that no one can put it out. . . . You can lose nothing by kindness, and even if you lost something, you can receive it tenfold hereafter in peace, whereas with war you may lose life and goods. Why will you take a risk when in good fashion you can do more good?

They have set up twelve articles, some of which are so right and fair that they take away your good name before God and the world and make true the 107th Psalm, bringing contempt upon princes. Yet they are nearly all aimed at their own profit and use and given the best color for themselves. I could set up very different articles against you, involving all Germany and its government, as I have done in the book to the Christian Nobility, matters of much more concern. But since you threw those to the wind, you must now hear and tolerate such selfish articles; and it serves you right, that you can take no advice.

The first article, demanding the right to hear the Gospel and to choose their preachers, you cannot refuse with any face, although there is a selfish element connected with it, in their claim that the preacher is maintained by the tithe, which is not theirs. But this is the sum of it, that the Gospel be preached to them. Against this no government can or should object. Indeed government should not interfere with what any one will teach or believe, be it Gospel or lies. It is enough that it forbid the teaching of discord and rebellion.

The other articles touching physical complaints, such as matters of serfdom, levies and the like, are also just and right. For government is not established to seek its profit and pleasure from its subjects, but to give them profit and whatever is best for them. Now it is not to be borne forever to skin and extort thus. What good does it do him if a peasant's field bear as many florins as blades and kernels, if the government takes only that much more, increasing its own splendor therewith, lavishing the income on clothes, food and drink, buildings and the like, as if it were chaff? You

ought to limit your extravagance and stop the expenditures, so that a poor man might save something. You have gathered further information from their pamphlets in which they support their demands adequately.

TO THE PEASANTS.

Up to this point, dear friends, you have heard only that I admit it is all too true and certain that the princes and lords who forbid the preaching of the Gospel and oppress the people so unbearably well deserve that God cast them down from their seats, as having sinned heavily against God and men. They have no excuse. Nevertheless you should be cautious that you undertake your affair aright and with good conscience. For if you have a good conscience you have the comforting advantage that God will support you and help you through. And even if you should for a time be beaten or even suffer death in the cause, yet you would win in the end and your soul be saved with all the saints. But if you are not right and have no good conscience, you must succumb, and, even if you should win temporarily and slay all the princes, you must in the end be lost body and soul.

In the first place, dear brethren, you cite the name of God and call yourselves a Christian band or league, and allege that you propose to act and proceed according to divine law. Well now, you know that God's name, word and title are not to be cited to no purpose and in vain, as he says in the second commandment. Here stands the text simple and clear, which applies to you as well as all men, regardless of your great numbers, your right, or your frightfulness, threatening you with his wrath as much as us others....

Secondly, that you are taking God's name in vain and violating it is easily proven, and that finally on this account all misfortune will come upon you is beyond doubt, unless God's word is not true. For here stands his word, saying through the mouth of Christ, "Whosoever taketh the sword shall perish by the sword." This means nothing else than that no one on his own presumption is to assume authority, but, as Paul says, every soul should be in subjection to the higher powers.

Thirdly, Yea, say ye, our government is too wicked and intolerable; for they will not leave us the Gospel, and oppress us all too harshly in the matter of temporal goods, destroying us body and soul: Yet I reply, That the government is bad and unjust does not justify mobs and insurrections. For it does not belong to every

individual to punish wickedness, but only to the civil authority which wields the sword. . . . So natural law and the laws of all the world agree that no one shall or may be his own judge or avenge himself. . . . Now you cannot deny that your uprising is of such a nature that you are making yourselves your own judges and avenging yourselves and not suffering wrong. This is not only contrary to Christian law and the Gospel, but also contrary to natural law and all justice.

Now if you are to justify yourselves in your undertaking, when both divine and Christian laws in the Old and the New Testaments as well as natural law, are against you, you must be able to cite a new and especial command of God, confirmed by signs and wonders, which is giving you the right to do this and commanding you to do so; otherwise God will not allow his word and order to be broken by you on your own license, but, because you appeal to divine law and yet are violating it, he will give you a terrible fall and punishment for taking his name in vain, and will damn you eternally besides, as above said. . . .

I ask you in this to judge for yourselves, and appeal to your decision, which is the worse robber, the one who takes from another a large piece of property but yet leaves him something, or the one who takes from him all that he has and his life beside? The government is taking your property from you unjustly; that is one thing. In return you are taking from it its authority, in which is involved all its property, and life as well. Therefore, you are much worse robbers than they and plan worse things than they have done. Yea, say you, we will leave them life and property enough. Believe this who will; I will not. He who ventures such a wrong as to take his authority from any one by force, which is the chief and essential matter, will not stop there: he will also take from him the rest and least, which depends upon it. If the wolf eats a whole sheep, he will surely eat an ear. And even though you were so well disposed that you would leave them life and property enough, yet there is still too much robbery and wrong in taking from them the best, namely authority, and setting yourselves up as lords over them. God will surely judge you to be the greatest robbers.

Can you not think and reckon out, dear friends, if your purpose were right, that every one would be the other's judge and no authority nor government, order or law be left in the world, but only murder and bloodshed.

For as soon as he saw that any one was wronging him he would proceed to judge him and punish him himself. Now if this is im-

proper and intolerable from a single person, it is not to be tolerated from a band or mob. But if it is to be tolerated from a band or mob, then we cannot properly forbid it to an individual. For in both cases there is the same cause, to wit, the wrong done.

And how do you propose to act? If in your league such anarchy were begun that each individual set himself against the other to avenge himself upon him, would you tolerate it? Would you not say that he should let others, who were appointed by you, judge and avenge? How then do you expect to stand before God and the world if you judge and avenge yourselves in opposition to the government instituted by God?

But all this is based on universal divine and natural law, which heathen, Turks and Jews must observe if peace and order are to be maintained in the world. And even if you observed such laws strictly you would be doing no better than heathen and Turks do. For not judging and avenging oneself and leaving this to the government does not constitute a Christian. We have to do it in the end, willy nilly. But since you are acting contrary to such laws, you see clearly that you are worse than heathen and Turks, not to speak of any claim to be called Christians....

Therefore I say again, let your cause be as good and right as it may, yet, because you propose to defend it yourselves and not to endure violence and wrong, you may do or not do whatever God does not forbid. But I say, let alone the Christian name, and do not make it a shield for your impatient unpeaceful, un-Christian purpose; This I will neither concede to you nor allow you to use it, but snatch it from you to the best of my ability both by writing and by speech, so long as a vein is running in my body. For you will not succeed, or will succeed to the ruin of your body and your soul.

Not that I would justify or defend the government in its unbearable wrong, which you are suffering, (I confess that they are shockingly wrong and are doing shocking wrong), but this will I: If on both sides alike you refuse to be guided and (which God forbid!) you challenge and fight each other, that neither side shall speak of being Christians, but admit that, as when otherwise in the way of the world one people is fighting with another, as the saying is, God is chastising one knave by the means of the other. I wish you to be named of such sort and style in case it come to combat (which God graciously forbid!), so that the government may know that it is not fighting against Christians but heathen, and that you may know that you are fighting against the government not as

Christians but as heathen. For those are Christians who fight not for themselves with swords and guns, but with the cross and the passion, just as their duke Christ wields not the sword but hangs on the cross. Therefore their victory lies not in conquering and ruling and in power, but in yielding and in weakness, as St. Paul says, 2 Cor. x, "The weapons of our warfare are not of the flesh, but mighty before God"; and again, "Strength is perfected in weakness."

Thus all your articles are answered. For although they are right and just by the law of nature, yet you have forgotten the law of Christ in not achieving and carrying them out in patience and prayer to God, as becomes Christians, but instead you have determined in your own impatience and lawlessness to force them from the government and compel them by violence, which is contrary to local law and natural justice....

It is true that you are right in demanding the Gospel, if indeed you are in earnest. Indeed, I will make this article keener than you yourselves do and say: It is intolerable that men should shut the doors of Heaven against any one and force him into hell. This no one should endure and rather lose a thousand lives for it. But he who withholds from me the Gospel is shutting Heaven against me and driving me by force into hell; since there is no other means nor way to salvation but the Gospel, I may not permit this deprivation on peril of my soul.

Lo, is not your right here strongly enough proven? Yet it does not follow that I may set my fist against the government that does me this wrong. And sayest thou, Yea, how then am I to endure it and at the same time not endure it? And the answer is easy: It is impossible to keep the Gospel from any one. There is no power in Heaven or on earth that can do this. For it is an open teaching which goes freely under the open sky and is bound to no place, like the star which passing through the air announced the birth of Christ to the wise men from the East.

This, indeed, is true, that the lords can control the place and space where the Gospel or the preacher are. But thou canst leave that city or village and follow the Gospel to some other place, and it is not necessary to capture or keep that city or village on account of the Gospel; but leave the ruler with his city, and follow thou the Gospel. Thus thou wilt suffer that they wrong thee and drive thee away, yet sufferest not that they deprive thee of the Gospel. See, thus do the two agree,—suffering and not suffering. Otherwise, if thou propose to retain the city along with the Gospel, thou robbest

the lord of the city of what is his, and pretendest that thou doest it for the sake of the Gospel. My dear man, the Gospel teaches thee not to rob nor take, even though the owner of the property misuses it wrongfully, to thy harm, and against the law of God. The Gospel needs no physical space nor place where it may abide; it will and must dwell in thy heart.

In specific treatment of the Twelve Articles Luther says: Number one is right; you have the right to choose your own preacher; choose him and ask the authorities to confirm him: if they will not, let him flee and follow him. Number Two, claiming the tithes for the poor and other public needs, means mere highway robbery, for the tithes are not yours, but the government's. To Number Three, demanding the abolition of serfdom, this is all from the wrong standpoint, making Christian freedom a fleshly matter; a serf can be a Christian; Christ has nothing to do with physical freedom. As to the other articles, demanding more share in the public goods, these are matters belonging to lawyers; they too are physical interests and do not concern Christians as such.

Luther closes in an appeal to both sides:

Now, my dear sirs, since there is nothing Christian on either side, and no Christian issue between you, but both lords and peasants are concerned with heathen or worldly rights and wrongs and temporal goods, and moreover, since both sides are acting contrary to the will of God and are under his wrath, for God's sake let me tell and advise you,—Go at the matter as such matters are customarily dealt with, that is, under law and not by force and with strife, that you may not cause endless loss of blood in German lands. For since you are wrong on both sides and propose to avenge and protect yourselves, you will destroy one another and God will chastise one knave by means of the other.

You, my lords, have against you the Holy Scripture and history, showing how tyrants are punished, so that even heathen poets write of how seldom tyrants die a dry death, but are commonly assassinated and perish in their blood. Now it is certain that you are ruling outrageously and tyrannically, forbidding the Gospel and so flaying and oppressing the poor man that you have no assurance nor hope but to perish as your like have perished in the past. . . .

You peasants have also the Gospel and all experience against you showing that no insurrection ever ended well; and God has everywhere strictly upheld this saying, He who taketh the sword

shall perish by the sword. Now because you are doing wrong in judging and deciding your own case and besides abusing the Christian name, you are certainly under the wrath of God. And even if you win and destroy the government, you could but tear one another to pieces in the end, like frenzied beasts. For since not the spirit, but flesh and blood are ruling you, God will soon send an evil spirit among you, as he did among the men of Shechem and Abimelech.

But to me the most pitiable and lamentable thing of all, one that I would gladly avert by my life and death, is that on both sides two inevitable evils will follow. Since both parties are fighting without a good conscience and to maintain the wrong, it must follow that those who are slain will perish body and soul, as dying in their sins, without repentance and grace, in the wrath of God; and this cannot be helped or avoided. For the lords would be fighting to confirm and maintain their tyranny and persecution of the Gospel and their unrighteous oppression of the poor, or at least help uphold those who are doing thus; this is a shocking wrong and contrary to the will of God, and whoever is found in this course will be eternally lost. On the other hand the peasants would be fighting to defend their leagues and their misuse of the Christian name, both of which are supremely against the will of God; and whoever is found in this course and dies in it will also be lost eternally, beyond all recourse.

The other evil result is, that Germany will be desolated, and if such bloodshed once begins it will scarcely cease until everything is destroyed. For strife is soon begun, but it is not in our power to stop when we want to. What harm have you received from so many innocent children, women and old people, whom you like madmen will draw into danger of filling the land with blood and robbery and making widows and orphans?

Therefore my faithful counsel is to choose a number of counts and barons from the nobility and a number of councilors from the cities and deal with the matter and settle it in a friendly manner; that you lords bend your stiff necks, as at last you must, willingly or not, and cease somewhat from your tyranny and oppression, so that the poor man might have room and air to breathe; and on the other side, that the peasants listen to advice and give up certain articles which demand too much and aim too high, so that the matter, even if it cannot be dealt with Christian wise, may be settled in accordance with human laws and compromises.

Luther's position is clear: Christian conduct is not conditioned on outward circumstances; rebellion against constituted authorities can not be justified on grounds of Christian teaching. As a Christian teacher he refuses to be drawn into the controversy so long as it is concerned alone with physical well-being or physical wrongs. He is not blind as a man to the wrongs done the peasants and admonishes the rulers to mitigate these.

But when the peasants resorted to actual violence, Luther issued a proclamation "Against the Plundering and Murderous Peasants," in which he justifies the authorities in the harshest measures of suppression. If they are Christians, he says, they should first offer to treat with the peasants, but if they still persist in their demands and in the resort to force in attaining them, then the authorities are performing a true Christian service in slaughtering them, while those who may fall on the side of the government are sure of eternal salvation. "Rebellion brings in its train a land full of murder and bloodshed, makes widows and orphans, and ruins everything like the greatest calamity. Therefore whoever may should strike in the case, slay and stab as he can and remember that there can be nothing more noxious, harmful and infernal than a rebellious man, just as one must kill a mad dog; if thou strike not, he will slay thee, and a whole land with thee."

Luther's intensity and bitterness in the matter is explained in part by the fact that the peasants were appealing to him and the evangelical teaching in support of their uprising, thus involving the cause of the Reformation with mob rule. He felt that his cause had enough to do in making its own way, and was wise enough to avoid entangling it with other causes however just.

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES IN ANCIENT INDIA.¹

AS PORTRAYED IN HER EPIC LITERATURE.

BY JOHANN JAKOB MEYER.

MANY passages in the ancient Indian marriage rituals reveal a sublime view of marriage in connection with the wedding ceremony. In instructions for the religious side of domestic life we find, besides many a superstition handed down through endless generations, that marriage was contracted with two distinct ends in view: first, the blessing of children, especially a large number of brave sons; and second, a relation of devotion between husband and wife implanted in mutual love. In choosing a bride, according to a stanza frequently quoted though not often observed, all other considerations ought to be subordinate to the idealistic one of the man's personal inclination. A large number of the rites and maxims included in the consummation of the marriage are intended to produce an actual bond between the hearts of the betrothed, and Kama, the god of love, is invoked in the wedding ritual. Surrounded by children and grandchildren, and rejoicing in them and their play the happy pair desires to live a hundred autumns in true harmony of soul. Such is the ideal handed down from Vedic times but often obscured in actual life and in later development.² Here we will only recall the peculiar verse in the Rig Veda (X, 85, 24) in which the bride is thus addressed: "I set thee free from the fetters of Varuna (the guardian of the moral world-order) by which the gentle Savitar has bound thee (hitherto to thy father's family). In the lap of Rita (natural and moral law), in the world of good deeds I place thee with thy husband." In several portions of epic court poetry the wedding is beautifully described as an experience of great importance in the life of the heroic couple.

We learn from the song of Nala and the episode of Savi-

¹ Chapter III of the author's *Das Weib im altindischen Epos* (Leipsic, 1915). Freely translated from the German by Lydia G. Robinson. A review of the book will be found in the March issue.

² "The keen observer of the inner life of Hindu society will have no difficulty in discerning... that the poorest Indian villager loves his wife as tenderly and affectionately as the most refined mortal on earth." Ramakrishna, *Life in an Indian Village*, p. 100. This is the testimony also of many other Indians. A different view is given by S. C. Bose in *The Hindoos as They Are*.

tri that care was taken in selecting a fortunate day and an hour of good augury for the wedding, as was the universal custom in India for every important step. After Rama had won Sita and had sent messengers to summon his father, and after the family records on both sides had been examined, Janaka, the father of the bride, said to Rama's father, Dasaratha, that he would like to give another daughter Urmila in marriage to Lakshmana, Rama's younger brother, and continued: "Now the moon stands in Magha (the tenth lunar mansion). In three days, when the moon passes through Uttaraphalguni, the marriage ceremony will take place. Let sacrifices be offered to the shades, let the *godana* ceremony³ be performed upon Rama and Lakshmana and make them auspicious donations."

Visvamitra, Rama's ancient councilor, then sued for the hands of the two nieces of Janaka for Bharata and Satrughna, Rama's younger brothers, and it was agreed that the four couples should be married on the same day. Dasaratha went home with Rama, saw to it that the rituals for the dead and the *godana* rites were performed, and gave the Brahmans for each son one hundred thousand fine golden-horned cows with calves, each filling a brazen pail full of milk; four hundred thousand cows and many other treasures he gave to the Brahmans at the time of the *godana*. On the same day came Bharata's uncle on his mother's side who had been looking in vain for his nephew in Ayodhya, and he took part in the celebration.

The next morning, adorned for the wedding and with the red marriage cord of wool on their wrists, the princes went with the rishis to the place of sacrifice. Janaka announced that his daughter was standing at the foot of the altar in entire readiness for her wedding and so the ceremony might be performed without delay.

"The priestly sage Vasishtha prepared the altar in a pavilion,⁴ took fragrant flowers, golden vessels, gay pitchers entwined with branches of trees and earthen plates adorned with sprigs, incense young shoots of trees and earthen plates adorned with sprigs, incense burners with frankincense, shell-shaped dishes, large and small sacrificial spoons and dishes containing water for the guests, also dishes filled with roasted corn, and unhulled corn, and with all these things he decorated the altar.

"After Vasishtha had complied with the custom of strewing

³ *Godana* is a sacramental act performed on the hair of a youth when he was sixteen or eighteen years old—as Hopkins calls it, "giving the family cut to the hair."

⁴ The Sanskrit word is *prapā*, which really means simply shed.

darbha grass around the altar during the recitation of certain sacred lines, he kindled the flame on the altar and offered burnt sacrifice. Then Janaka led forth Sita in all her wedding array and placed her before the fire facing Rama, speaking as follows to Rama, the son of Kausalya: 'This is Sita my daughter, thy wife. Accept her, I pray thee; take her hand in thine. This bride whom fortune has favored will be a faithful wife, following thee always like thy shadow.' After saying these words the king poured upon Rama's hand water consecrated by sacred words."

The same sacred ceremonies were then repeated with each of the other couples. All walked three times to the right around the fire, the king, and the rishis.

The next day Janaka gave his daughters their dowries, consisting of many hundreds of thousands of cows, draperies of great value, linen robes, and ten million garments, elephants, horses, chariots, and foot-soldiers, all of heroic stature and well equipped; likewise a hundred girls, men servants and maid servants of the highest excellence, wrought and unwrought gold, pearls and corals. Then all departed for their homes.

The Mahabharata (IV, 72) relates how the marriage of Arjuna's son Abhimanyu with Uttara, the daughter of King Virata, was solmenized with great splendor. Conches were blown, drums were beaten and trumpets sounded. All sorts of animals were slaughtered by the hundreds, and many kinds of liquor were drunk in great quantities. Minstrels and story tellers, dancers and eulogizers, contributed to the splendor of the feast, while crowds of beautiful and glittering women joined in the festivities and gathered around the lustrous bride. Her father presented Arjuna—probably for his son—seven thousand chargers as fleet as the wind, two hundred thoroughbred elephants and much wealth beside, and Arjuna's friend Krishna also made a number of costly presents, of women, jewels and garments. On this occasion the exiled brother of Arjuna, Yudhishtira, manifested himself as a very god of plenty for the Brahmans.

Still more significant is the passage (I, 198f) in which Vyasa urges his son Yudhishtira: "To-day the moon enters the mansion Pushya, therefore be to-day the first to take the hand of Draupadi." The bride's father brought in the maid bathed and adorned with many jewels. Joyfully came the friends of the prince, the counsellors of state, the Brahmans and all the eminent citizens to be present at the wedding. The palace shone with men and precious stones. The court was decorated with lotus flowers strewn round about.

The five youths entered in festive array, with rings in their ears and clad in costly raiment, sprinkled with sandal-wood water, bathed and consecrated with ceremonies of good omen. They were accompanied by their officiating priests.

The priest kindled the fire, offered sacrifices while uttering sacred verses, and united Yudhishtira and Draupadi in matrimony. He bade the pair take each other by the hand and be led around to the right. In like fashion then the four other brothers were wedded to Draupadi. After the wedding the bride's father bestowed elaborate gifts, and Draupadi herself, clad in linen and adorned with a marriage cord, was greeted by her mother-in-law where she stood with body bent forward and hands folded across her brow. To her daughter-in-law, Draupadi, graced with virtuous behavior, and endowed with loveliness and many lucky beauty marks, Pritha spoke thus with tender affection: "As Indrani to the god with the yellow chargers (Indra), as Svaha to the brightly beaming one (Agni), as Rohini to the god of the moon, as Damayanti to Nala, as Bhadra to Kubera, as Arundhati to Vasishta, as Lakshmi to Vishnu, so mayest thou bear thy husband strong and long-lived children—so mayest thou be the mother of heroes, favored with much happiness, beloved by thy husband, gifted with perfect enjoyment, a mistress of sacrifice and a faithful wife. As the years pass mayest thou pay fitting honor to guests and strangers, to all good people and to those for whom it behooveth thee to have regard, both old and young. Among the kingdoms (of which Kurujangala is the chief) and in the cities mayest thou be honored as only second in virtue to the king himself. All the regions of the earth which thy husband has conquered with heroic prowess, do thou deliver to the Brahmans when the horse-sacrifice, the great offering, is celebrated. Mayest thou, most favored one, obtain whatever exquisite gems the earth affords, and mayest thou be happy for a hundred harvests. As I greet thee in thy bridal garments to-day, oh daughter-in-law, I shall greet thee much more joyously when thou hast given birth to a son."

When Arjuna married Krishna's sister, Krishna likewise made lavish presents of great magnificence. On them [the Pandu princes] Krishna, of great renown, bestowed great riches because of the new relationship,—the dowry of Subhadra, the gift of her family. The glorious Krishna gave a thousand golden chariots festooned with rows of tiny bells, drawn by four horses and provided with skilled and experienced charioteers; also a myriad of cows from the neighborhood of Madhura, glossy-coated and giving an abun-

dance of milk. And also because of his love Krishna gave a thousand thorough-bred mares that shone like the bright moonbeam and were caparisoned with gold; and also for each of the five brothers five hundred well-broken black-maned white she-mules as fleet as the wind. The Lotus-Eyed One also gave them a thousand women young and charming, beautifully clad and radiant, with hundreds of golden ornaments hung around their necks, finely arrayed and skilled in service. He also gave to Subhadra a hundred thousand saddle horses from Bahli as a matchless wedding gift and ten men's burdens of the best wrought and unwrought gold gleaming like fire. Krishna's elder brother Baladeva, the doer of bold deeds, sent to Arjuna for a wedding gift to honor the union a thousand fiery elephants that towered aloft like mountain peaks, that never fled in battle, well accoutered were they and hung with loudly ringing bells, magnificent, adorned with gold, and each one furnished with a driver.

According to the commentary, two passages in the Ramayana allude to a custom that is not without charm. At the wedding of Sita and Rama, Sita's father took from her mother's hand a gem which he handed to the groom's father for Rama to put on his bride's head.

It is clear from these citations that when a maiden flies away from the paternal nest flocks of gold birds fly from her father's money bags. It is a familiar fact that the marriage of a daughter in India often means the ruination of the family, even extending to children and children's children.

MARRIAGE A LA HINDU.

BY BASANTA KOOMAR ROY.

LADIES who enjoy or endure single blessedness are as scarce among the Hindus as tigers are in America, because Manu, the Moses of the Hindus, unequivocally enjoins the marriage of every Hindu girl as soon as she attains maturity. If, perchance, a girl gets to be sixteen years of age, her parents feel humiliated for having such an "old maid" in the family. The neighbors, friends, and relatives begin to talk about it. The ladies in their after-dinner gossips condemn the negligence of the family as regards the marriage of the girl of sixteen. A meddlesome woman may

even take upon herself the onerous task of calling upon the mother of say, Satyabala, the girl.

The visitor says to Satyabala's mother: "We all are very much interested in you and your family, so I have come to ask you what you are going to do with Satyabala. She is of more than marriageable age now. Everybody is talking about her. They all wonder how you, her own mother, can sleep at night or eat rice when you have a daughter sixteen years old on hand."

The mother's eyes fill with tears of sorrow and humiliation as she replies mournfully: "Yes, I realize it all. But what can I do? I am a woman. It is not my province to go a-hunting for bridegrooms. Satyabala's father [a Hindu wife never utters the first name of her husband, for it is improper, but she talks of him as baby's father, the master of the home or just "he"] is so indifferent. He does not, like all other men, realize the gravity of the situation. I am about crazy thinking of my daughter. I can't rest well! I don't feel like eating; my head begins to thump the moment I look at Satyabala. To-day, when he comes home I am going to make him move in the matter without delay. There is no time to lose. The case is serious—serious indeed. I thank you for speaking to me the way you have done. That's how friends should be."

The mother hangs her head and instantly raises it again, and this time bursts forth with indignation: "We may even lose our caste by not giving our daughter in marriage when we should."

Lose caste? Yes, lose caste; for parents lose their caste if they do not give their daughter in marriage in time, and losing caste is a thing which every Hindu dreads above all others. In the United States, if by an unexpected fluctuation of the money market a man would lose his place in society, he may regain his former place by another prank of the money market. An instant can make or unmake the dollar caste. But in India there is no getting up from a caste. There is only going down if you once lose it. The caste rules and other social rules bind the Hindus stronger than the laws of kings. A Hindu would rather commit a crime and be an unpaid guest in a penitentiary than violate social etiquette and lose his caste. For losing one's caste means a good deal more than can be imagined here. It is social ostracism, and in a communistic society it is worse than death; it is life-long misery and humiliation. It is felt at every turn, it hangs like the sword of Damocles over the ostracized, and takes away his mental and moral stamina.

What does social ostracism mean? It means that the ostra-

cized man is not invited in the feasts or festivals at the homes of his friends or relations. It means that friends will not consent to accept his hospitality. It means that he cannot get brides for his sons, and husbands for his daughters from his own caste. It means that even his married daughter cannot visit him without losing her caste. It means that priests, barbers, and washermen refuse to serve him. It means that his fellow caste people refuse to serve him. It means that his fellow caste people refuse to attend the funerals in his family. It means that he cannot enter the public temples as before. Above all, it means sneers and jeers, taunts and looks of contempt on all sides. And it needs a strong man to bear up gracefully under all these afflictions.

That is why Satyabala's mother assumed an indignant air when she spoke of losing caste. So if they are inclined to be indifferent, they are not allowed to be so.

One fine morning you will find a man coming with a bundle of old papers wrapped up in a piece of cloth, an umbrella under his arm and, if the road is muddy, his slippers in his hand, for he would rather soil his feet than soil his shoes. The moment he is seen by the people of the neighborhood, they all run wild with joy and begin to shout, "He is coming! He is coming!" The children vie with one another in running to convey the news to Satyabala's mother. He is coming! If you ask them on the way, "Who is coming?" they would only reply by saying, "He is coming." In their overjoyousness they have forgotten everything but that. "He is coming." Who is this man? He is the matchmaker. His is a hereditary profession. He is the human-estate agent. He brings the father of the boy and the father of the girl in touch. He makes a match between two young people and receives handsome commissions from both families. He is a man of subtle intelligence and possesses a mellifluous tongue which he wields to the best advantage. He has in him the instinct of a successful lawyer. He can by force of argument, not necessarily always the strongest, make the worst things appear the best. He has the pedigree of thousands of families at his fingers' ends.

He enters the home of Satyabala's parents followed by the immense crowd that has already gathered round him. He takes his seat and falls into conversation with the bride's father, and very ingeniously informs him that he knows of a good looking, well educated young man of good family and financial standing who lives in a town near by. The young man, he assures Satyabala's father, is suited in every respect to his daughter. The mother lis-

tens, from behind a screen, to every word the matchmaker says, and in the exuberance of her credulity, so characteristic of her sex, believes every word she hears and is correspondingly elated. Then the father goes inside to consult his wife, for in household affairs no Hindu husband dares do anything without the consent of his wife. He knows full well that if he does anything without his wife's sanction and she does not like it, she will make the home unbearable for him.

When asked her opinion about this match, she replies—still under the hypnotizing influence of the matchmaker's inflated encomiums—: "That's the boy I want for my beloved daughter. I am perfectly willing that the match be settled. I have every faith in the matchmaker's words. He has been our friend ever since he managed to bring me into this family."

Then the father comes out and tells the matchmaker to proceed with the arrangements for the match.

The matchmaker is served sweets and other eatables. After eating, he takes a look at the bride and departs for the home of the groom with his books of pedigree, umbrella and slippers, chewing betel-nut as he walks.

Some hours later we find him seated in the parlor at the groom's home, surrounded on all sides by the male members of the family and the neighborhood. He is the observed of all observers. Every word he speaks is listened to with rapt attention, every expression of his face is watched with close vigilance. The ladies from behind the curtain listen and believe all they hear. The matchmaker begins to describe the prospective bride as a girl of exceptional beauty and refinement. He assures them that she resembles Lakshmi (the goddess of wealth and beauty) in personal attractiveness, that she is like Saraswati (the goddess of learning) in intellectual attainments; that she has eyes as beautiful as the eyes of a fawn; that her hair, when loose, would almost sweep the ground; that she knows painting, embroidery and other fine arts. In short, she is in every way qualified to be the wife of the prospective groom, Janaprya (the name meaning "the beloved of the people").

Like the father of the girl, the groom's father too runs inside to ask his wife's opinion in the matter. She is evidently so well pleased with the description of the girl that she is willing to go further with the match. The matchmaker is then informed of the desires of the women.

The father accordingly calls an astrologer to select an auspicious day in which they can go to see the bride. The astrologer, after

many and various calculations, fixes upon the auspicious day. The father of the girl is informed of their intended visit. He in his turn starts making preparations for the reception of the guests most welcome. The ladies in the family begin to make all kinds of rich and rare dishes to satisfy the groom's party—rather, the party of the groom's father.

The day arrives. The father of the boy starts on the mission with the astrologer, who is also a palmist, to read the horoscope and the palms of the girl. The matchmaker of course is an essential companion. They also take with them a young friend of the boy so that he may describe to the boy the physical attractions of the girl, for it is thought that older people cannot enter into the sentiments of the young.

When the members of the party reach the home of the bride they are shown into the parlors, and there they chat, chew betel-nut, and smoke the hookah (water pipe).

The girl is brought into their presence, ushered by a maid or some of her female friends. She is dressed in her best silk *sari* and loaded with armlets, bracelets, necklace, bangles and a dozen other ornaments to add to her beauty. Poor families would often borrow ornaments from neighbors to adorn the would-be bride.

Then the most trying moment arrives. The astrologer takes her hand and reads her palm. He afterwards reads her horoscope to see whether astrologically this boy in question and the girl should be mated or not. It often happens that one little thing about the horoscope will make the match impossible, and no other consideration—money, ornaments, accomplishments or social position—nothing is of any avail to undo the effect of the inauspicious stars. If, as in this case, the horoscope is all right, they then proceed with the match-making. They loosen her nicely dressed hair to see how long it is. Ladies in India do not use very many artificial additions in their coiffures; it is perfectly safe to let down her hair. Then she is given a book to read to test her learning and to study the quality of her voice. Next she is asked to write. The visiting party carries the handwriting home to show to their people, as they also carry a tape measuring her stature. She is asked to answer some questions to show the extent of her intelligence. Some one will say something funny to make her laugh, to see how she looks when she laughs, for it is a well-known fact that many people look perfectly charming as long as they keep their lips closed, but the moment they part their lips in an attempt to smile or laugh, beauty vanishes.

In the meantime, a sister of the girl brings in her handiwork,

such as silk embroidery, painting, and samples of her sewing. Singing is not taken into serious consideration. If she can sing, well and good. As to dancing that is a matter of no importance, because in India dancing is done only by professional nautch-girls.

After all these trials and tribulations for the prospective bride, the members of the party are served elaborate refreshments, and return home without giving any definite word at once, for they want to consult other members of the family before the final answer is given. After due deliberation with his mother, wife and other members of the family, the groom's father informs the bride's parents of the decision. If the answer is yes, the father of the girl and his party plan to go to the groom's home to see the boy. The test there is not so severe as it was in the case of the girl. The girl's father inquires about the boy's intellectual attainments and future prospects from his teachers or professors as the case may be. Inquiry is made of the neighbors as to what kind of company he keeps, for in India, as elsewhere, they believe that a man is generally known by his companions. The bank account and real estate of the groom or his family may often affect his matrimonial plans, for they often make up for disqualifications which otherwise would be insurmountable.

If both parties agree on the match, each party again sees the boy or the girl, as the case may be, gives presents, generally in gold coins, and together they draw a contract stating the terms of the marriage. The giving and taking of the dowry is invariably decided by caste rules and the social status of the respective families. In some castes it is to the girl's parents that dowry is due; in others it goes to the groom's parents, but invariably in every caste it is the so-called higher castemen who demand and the so-called lower caste people are obliged to give. By caste I here mean different grades of social status within a caste.

The Hindu parents are exceedingly careful in marrying their sons and daughters. Very frequently they will see half a dozen or more boys and girls before they choose one, for they want the best they can hope to get. They want to surpass their neighbors; they want to be proud of their daughters-in-law or sons-in-law.

This match between Satyabala and Janaprya, it is evident, was decided upon by their parents. The boy and the girl themselves have little or nothing to say in the matter. Their opinions might have been asked as a matter of formality, but the Hindu boys and girls generally feel too bashful to talk about their marriage. They leave it entirely in the hands of their parents, at least to be polite.

The more they resign their own wishes to the wishes, or at times downright whims, of their parents, the more they are praised by everybody far and near. The least objection on their part will be construed as the height of impertinence, to say the least.

When everything is all right, the astrologer is again called in to select the most auspicious day, taking into consideration the stars under which both the bride and the groom were born. There are some months of the year and some days of the month in which a Hindu marriage ceremony can never be performed. These months and days are observed most punctiliously. They are, as they think, sure to bring calamity on the newly married couple or their families.

There is no fixed rule regarding the place where the marriage ceremony is to take place. Sometimes it is performed in the home of the bride, sometimes in the home of the groom; it depends entirely on the terms of the marriage contract drawn, as mentioned before, between the two families. To perform the marriage ceremony, to entertain friends and relations as far removed as one can go with feasts and entertainments, to feed the poor, to distribute clothes to the needy, all require money. So the families that are social equals do not care at all, unless there is some special reason for it such as family traditions, whether the ceremony is performed in their homes or not. Ordinarily both the families try to get out of the expense by urging the wedding on the other. The stronger family generally gets the better of the other. But among social unequals, the family that is lower, so to say, is always anxious, if pocket-book permits, to have the marriage ceremony performed in their house, because it gives them social prestige. When the other family condescends to agree to such a proposition, it gets handsome pecuniary compensation for giving up the wedding. All the members of the visiting party, the servants not excepted, get fees according to the social rank of each member.

It generally takes a long time and tedious haggling to settle these fees and dues. The visiting party claims a high sum, and the hosts try to bring the price down. Often the unpleasant arguing ends in quarrelling and misunderstanding. At times the visiting party despairing of any satisfactory settlement of the issue, feign to depart without taking any money at all. When they pack up their things and are about to start, the hosts come in and yield to the demands of the guests or make a compromise, for it is believed that if the guests go away dissatisfied from a home, some kind of a misfortune is sure to befall the family. When the compromise is made they become good friends again.

Now, to come back to our marriage ceremony. A few days before the day of marriage all kinds of music are to be heard in the house. The house itself is decorated with flowers, flags and festoons. Any passerby can tell what is going to happen in that house. Everybody in the neighborhood seems to be happy. The poor people look forward to the feast they are sure to get. The children are happy because of the new clothes they are going to receive. Everybody is happy, for the girl or the boy is going to be married.

But are the people directly concerned in the affair happy? They may be happy by contagion, but they are exceedingly uneasy. Though they have resigned their lot to their parents' will, their minds oscillate between hope and fear, for they do not know what their lot is to be. They are not sure whether or not their youthful ideals, generally pretty high, are going to be realized. A thousand and one considerations of this nature crowd their minds, and very little room is left for happiness. Still they try to be hopeful for the best, and offer an occasional prayer that their dreams may come true.

At last the long longed-for evening arrives—for it is in the evening alone that the Hindus tie their marriage knot—and feasts and merry-making run riot. But the bride and the groom fast while others feast, for they are not allowed to eat anything during the whole day and evening before marriage. Music of bag-pipe, tom-tom and metal instruments deafens the ears. Under a canopy a group of men squat on small pieces of carpets or mattings on the ground and enjoy the most delicious Hindu dishes. There another group of people is witnessing the elaborate fireworks. Here some are singing. There others are watching the dancing of nautch-girls. Here a few more serious minded are discoursing on the philosophy of marriage and the problems of life and death. There again others are taking life lightly and cracking jokes at each other's expense.

When the auspicious hour arrives everybody goes to the scene of the marriage, which is generally under a canopy in the open courtyard. In the center of the canopy is the spot where the sacred fire has already been lighted. Banana plants have been planted on the four corners of a square. Inside the square there are seats of carpet or Kusa-grass mats for the two priests, two guardians representing each side, and the bride and groom. In that particular spot amid music, especially the music of ladies' tongues (called *ooloo*) characteristic of all joyous occasions, the bride and groom

are brought in, carried in the arms of servants. Both the bride and the groom are dressed in their peculiar caste garments suitable to such an occasion, and both wear a kind of gaudy crown-like hats.

Now they are left with the priests, and the marriage ceremony begins. The priests chant hymns, recite poems, offer prayers to the "sacred fire." They make the bride and the groom say the things that ought to be said on such an occasion.

Addressing his daughter the father says: "Go to thy husband's house and be his mistress. Be the mistress of all, and exercise your authority over all in that house. May children be born unto thee and blessings attend thee there. Perform the duties of thy household with care, unite thy person with the person of this thy husband, and exercise thy authority in thy husband's house until old age."

Addressing the married couple, the priests and the father say: "Oh bridegroom and bride, remain together, do not be separated, enjoy all proper food, be content to remain in your own home, and find and enjoy happiness in the company of your children and your grandchildren."

The bride and groom offer this prayer: "May the Lord of Creation bestow children upon us and may He keep us united till old age."

To the bride the priest says: "Oh bride, enter with auspicious signs the home of thy husband. Let thine eye be free from anger; minister to the happiness of thy husband, and be kind to all living beings; cultivate a cheerful mind and may thy beauty be bright; be the mother of heroic sons, and be devoted to God. Mayest thou have influence over thy father-in-law and over thy mother-in-law, and be as a queen over thy sister-in-law and thy brother-in-law."

The bride and the groom then repeat together: "May all the gods unite our hearts, may the god of maternity and the spirit of proper instruction and goodness, of wise and pure speech, unite us together."

During these rites and rituals comes the interesting moment of unveiling the bride. The bride and the groom are placed face to face (hitherto they had been sitting side by side, husband always to the right and the wife at the left); the veil is taken off the face of the bride, and they are asked to look at each other—for the first time in their lives. The groom loses no time in obeying the mandate, but the bride is bashful. She has to be asked three or four times before she looks at the face of her husband. In her bashfulness she casts one glance at him and looks down again.

Let us take it for granted that in this case both were perfectly pleased with what they saw, that their ideals were realized. But this does not happen in all cases. A couple may be completely disappointed. Their highest expectations are not to be realized and life seems to be a misery when either is married to a person whose appearance is unpleasing at the first sight. In one case recently the groom began to cry in disappointment, so great was the homeliness of his bride. The priests, parents and friends had a difficult task to calm him. They told stories, recited religious verses, spoke of their own personal experience, but nothing could soothe his broken heart. It was a pitiful sight to see him sobbing. The bride, on the other hand, looked perfectly happy, for her ideals were more than realized in his looks. She never expected to get a husband so handsome as the one she had the good fortune to be favored with.

But however great be the sense of disappointment, Hindu fatalism, in the end, comes to their rescue to buoy them up. The Hindus believe that in everything, especially in birth, marriage and death, human beings must submit to fate. According to their faith it is predestined as to who is to be one's husband or wife. So when the inevitable cannot be avoided, what is the use of being morose or unhappy, instead of making the best of the situation? So they transform their misery into providential blessing and are not unhappy on that account. When the boy who cried at the first sight of his bride was asked later on how he liked his wife, he replied in the most emphatic way that he was the happiest person on earth so far as his married life was concerned, and that he would not change his "homely" bride for the most beautiful woman living. When reminded of his tears, he blushed and said, "That was the greatest blunder of my life."

When the priestly ceremonies are over, the newly married couple is taken inside and there left at the mercy of the ladies. They perform a hundred and one kinds of family rites and observances. They ask the groom most impertinent questions, play jokes, some of them of the most practical kind, such as pulling him by the ears and pinching him. Then the eatables are brought in. They offer him two plates filled with objects which look exactly alike. The groom is asked to choose the one he wants. He makes his choice. He starts to eat. The sweets don't taste sweet. What is the matter? He has chosen the wrong plate, the one that was filled with imitations. Everybody laughs but the groom blushes for his mistake. They offer him a plate of rice. He starts to use his

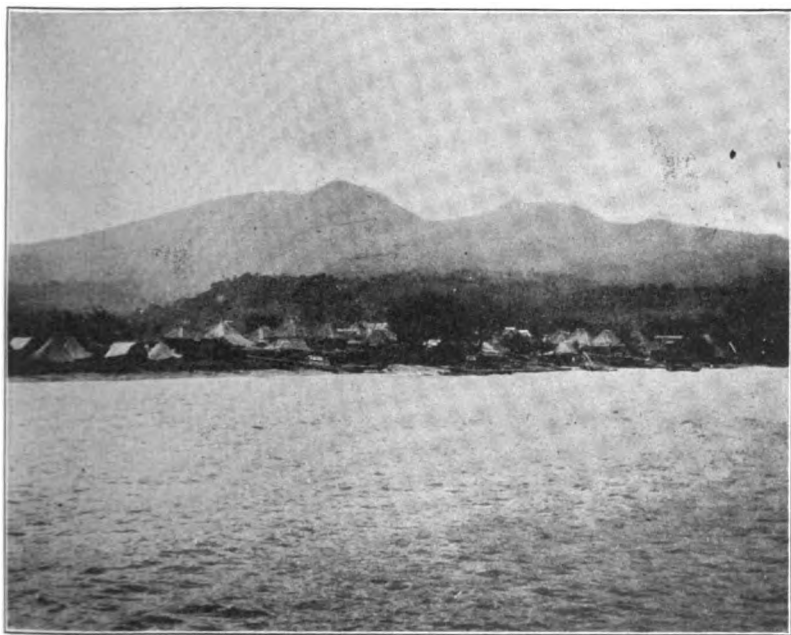
• fingers. Just before he touches the rice, a woman uses her fan and the paper rice flies all around.

When all the jokes have been played at the expense of the hungry bride and the groom, they are given good things to eat. Curtain falls with the end of the midnight breakfast.

LIFE IN A PHILIPPINE VILLAGE.

• BY A. M. REESE.

THE little village or *barrio* of Mariveles is situated just inside the narrow cape that forms the northern border of the entrance to Manila Bay. The city of Manila lies out of sight, thirty miles to the southeast, but the island of Corregidor lies only seven miles to



MARIVELES VILLAGE AND MOUNTAIN, FROM MANILA BAY.

the south, and the great searchlights at night are quite dazzling when turned directly upon the village. A large amount of money has recently been spent in fortifying Corregidor until it is now considered practically impregnable.

• The village extends for about half a mile close along the beach

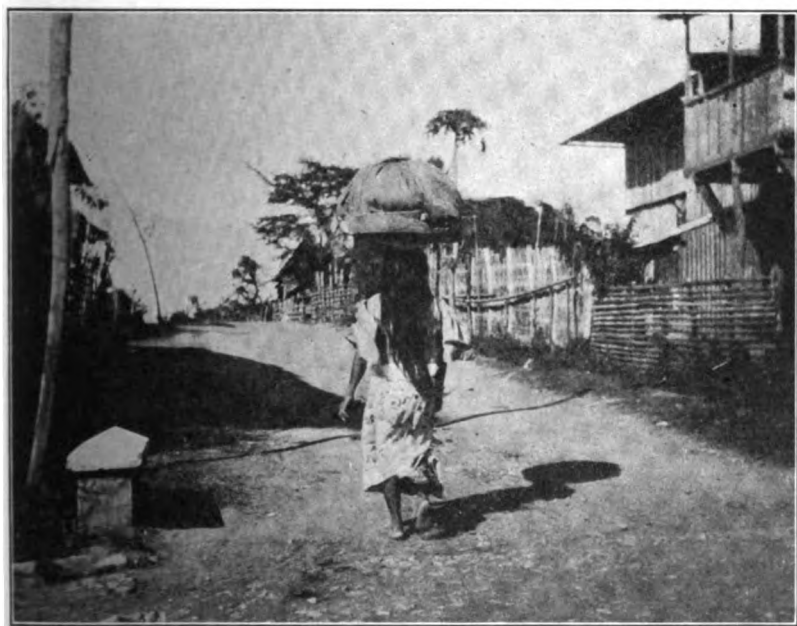
and is flanked, on the west, by the buildings of a United States quarantine station.



OUR RESIDENCE ON "WASHINGTON STREET."

Arriving by a very dilapidated launch from Manila I waited at the government dock while the native boy I had brought with me

went to the village to find, if possible, a vacant house. He soon returned, with another boy to help carry our baggage, (there was not a cart or wagon of any sort in the place) and with the information that he had engaged a house for our use. A whole house for two people sounded rather formidable but as this house contained only two rooms its rental was not as extravagant as might have been imagined. It was located on the main thoroughfare, which had the very American name of Washington Street. Like the typical native house, our Washington Street mansion was built chiefly of bamboo and *nipa* palm, with a few heavier timbers in the frame-



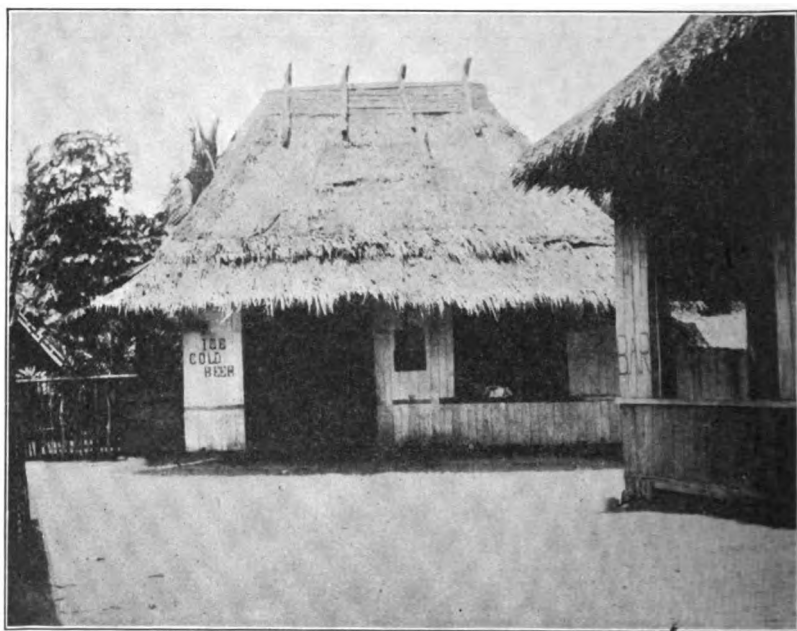
NATIVE GIRL CARRYING BASKET OF CLOTHES.

work. Upon the main timbers of the frame was built a sort of lattice of split bamboo, upon which in turn was sewed, shinglewise, close layers of *nipa* palm that are quite impervious to rain, are fairly durable, and are very inflammable. The *people's* floor was elevated four or five feet above the ground, thereby securing not only air and dryness for the people above, but also providing a very convenient chicken-coop and pig-pen beneath. The floor was made of split bamboo which made sweeping easy—merely a matter of pushing the dirt through the cracks between the strips of bamboo.

Although the smell of even a *clean* pig under the dining-room

table is rather objectionable at first, as is the crowing of two or three roosters early in the morning, it is surprising how soon one becomes accustomed to these little annoyances, and it simplifies domestic science considerably to be able to throw, from one's seat at table, banana skins and other scraps through a convenient hole in the floor and have them immediately disposed of by the pig and chickens beneath.

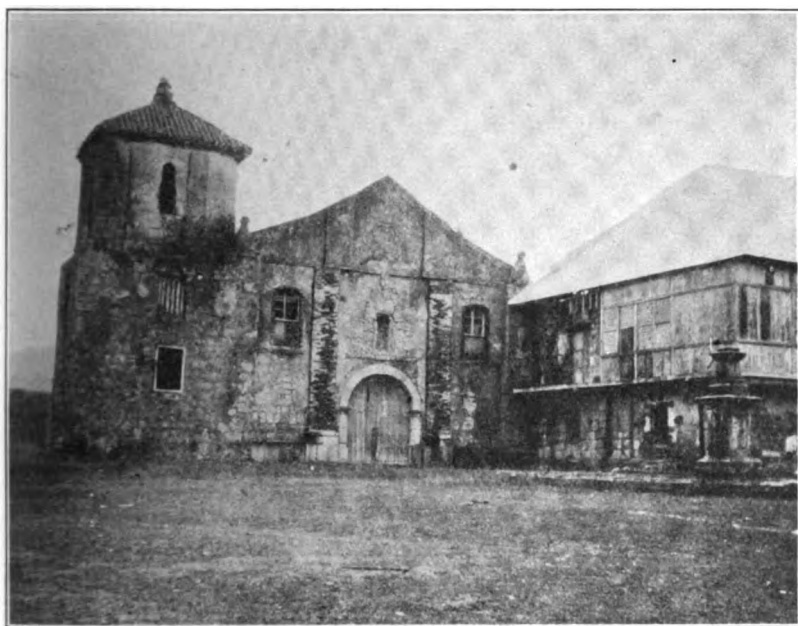
The dining room, as in many American houses, also served as a kitchen. The stove was a large box, elevated two or three feet



THE CHIEF STORE OF MARIVELES.

from the floor, lined with baked clay upon which the fire is made. Large iron spikes, arranged in groups of three, may be imbedded in the clay to hold one or more pots of different sizes. There was no chimney, but a convenient window carried out the smoke quite effectively. The fire-wood was stored under the house in the pig-pen and consisted chiefly of short sticks of such diameter as could be easily cut with the large knife or bolo that the natives wear suspended from a belt at the waist. The sticks, when the cooking is done, are simply withdrawn from beneath the pot and lie ready to be pushed in again when the fire is lit for the next meal. A very

few sticks will thus serve for cooking a large number of the simple native meals. Opening from the kitchen was the front door, leading to the ground by a flight of stairs or a ladder. Thanks to the United States Mariveles is supplied with abundant water, piped from some miles up in the mountains, and some of the better houses of the barrio have a private faucet on the back porch, which is luxury indeed. The main room of the house was used as a living room and bedroom. In such houses there are usually large windows, without sash of course, which are shaded by day and closed by night and in severe storms by a hinged awning of nipa, seen in the

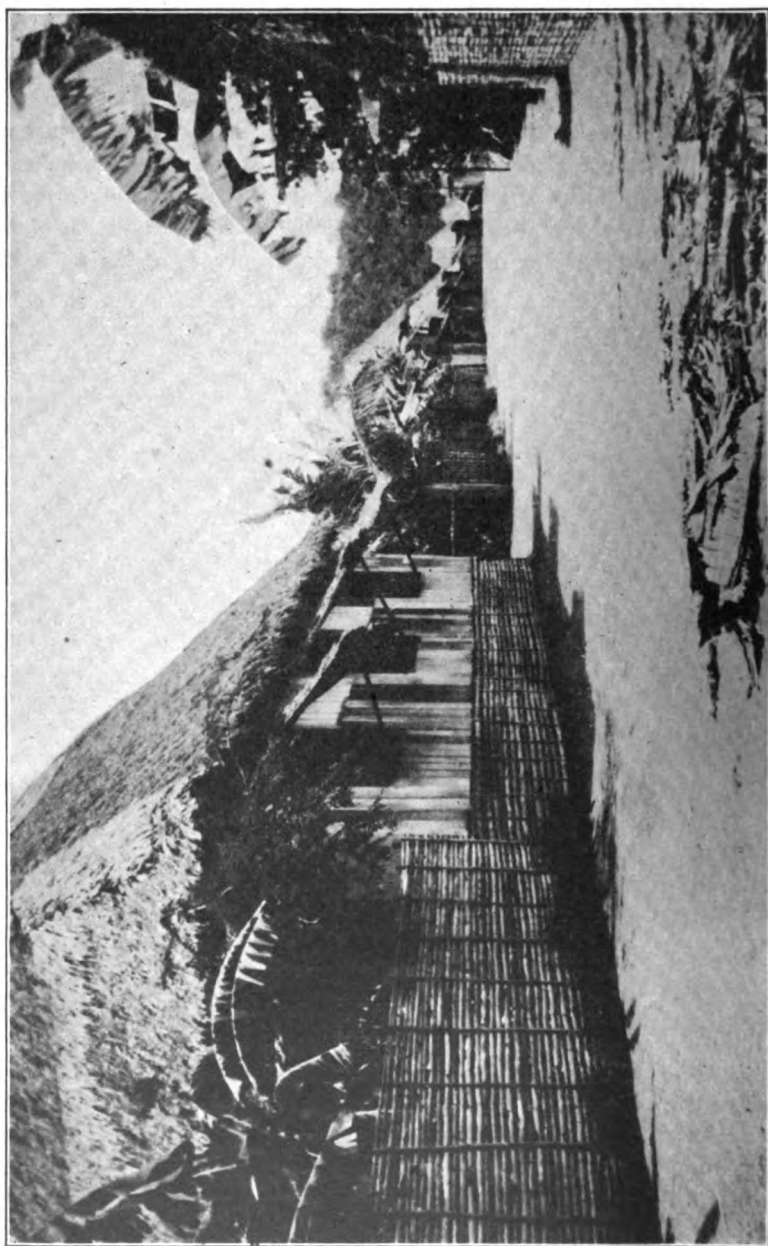


THE OLD CHURCH.

photographs. In spite of the warmth nearly all natives close the window shades tight when they sleep, so that, in spite of the numerous cracks, the ventilation must be very bad; this may partly account for the prevalence of tuberculosis on the islands.

Around the better houses in such a barrio is usually seen a high fence generally made of closely set vertical saplings, driven into the ground and bound together with rattan at the top; this fence serves to keep the chickens in, and, at night, to keep prowling animals out.

Many of the houses have a tiny store at the ground level in



THE MARIVELES PUBLIC SCHOOL.

which a small stock of canned goods, native fruits, dried fish, native shoes etc. may be seen. One of the main department stores of Mariveles is shown in the accompanying photograph, with the very American sign at the side of the entrance.

Like many native villages Mariveles has a large stone church, with red tile roof, bell tower, etc.; it is now in such bad repair as to be unsafe, so that a crude shed with thatched sides and corrugated iron roof has been built to take its place. No priest now lives in this barrio and the shed-like church did not have the appearance of being much used.



THE TELEGRAPH AND POST OFFICE.

The village school, on the other hand, gave every indication of activity. Although not housed in a very handsome building, a glance through the windows and door showed many students of various ages all apparently busy and orderly under the supervision of several neat and bright looking native women.

On the same street with the school a link with the outside world was seen in the sign "Telegraph and Post Office." This office was in charge of a native who, unlike most of the residents of the barrio, spoke English. In these villages it is usually easy to find natives

who speak Spanish, but it is frequently difficult to find one who understands English.

The men of the village were mostly engaged, though not very strenuously, in the rice paddies or in fishing. The women looked after the housekeeping, washing, tending the stores, etc., and their position of respect and authority in the homes and in society was in marked contrast to that of other oriental and even of some European women.

A tiny story across the street from where we lived was tended during most of the day and in the evenings by an attractive young native woman who seemed to be quite a belle. Every evening, at about dark, a dapper young native, in an American suit of white, always appeared and seated himself upon the bench in front of the store, where he could see and talk to his brunette lady love without interfering with her commercial duties, which were not heavy. Often several other suitors appeared and, while it was not possible to understand what was said, since the conversation was all in Tagalog, from the frequent laughter it was evident that the girl was as able to entertain several admirers at once as are some of her blond sisters across the sea. Her voice was softer and her laugh more attractive than many an American belle of high social standing. In fact the women of this island village were, as a class, of remarkable dignity and modesty, so that there was probably less to shock one's modesty here than at many a fashionable American watering place. Of course ignorance of their language made it impossible to understand all that was going on, but to judge by their actions and the tones of their voices it would seem that their family life is as peaceful and happy as that of the average American family. It is truly the "simple life" that they lead, and to us it seems a very narrow one; yet it has its advantages over the "strenuous life" that most of us are compelled to live. There was little or no drunkenness or quarreling among the men, whose chief vice seemed to be gambling.

This gambling instinct is gratified mainly by means of the cockpit. One of the most familiar sights of the islands is the native man with a game cock or just a plain rooster under his arm. They pet and fondle these birds as we do cats or lap-dogs, and on Sundays (alas!) they gather at the cockpits to match their favorites against each other. Many barrios have large covered pits seating hundreds of people. The pit of Mariveles, which happened to be in the yard next to ours, was simply a square of about twenty feet enclosed by a low bamboo fence, in the shade of a huge acacia tree.

Around this square were gathered about one hundred men (probably all of the men of the barrio) and two or three women, and we shall hope that the few women who were there to witness so unpleasant a spectacle were looking after their husbands to see that they did not bet too heavily.

Inside the square were two or three officials, and two men holding the two contesting birds. A man at a table outside held the stakes and presumably kept track of the bettors, odds, etc. Instead of the weapons provided by nature each bird had securely fastened to his left leg, in place of the spur that had been cut off, a villain-



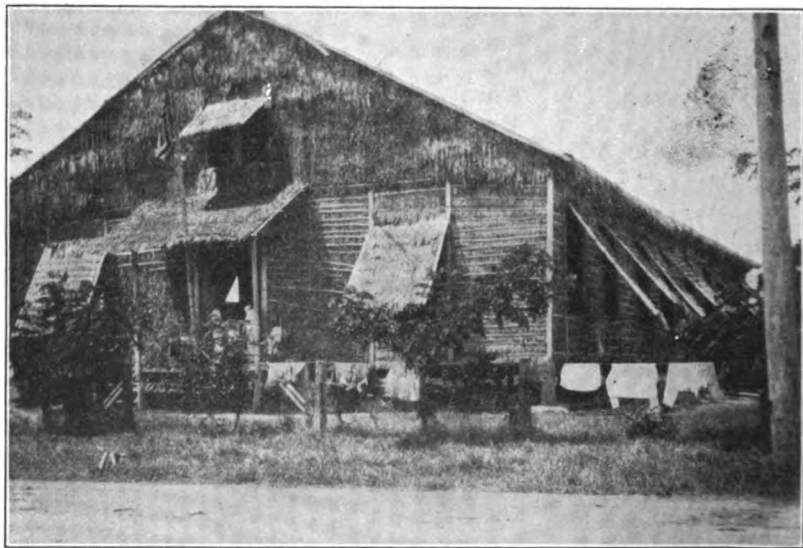
NATIVE "BANCA" NEAR MARIVELES.

ously sharp steel spur, slightly curved and about three inches long. A well directed thrust from this steel weapon may kill the victim almost instantly, and one victim was already hanging head-down to a near-by tree when I entered.

While the bets were being arranged each bird was held, in turn, to let the other peck him ferociously, probably with the idea of making them mad enough to fight. When the bets were all arranged the birds were placed on the ground facing each other, and with lowered heads and neck feathers erected they dashed together like tigers, jumping high over each other and endeavoring to stab

one another with their artificial weapons. In the one fight witnessed (and one was enough to learn the ways of the cockpit) both birds were soon bleeding profusely and had lost their desire to fight, so that the crowd called out some word and the cocks were picked up and "sicked" on each other again; this was repeated until one bird had enough and retreated ignominiously to the farthest corner of the pit, amid the shouts of the men who had bet on the other cock. In many cases, it is said, the vanquished bird is killed outright before he has time to retreat.

The sport, while rather exciting, is certainly demoralizing, especially with the betting that always accompanies it.



A SCHOOLHOUSE IN ILOILO.

Such is the life of these simple people. Of course among the less civilized and the savage tribes conditions are very different, and a white man would not dare enter so intimately into the life of a barrio; in fact in some regions it is very unsafe to go outside of the army posts without a proper guard.

As to the character of the civilized Filipinos opinion seems to differ among the Americans of the Islands. That they are not yet capable of self-government seems to be almost universally believed by Americans who have lived among them; and that they are not energetic as a class is only what might be expected in such a climate. Some Americans have a rather high opinion of the moral

character and general trustworthiness of the average native; others do not hold such a high opinion of him and consider him the inferior of the American negro, mentally, morally and physically. As students in the University of the Philippines it is said they compare favorably with students in American universities.

Doubtless there is as much variation, mental and moral, among the natives of the Philippine Islands as among the inhabitants of an Anglo-Saxon country, so that one's opinions are apt to be influenced by the class of natives with which he chiefly comes in contact.

THE IDEA OF MORAL HERITAGE IN THE JAPANESE FAMILY.

BY M. ANESAKI.

JAPAN has now emerged from the feudal régime, but hardly enough to be completely emancipated from various ideas and practices cherished for centuries during the old régime. Grave questions in the moral life of new Japan arise out of the relation and conflicts between the inherited conception of the family tie and the new life of the individual. The change in social life wrought by the rising industrialism is disintegrating the bonds and usages of the old communal system; but, on the other hand, the moral tradition of the family system is an abiding force and is deemed by national leaders to be the essential kernel of social life in Japan. What will be the outcome of the two counteracting forces, old and new? This is a question which awaits a solution in the future. I shall try to present here the ideal of family integrity in its historical development, giving special attention to that important part of its history, in the fourteenth century, when an eager effort for national unity was combined with a zeal for the perpetuation of family tradition.

Speaking in general, the national history of Japan shows alternate ups and downs of the clan spirit and the state ideal, and in many stages an interesting combination of the two. The dawn of Japanese history is marked by the predominance of clan life. Though many clans were serving the ruling family who were believed to be the descendants of the Sun-Goddess, many of them were semi-independent tribes, united by blood or by the relation of lord and serf and having their definite territories ruled over

by chiefs with established prerogatives. The mutual independence of these clans often militated against the advance toward national unity, yet the belief in the divine descent of the Imperial family played a great part in preserving the allegiance of those powerful clans to it; and the influx of immigrants from the continent, all of whom served the ruling family with their arts and industries, also contributed to the prestige of the central government. It was in the sixth century, when Buddhism together with various arts was introduced into the country, that the rivalry between the two most powerful clans was a serious menace to the national government. But thanks to the able statesmanship of Prince-Regent Shōtoku, the Constantine of Japanese Buddhism, and to the civilizing influence of Buddhist missionaries and immigrants the crisis was at last overcome, with the Imperialists as victors, the Buddhist cause having become identified with the authority of the ruling family, thus weakening the power of the clans. The result was the firm establishment of national unity under the sole authority of the time-honored Imperial family.

The seventh century marks an epoch in the rising Imperialism, which succeeded in abolishing the clan privileges and even in inaugurating universal military service by conscription, the consummation of all this being codified in the Institutes of 701. Not only did the rising influence of Confucianism and Buddhism contribute to the cause, but the old Shinto ideas were modified or elevated from their association with the clan spirit to enhance the power of the Imperial régime. A captain of the old warrior family, the Oh-tomo, expressed the warlike spirit of his clan in a new and Imperialistic form:

“Serve our Sovran at sea,
Our corpses leaving to the salt of the sea;
Our Sovran serve by land,
Our corpses leaving amid the wild-waste bushes;
Rejoice to die in our dread Sovran's cause,
Never looking back from the edge of the battle.”

And this captain was the last of the commanders whom the family supplied to the country, while the family never again occupied such a prominent position in state affairs as they had occupied previous to the eighth century. Another, an old priestly family, perished after having left its last testimony in a record of ancient traditions which was compiled in the beginning of the ninth century. Thus the fall of the old clan prerogatives was concomitant with the rise

of Imperialism, and the three centuries from the seventh onward may be designated as a preeminently Imperial period.

This Imperialism was however purchased at the cost of the virile spirit which had been a characteristic and cherished virtue of the clan system, for the centralized government with its wealth caused luxury and effeminacy to influence the court nobles in the capital. Moreover the Chinese institution adopted for the sake of the Imperial régime, gave rise to a bureaucratic development of the government system, and the bureaucracy fell into the hands of the Fujiwara family which always supplied the major-domos and empress-consorts to the Imperial family; the patriarchs of the Fujiwara continuously became regents in title but rulers in fact; and finally, as the bureaucratic oligarchy was consolidated, the rivalry among the prominent members of the same family became the chief factor of the court life, only to accelerate their selfishness and effeminate degeneration. Imperialism was kept in form, but it was no longer the controlling force of social life; family lineage was respected, but it was unable to exercise any restraint on the personal motives of its members; national aspiration gave place entirely to individual desires and emotions, in which love and romanticism played as great a part as ambition for power and wealth. Thus the court life produced the highly individualistic age of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and the literature and religion of the time were ruled by sentimentalism. The government lost its hold upon the provinces, the moral sense was overshadowed by romantic sentiment, and social disintegration seemed imminent.

The saving factor at this critical time was the revival of the clan spirit, especially among the warriors in the provinces. Signs of this revival were apparent in the eleventh century, when the military men were sent on expeditions to the disturbed provinces where they began to settle down. The captains of the army, living in the remote provinces, were able to train their men in warlike exercises almost undisturbed by the central government, and the relations between the captains and the retainers, lasting as it did for generations, furnished a firm moral tie which became the foundation of the new clan system, even without blood kinship. It was under these conditions that the warlike spirit and the virtues of obedience, gratitude, and fidelity were cultivated among the men under the hereditary captainship, and they were called the "sons of the family" or "clan retainers." The final result was the fall of the effeminate oligarchy and the coming into power of the virile military men, in the middle of the twelfth century.

The government fell into the hands of the military captains, and though the Imperial authority was kept intact in form, the actual government of the country was gradually transformed into a feudal state under a military dictatorship. Fealty to the dictator was controlled by the idea of clan kinship, which even without blood relationship proved to be something like a large family group. Naturally, under the moral tie and military discipline of the clan life the family in the narrower sense strengthened its bonds upon its members and became an essential organ for the perpetuation of the lineage and tradition which involved the obligation it owed to the lord and the fame and dignity which the prominent members of the family had created. To hold a family estate and to bear a family name meant a great thing for a warrior, and it was the custom of the fighting knights to challenge a worthy opponent on the battlefield by first naming himself and enumerating the fame of his ancestors. "Listen to me, you know the name of the one who, having subjugated the rebellious Masakado, was highly prized by the Imperial court and has left his noble name to posterity, Tawara Tōda Hidesato. Here I am, the son of Ashikaga no Taro Toshitsuna, the knight of the province of Shimozuke and tenth generation of the said famous captain,—my name is Matotaro Tاداتsuna, now only seventeen years old. Though I am now a man without any rank and office, I, the descendant of Hidesato, want a match to fight. Any one in your camp who would dare, come out and fight me." Such or sometimes a longer address was the common formula challenging to a duel, and after mutual address the combat ensued. And at critical moments during the struggle the thought of a warrior was always occupied not only with his own warlike fame but with the high name of the ancestors and the pride to be bestowed upon his descendants. It was this keen and far-reaching sense of family fame that stimulated valor and preserved the allegiance to the lord, even unto death.

Now this sense of family perpetuity was strengthened and extended during the firm military government of the feudal régime in the thirteenth century. Although the first dynasty of the military dictatorship fell in 1333, the warlike morality and the sense of family fame remained ever a powerful controlling force among the warriors. The fall of the first military dictatorship was caused partly by its inner corruption and partly by the revival of Imperialistic ideas. But this latter was too weak to overthrow the feudal ideas and the morality of clan kinship, and the consequence was the rise of another military clan, under the leadership of the Ashikaga,

the descendants of the old Minamoto generals of high fame and great popularity. A fierce contest took place between the advocates of the Imperial principle and the followers of the new military dictatorship, and this gave rise to a division of the Imperial dynasty. The legitimate dynasty, the Imperialistic side, was called the southern and was supported by the loyal nobles and warriors who were united in the Imperialistic idea and principle, while the northern was supported by the military party of the Ashikaga who established a counter dynasty in order to avoid the imputation of being mere rebels. This division lasted about sixty years (1336-92), and ended by the abdication of the southern dynasty, and it was during this struggle that the family idea of the southern warriors became closely connected with the Imperial cause, of which we shall presently see significant instances.

The struggle ended in the triumph of the military and feudal party and the collapse of the Imperial cause, though the abdication was carried out by a peaceful delivery of the Imperial insignia. Yet the moral victors were, in a certain sense, the southern warriors, for the idea of moral heritage perpetuated by their clansmen and followers proved to be an unconquerable power, while the feuds of selfish interests among the followers of the northern dictator reached a point which threatened social disintegration. "The stricture of the superior by the subordinate" became the ruling force of social and political life; the Emperor was treated like a puppet by the dictator, the latter in turn by his warden, who was again abused by his retainers. This abominable condition obliged the dictator to adopt and emulate the spirit of moral tradition cherished among the followers of the Imperial cause. The third and ablest of the Ashikaga dictators made an earnest endeavor to lay down moral rules for the conduct and life of the warriors, the results of which were seen in the strengthening of family tradition among his retainers, not only in moral principles but in the military arts of archery, tactics, riding, and the etiquette of war. The hereditary perpetuation of these arts and ceremonies by the respective families to which they were entrusted was systematically carried out in this way toward the end of the fourteenth century and became a great force in the social control of the coming centuries, especially in the peaceful reign of the Tokugawa dictatorship from the seventeenth century onward.

In order to understand the significance of this institution of moral and professional legacies handed down by the family line we must see how the loyal followers of the Imperial party in the

fourteenth century fostered their family traditions in connection with the Imperial cause. The most significant and influential example in this respect was furnished by Kusunoki Masashige, the greatest of Japan's national heroes, whose tradition became a national inheritance. Masashige stood firm for the Imperial cause throughout his whole life, and when he was obliged by Imperial order to face the overwhelming force of the rebellious Ashikaga, he went to the front with a resolute determination to fight his last battle. When his force of five hundred troops was reduced to fifty he retired to a monastery, together with his brother and retainers, and killed himself. Before going to this his last battle he called his eldest son, only thirteen years old,¹ and left him a moral legacy together with a sword, the soul of a warrior. The son emulated the loyal spirit of his father, and died a similar death eleven years later; the whole family indeed devoted their lives to the same cause, and perished, so that the effort of the government after the restoration of 1868 to seek out his descendants was in vain. There is a document pretending to be the hero's moral legacy left to his sons, but its authenticity is very doubtful. Yet the moral legacy of Masashige, as expressed by his life and death, had a greater effect than any written document and survived the final extinction of his blood lineage, for all the patriots of the restoration in the nineteenth century deemed themselves to be working in the spirit of the ancient hero.

Another instance of a moral legacy, preserved in its original, is shown by that of Kikuchi Takemochi. The family Kikuchi was another of those families which stood unswervingly on the Imperialist side throughout the contest of the two dynasties. Takemochi's father died in the war against the Hōjō in 1333; his elder brother fought unsuccessful battles against the Ashikaga and died at last in a battle. In 1336 the Imperial army lost its ablest general, Masashige, and his antagonist, Ashikaga, made a triumphant entry into the capital. In the following years the southern dynasty lost its best captains one by one, the greatest of whom, Yoshisada, died in 1338. At this critical moment of his cause, in the month following Yoshisada's death, Takemochi wrote his solemn vows, intending them to be a binding force upon himself and his clansmen, never to deviate from the family tradition of royalist warriorship, even in the utmost calamity of his own party. This document was a revised version of those left by his father and brother, but perhaps

¹ This is a tradition, while the historians think that he was twenty-one years old.

more solemn in tone than the former. Takemochi shows in this legacy his ardent faith in his and his family's religion, the Zen Buddhism, and also takes the vow of fidelity to the Imperial house by swearing by the names of all celestial guardians. His father is said to have written his legacy in blood, which however does not exist now, while Takemochi signed his name with his own blood and the original is preserved.²

These instances of moral legacy clearly show what a vehement ardor took possession of the minds of those loyal warriors, and furnish us the material for judging what moral effects they had upon the lives of their clansmen and descendants. It is this moral zeal and influence that awakened the military leaders of the northern party to the necessity of moral control upon the life of their retainers, as we have alluded to above. There is a document of the same sort ascribed to the rebellious general Ashikaga Takauji, and though it is discredited by historical critics it was surely a product of the age in which the military party became convinced of the necessity of a moral legacy for themselves. It is a product of pious fraud, but this fraud testifies to the influence produced by the legacies of the Imperialist leaders upon the minds of the military partisans. Moreover, the third Ashikaga dictator instituted, as we have said, the perpetuation of various legacies by particular families, the legacies pertaining to the various military and other arts but always containing morals in their instructions.

The close connection established among military arts, moral principles and family traditions is one of the characteristic features of the Way of the Warriors, of which religious faith and mental training were the central principles. The religion of these warriors was Zen Buddhism, a form of Buddhism which laid special emphasis on mental training by a method of meditation. Its aim consisted in attaining mental serenity and purity by a controlling of both body and mind in tranquil session, and its effects were seen in a lofty attitude of mind toward all commotion of life and a calm air of renunciation combined with a firm determination. This religion of spiritual aloofness, together with its general disciplinary training, was a strong impetus also to an artistic control of life, which was carried out in the development of pure taste and refined culture. Now the effects of this severe refinement were applied to the training in military arts and ceremonial observances and became the foundation of the moral and professional traditions perpetuated by various families.

² The whole text is given in the appendix.

The ramifications of the disciplinary rules, mental training, esthetic refinement, family traditions, in a warrior's family, is too complicated to be treated here; but it was the composite force of these elements of the family tradition that preserved in many families the most precious inheritance of national life and civilization, through the two centuries of turbulence and disturbance in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The keen solicitude for the perpetuation of moral traditions was not limited to the family, in the usual sense of blood kinship, but was extended to the spheres of clan integrity in the feudal states, of the spiritual solidarity of the philosophical and ethical schools, and of the preservation and development of arts and crafts in the guilds and fellowships. Herein lies the reason why the relation between master and disciple played in ancient Japan almost the same role as those between father and son and between lord and retainer. Not only the moral history of the Japanese but the history of their arts and philosophies will be incomplete without due consideration of the influence of traditions and legacies perpetuated by families and schools.

Beside the noble traits of the social life of Japan, supported by the ideal of moral tradition, we must, however, note an evil side. This latter consisted in the rise of a stagnant conservatism and in the elaboration of family monopolies. This was especially the case during the two centuries and a half of the Tokugawa government, from the seventeenth century, when the necessity of restoring social order after a long reign of war caused the dictatorial government to keep strictly the established status in every sphere of social life. There was a strong central government, but each feudal state was ruled by its lord; each commune within a fief held its traditions and sanctions intact; and each family, whether aristocratic or plebeian, transmitted its tradition from generation to generation. The clan spirit, the communal cult, the family heritage, and in addition to these the traditions of schools of painting or medical practice or ethical teaching,—each of these units exercised its influence on the moral, artistic and other traditions. The painter adopted any of his able disciples as his son, in order to perpetuate his art; the medical man disinherited his own incapable son and gave the time-honored name and fame of his family to the ablest of his pupils. On the other hand, but for the same reason, the pupils of a philosopher or artist who dared to think and practice in an original manner were excluded from the communion of the school. In the perpetuation of these traditions there were elaboration and development, but in many cases slavish imitation and mechanical repetition deadened the spirit

and vitality. The moral tradition of the family or school alone was not responsible for this rigidity, it was largely a product of the rigid social status under the strict vigilance of the high-handed government, which was always ready to sacrifice everything for peace, the peace of stagnation.

The burden of this oppressive rule became in the course of time unbearable for those who yearned for individual initiative, and even peaceful obedient citizens breathed the heavy air with uneasiness and restlessness. When, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the knocking of foreigners at the door of the country began to be heard, the revolt against the existing régime was beginning to stir up the minds of a few far-sighted men. In addition to this discontent the plea for a real national unity under the Imperial régime was promulgated by the scholars of the national classics and by Confucian nationalists. The aspiration for the restoration of old Japan, the adoration of Māsashige, the loyal martyr, the revolt against the rigid caste division, worked together for a great movement toward the restoration. This inner movement joined its power with the urgent necessity of opening the country to the world's commerce, which accelerated the real unity of the nation under the Imperial régime, and the result was the revolution of 1868. Here the zeal for family tradition and the loyalty to the feudal lord found a modified application to the national movement of great magnitude and intense ardor. Now the reverence for moral tradition was expanded and applied to the national and Imperial cause, and the will of the heroes of the fourteenth century was not only fulfilled but developed in a grander scale than ever dreamed of by the nation.

In conclusion, and as an illustration of this development, we cite a legacy left by a pioneer and martyr of the new era to his disciples, who worked for the realization of their master's aspiration. He was Yoshida Shōin, who in 1854 wrote down instructions which were in part as follows:

"Any one born in this empire should know wherein lies the superiority of this country over others. The empire has ever been ruled by the unique Throne, the one dynasty permanent throughout all ages. In the feudal states all the ministers and retainers inherit their ranks and emoluments; and those who rule perpetuate the achievements of their forefathers, while the retainers and the people follow the will of their fathers in loyally serving their rulers. In this way the unique constitution of our country is established on the

basis of a harmony between the rulers and the ruled and of the union of loyalty (toward the lord) and filial piety."

The writer further admonishes his disciples in the practice of the virtues, such as righteousness, simplicity, sincerity, gratitude, resoluteness, all of which he deemed to be the necessary means of realizing the unique constitution of the national life of Japan through the moral life of the people, especially of the Samurai, the leaders of the people.

APPENDIX: THE TEXT OF KIKUCHI TAKEMOCHI'S VOWS.

"Reverently calling to witness the Three Treasures³ of all the ten quarters, everlasting through the three times,⁴ especially the Seven Buddhas and the patriarchs of over fifty generations of the temple Goshō on the Hill Hōgi,⁵ as well as all the celestial deities and the eight groups of the *Nāga* deities, who guard the Truth, and also the Great God of Aso, the tutelary deity of this province, I swear solemnly in their presence the following vows:

"1. I, Takemochi, having been born in a family of warriors, who are destined to serve the Imperial cause, cherish the wish to enhance the fame of the family and to promote myself by the Imperial grace, in accordance with the way of heaven and by the virtue of faithfulness. This shall be sanctioned and guaranteed by the Three Treasures. Besides this I swear never to be infected by the spirit of the warriors of these days, who neglect a righteous cause for the sake of personal fame and selfish interests, and are altogether shameless.

"2. I shall be caused to die, by way of penalty, as soon as I may wander from the way of the five relations,⁶ being bewildered by selfish motives of by private relation of intimacy. Yet it may happen that I, a man of stupid nature, shall err in the discrimination of right and wrong; in that case I shall soon return to justice through your remonstrance.

"3. Although the strict observance of the two vows above sworn may be fraught with great difficulty in these days, this I have done

³ The Buddhist *Tri-ratna*: Buddha, Dharma and Sangha, which may be called the Perfect Person, the Truth or Religion and the Community. The Community embraces all visible and invisible existences who are at last to be saved by Buddhist faith.

⁴ The past, the present and the future.

⁵ A Zen temple patronized by the Kikuchi family. Its patriarchs were always the masters of the family in the practice of Zen meditation.

⁶ This is Confucian, the five moral relationships between lord and retainer, parents and children, husband and wife, elder brothers and sisters and the younger, and between friends.

in the utmost sincerity, with the intention of guarding the true religion of Buddha Sākya-muni. This vow I swear veraciously and with delight, believing that it is a great and meritorious work for a layman to have aroused this faith and wish, the wish to guard the true religion, even one day or one night, in this age of degeneration when the true religion is threatened by fall and decline; and I shall never be sorry if I should be punished by heaven because of my own fault and transgression. Let the Three Treasures and *Nāgas* and the celestial beings witness this vow. Let my mind never deviate from this desire to guard the true religion, and let me, together with all beings of the whole cosmos, attain the life of final enlightenment, by virtue of the true religion of Sākya-muni, saving them together with me, without interruption, until the appearance of the future Buddha Maitreya.

"4. I, who have now taken the vow to protect the true religion, shall ever protect and revere, in a pure faith, the monastic members of the Communion who have abandoned for ever the worldly fame, interest and glory and are striving with single mind after the way of Bodhi for the sake of the future.

"5. Beside the public services and certain private intercourse I shall never be interested in fame and glory, except a few kinds of worldly practice for the sake of recreation, which are allowed to the layman. In order to guard the true religion I strictly forbid (to myself and my clansmen) all conduct which deviates from the way of military virtues and literary training, or which may hinder the prosperity of the true religion, or which violates the law and brings calamities to the state,—acts which are so common among dishonest men of these days.

"6. In order to perpetuate the prosperity of Sākya-muni's true religion I shall suppress within my territory all acts of intentional killing, especially on the six days (every month) of the holy observance.

"7. This sincere desire to guard the true religion is the legacy left to posterity by my dear brother, the governor of Higo; and I, Takemochi, having been stimulated by his earnest desire, arouse an ardent faith in his legacy with tears and leave this to my descendants for ever. Herewith let me, together with them,⁷ take the vow to guard the true religion, for the sake of the Sovereign and of the family, and—both monks and laymen—to tread the righteous way in concord.

⁷ It is assumed that the will of the ancestor has a binding force upon the descendants.

"8. In order to express my gratitude for having heard and learned the true religion I will be born in this life whenever the true religion may prosper, and will guard it generation after generation and birth after birth by arousing a firm faith in the true religion and by becoming a disciple of (the Three Treasures as) my Master.

"These are my vows and desires, and I write this down in order to give testimony to them.

"If I should violate the substance of these vows, let the Three Treasures, Buddhas and Patriarchs, celestial beings and *Nāgas*, and all other guardians of the religion, inflict severe punishment upon each of the eighty and four thousands of pores of my, Takemochi's, body; let me suffer in this life from the white and black leprosies, and make me lose the opportunity even of coming into contact with the religion of Buddha during seven rebirths in future.

"I humbly beseech the Three Treasures that they should testify, approve and protect this, and that *Nāgas* and celestial deities accept these vows and let them be fulfilled.

"The 15th day of the 8th month
in the 3d year of Yengen (1338)

Signed.

COMMENTS ON "MORAL LAW AND THE BIBLE."

BY A. KAMPMEIER.

NINE years ago I began as a contributor to *The Open Court* with an article on "Pious Fraud." Although even to-day I would not on the whole take back the position I took then, and although my purpose then was entirely pure, deploring how greatly true religion had been harmed by what I criticized, still my article called forth some just criticism, and really was "onesided" in its statements, as the editor of *The Open Court* said, though he otherwise defended me. The case is somewhat similar with Westermayr in his article "Moral Law and the Bible" (*Open Court*, Sept., 1916). Whether his purpose was or was not the same he may decide.

First of all I will quote some erroneous statements of his with refutations, and these I think will justify some other criticisms which may be more debatable. I will add that I am not a "revelationist."

"Drunkenness finds no serious denunciation, certainly no grave punishment anywhere in the so-called books of Moses." How about the draconic law against the "riotous liver" (Rev. Vers.) "glutton" (A. V.) and the drunkard, Deut. xxi. 20?

"Lying is not reprehended in the Decalogue." What is bearing false witness? Lev. xix. 11 says: "I am Yahveh, your God. Ye shall not deal falsely, neither lie one to another." Besides this, lying, deceit and trickery—sins held up with especial delight by Gentiles to Jews as their national defect—get their condemnation by the wholesale in their own scriptures. A glance into any good concordance of the Bible, even taking only the Old Testament into consideration, will give full satisfaction.

"Rape and prostitution were commanded by the Lord, against which there could be no higher law." As to the first crime, Deut. xxii. 25 places death on forcing a betrothed maiden, while on the seduction of an unbetrothed there is a punishment of fifty shekels with the obligation to marry her (verse 29). Further, why was the tribe of Benjamin once almost exterminated? The Hebrews had an extremely characteristic word for sins of unchastity, *nebalah*, "folly," "madness." Is not Mr. Westermayr aware of the folly and madness of his assertion? Could any society exist where rape and prostitution were divinely commanded? As to the latter it is expressly forbidden in Lev. xix. 29, and moreover the custom of male and female prostitutes in honor of religious worship (common among other peoples at that time) is repeatedly forbidden. If Mr. Westermayr bases his assertion on Deut. xxi. 10-14, he forgets that this law was intended to lessen the barbarities of ancient warfare, forbidding the victor to take a captive for wife before a month's mourning for her relatives, or to sell her as a slave, after he has ceased to care for her. This law surely throws a bad light on the times, but is it a divine command for rape and prostitution? As to Hos. i. 2, the prophet receives no command for prostitution, but for a marriage in which he is to have children. Of course the woman he marries is not of good repute, "for the land (Israel) doth commit great whoredom, departing from the Lord," as it says in the context. This, as Mr. Westermayr himself says, means recognition of other divinities. The whole passage refers to the union of Yahveh with faithless Israel, and the act of Hosea is likewise symbolic, as are also the names of Hosea's children.

Another assertion is that God approved of the act of Onan. And yet Gen. xxxviii. 10 says: "And the thing he did was evil in the sight of the Lord and he slew him."

In regard to the ingratitude toward his benefactors for which Moses is flayed, note the following. Many tribes were subsumed under the name Midianites, roaming over different regions. In the Balaam story the Midianites stand in close connection with the Moabites. But the tribe to which the father-in-law of Moses belonged, the Kenites, was incorporated with the Israelites. One branch lived in northern Palestine, one on the southern border, and received friendly treatment from Israel. Compare Judg. i. 16; iv. 11; 1 Sam. xv. 6; xxx. 30. Jael, glorified by Deborah (not by God, as Mr. Westermayr says) in her song, was a Kenite. Of course no one defends the deed, nor is it necessary to make as much of this matter as Mr. Westermayr does. The Hebrews were not the only ones who glorified patriotic assassins.

The above very hasty assertions will justify us in casting doubt on other statements. The divisions "ante-Mosaic" and "Mosaic" are open to criticism. We have no documents from ante-Mosaic, not even from Mosaic times. The Pentateuch in its present form has been brought about gradually and very late (from about 621 B.C. till even later than the exile). Even the oldest portions inserted in it do not date farther back than from the earlier times of the Hebrew kings, i. e., centuries after Moses. As to the legends of Genesis, they of course rest on oral tradition and have been so worked over and over by successive redactors holding different views that if we had the original ones we very probably should not recognize them. For instance, as Gunkel says, "the chronology of the redactor P (priestly), when injected into the old legends, displays the most absurd oddities, so that Sarah is still beautiful at 65, and Ishmael is carried on his mother's back when sixteen." Besides, many legends are plainly late etymological stories tinged with reflections on later political relations between the Israelites and other peoples, e. g., Noah's curse of Canaan, and the Jacob and Esau story, while the story of the origin of the Ammonites and Moabites is surely a fiction of race hatred, probably not without religious and moral reflections on some lascivious rites in the worship of these people, similar to those of the Canaanites in the Noah story. Furthermore the figures in the patriarchal legends are not historical persons, but, at least to a great extent, eponymic heroes, dimly reflecting the early movements of the Hebrews and their intermixture with other peoples.

Since we have no documents on the prehistoric period of the Hebrews, we cannot form any definite ideas about their morality. We can only say that even the primitive Hebrews, though on a

lower stage of civilization, must have had some unwritten moral code instead of none whatever as Mr. Westermayr implies; for not even the most primitive society can hold together without some such laws. And Mr. Westermayr imagines that the Hebrews have suddenly jumped from such an unmoral stage to a moral stage through Moses! This would have been a miracle and against all the laws of history and development. Laws gradually grow as needs for them come up. On the other hand we may infer from a historical fact that in some respects the primitive Hebrews were freer from vices than after they had come in contact with the higher civilization in Canaan after the conquest, just as happens to-day when primitive peoples come in contact with higher civilizations. In Jeremiah we read of the Rechabites, who taught that people should go back to the simple life of the fathers and avoid wines and the luxuries of civilization.

If the primitive Hebrews must have had some moral code, their wrong doings must have been followed by consciousness of guilt and consequent forgiveness by atonement, a thing which Mr. Westermayr likewise entirely denies to them. Granted that he has the right to form his judgments in regard to the morality of the ante-Mosaic epoch upon the present documents, he ought to be fair in using them. To pick out some of the culprits of his long list, the acts of Jacob to Esau are characterized in the documents as deceit (as also that of Simeon and Levi) besides the curse delivered on the latter by their father on his death bed. Abraham is reproved for his lying and contemptible cowardice by Abimelech. There is a peculiar candor about these narratives in representing the national worthies as they actually were, while letting their victims stand out as nobler. This candor has led one of the redactors of the legends, according to Gunkel, to excuse jesuitically the lie of Abraham, Gen. xx. 12, the only attempt I can remember to white-wash the patriarchs.

As to the consciousness of guilt, why does Jacob flee before Esau, fear to meet him on his return, try to make atonement and confess in his straits: "Lord, I am unworthy of all thy mercies?" Why does Judah say of Thammar: "She is more righteous than I"? Why do the brothers of Joseph, when hard pressed by him, confess among themselves: "The Lord has found out our iniquity," and what does Judah say before Joseph? He is willing to undergo slavery for Benjamin in order not to bring the gray hairs of his father to the grave, a proof of filial and brotherly piety, denied by Mr. Westermayr to the ante-Mosaic epoch. There is more psychological delineation of guilt and its consequences in the simple state-

ment of facts than if they were accompanied by much moralizing. And if Mr. Westermayr took so much pains in making out a long list of culprits, how did he happen to skip Joseph saying to Potiphar's wife: "Why should I do such a great evil, etc.?" By the way we might bring the same accusation of unconsciousness of sin against modern times, when the same sins happen daily. Man is about the same now as he ever was, and in morality he has made about the least progress, witness our terrible times.

Further, I can nowhere find any hint that the ante-Mosaic documents represent God as favoring the patriarchs just on account of their wrong doing, any more than the Homeric poems represent the heroes of the different warring parties as favored by this or that deity just on account of their moral defects. The Greek or Hebrew heroes are favored simply by the grace of the Greek or Hebrew deity. I do not deny that the racial ancestors of the Hebrews have the marks of their racial moral defects as well as those of other peoples in their pre-historic legends; this is natural, but they surely also have their virtues. And we must never forget this if we would be fair.

Coming to the Mosaic epoch I would say that Moses is considered by Biblical critics less a legislator than a genius who was able to unite the Hebrew tribes under the religion of Yahveh of Sinai, to whom alone they should owe strict fidelity, excluding all other gods. This religion gradually developed into a stern monotheism. Of course all law was later derived from Yahveh through the intervention of the great leader Moses, and even later Babylonian elements were subsumed under it. But that from this time on the Hebrews were taught for the first time not to steal, to kill, etc., as Mr. Westermayr puts it, seems to me as naive as that the law giving of Moses, if he ever gave much, was all due to the Egyptian civilization in which he had been brought up. At least he was very independent of Egyptian religion. As to the Decalogue, it is very uncertain what the "ten words," as they are called in Hebrew, were, for there are different reports of it, two even in Exodus.

Though Mr. Westermayr has rightly given up his belief in the divine revelation of the Bible he seems still to cling to its traditional interpretation and to the assumption that Hebrew history followed exactly in the order of events represented in the historical writings of the Old Testament. He probably even, as I know that men of his type do, derives the flood from the marriage of Sethites and Cainites, in this respect one with the staunchest orthodox, while

Gen. vi says something entirely different. If he had been somewhat trained in the methods of scientific Biblical criticism he would have never written his article, for this method first tries to find out by extremely painstaking work when the different portions of the Old Testament were written, and then to reconstruct Hebrew history and law as it really took place. By such a minute analysis and dissection of the Hebrew law he would have come to the conclusion that this law not only had the flaws against which he now continually rails, but that it also had some very humane elements; for instance, that it not only imposed class legislation, as in taking interest from the stranger, but also had many laws against oppressing him. It even has a law against delivering up a fugitive slave.¹ The Hebrew code, like all such collections, is a strange medley of good and bad, as is natural in the evolution of law through long periods.

In regard to the prevarications of Yahveh, I fully agree that the national God, like all national gods, is naturally colored by the naive human language of the times. Human strategy is attributed to God. Nowadays we no longer attribute our prevarications to God. Still we must not go too far in our criticisms of the prevarications of Yahveh as in the matter of the exodus from Egypt, and the whole situation must be taken into consideration. I do not lay especial stress upon the following and beg that this fact will not be forgotten. Truly, God is represented in Ex. iii. 18, as telling Moses to ask Pharaoh to let the Hebrews go into the desert three days' journey to sacrifice to their God, and this actually took place afterward. But God (according to verse 19) is convinced from the start that the king will not even concede this, and that only by strong pressure will he be compelled to let the Israelites go. It is also stated repeatedly in the history of the exodus, that when Pharaoh is finally compelled to let the Israelites go after terrible plagues, Yahveh will give them favor in the sight of the Egyptians to let them have things they ask for. After the last plague Pharaoh says to Moses: "Go, you and your people, go serve the Lord and bless me also." Then we read the words: "And the Egyptians were urgent upon the people to send them out of the land in haste for they said, we be all dead men. And Yahveh gave the people favor in the sight of the Egyptians to let them have what they

¹ Even harsh laws, as those against witchcraft, had their reasons, for that superstition was connected with many murders and poisonings. Other nations had them also, if I am right. As to the persecution of witches in the Middle Ages to which Mr. Westermayr refers, I could give some very interesting details as to the mildness of the church in the earlier Middle Ages compared to what it was later. Witchcraft at first was not punished by death, but only by church penances. The church has always had its liberals and its fanatics.

asked," Ex. xii. 36 (Rev. Vers.). Can all this not mean that the Egyptians were not only glad, as Ps. cv. 38 gives it, to let the Israelites go, but even (for Pharaoh is long convinced that the Exodus is final) also to let them go with what they ask, for fear that something worse might befall them from the God of the Israelites? The word *shaal*, translated "borrow" in the authorized version, never has that meaning according to Dietrich, the editor of the seventh edition of Gesenius, but simply means "ask," "beg." The Septuagint also translates by *aiteo*, that is "ask." The whole transaction has always been understood by Hebrew interpreters from Josephus, *Ant.*, II, 14, 6 down to modern times as gifts given the Israelites, when sending them off, and as a justifiable return for their enslavement and work for centuries, while Gentiles such as Justin XXXVI, 2, 11-13, as also the Egyptian priest Apion, I think—against whom Josephus wrote—turned the story into an expulsion of the Jews on account of their diseases, when they took with them holy vessels, which Pharaoh went after them to regain. Those who hold that *shaal* must by all means be translated "borrow," may console themselves by the thought that if they are right, the Bible itself has rendered the strongest verdict against the Israelites by the words: "Thou hast wickedly borroweth (*lavah*, the especial Hebrew word for "borrow") and payest not again" Ps. xxxvii. 21.

As to the matter of good and evil proceeding from God, this ought not to trouble us much. Homer and the Greek tragic poets dealt with the subject in the same way. In the earlier books of the Old Testament the spirit is monistic. Later books, as the Chronicles, try to solve the question by dualism, attributing evil to an evil spirit Satan. The modern mind, I think, will incline more to the monistic view, and will not apply hair-splitting methods to the passages referred to by Mr. Westermayr. The case is similar with the passage: "Think not that I come to send peace, etc.," the oldest stock argument ever again brought forward by radical freethinkers saddling upon Jesus all the persecutions of the church, the Inquisition, etc. Has not every advanced step in science or in any other line caused strife? Did Jesus intend to say more than this?

As to the practical value or morality of his teachings as a whole, they may be impracticable and not "moral" as Mr. Westermayr infers, but if understood with a little grain of salt and followed they surely are, and have been, of great importance in mitigating harsh customs and rectifying lax principles, just like similar teachings of Buddha, Lao-tse, Socrates and others.

In conclusion, I would say that if any one writes on "Morality

and the Bible" he ought before all to apply morality to this task: that is, be fair, and not impute things to the Bible which are nowhere found in it. If any one had never heard of the Bible before and would read some of the statements Mr. Westermayr has made about it, he would get the impression that it is the most immoral and bestial book that has ever seen the light, and that every copy of it ought to be destroyed. The article under discussion is representative of a type of minds, who after losing belief in the Bible as a divine inspiration—the most deplorable and unhistorical dogma ever made—now fall into the same unhistorical and uncritical attitude themselves and refuse to find anything redeeming in it.

NATURAL MORALITY, RELIGION AND SOME UNSETTLED PROBLEMS.

BY VICTOR S. YARROS.

TWO admirable articles appeared in *The Open Court* for September, 1916, which deserve wide circulation. It is a pity that tens of thousands of conventional moralists and theologians cannot be somehow induced to digest, ponder and honestly meet the arguments presented by Messrs. Lyman and Westermayr in their respective articles on "Natural Morality" and "Moral Law and the Bible." Not that these writers will claim striking originality; what they say has been said before, many times. But what they say is said so simply, clearly, reasonably, that it is calculated to impress minds that are repelled by more aggressive polemics, or minds that cannot be reached by metaphysical subtleties.

But the very reasonableness and persuasiveness of these articles invite certain frank comments and questions. I wish to call the attention of the writers, and of the readers of this magazine, to certain assumptions that are often made and to certain problems that remain unsolved in the ablest expositions of natural morality and scientific religion.

Of course, all religions and moral systems are in one sense "natural." Nothing that exists is supernatural. The distinction between the natural and the miraculous, or supernatural, spells intellectual babyhood. It was, however, perfectly natural for the slowly ascending human race to make this distinction. Nothing in the crudest religion or mythology is unnatural or strange. We can see now, in the light of several sciences and of contemporaneous

studies of primitive tribes, that everything we call superstition seemed almost self-evident at certain stages of intellectual development. Man has created all the gods he has worshiped, and he has had to create them in his own image. He has peopled the world with angels, fairies, etc., and could not help doing so. Every belief rests on supposed facts and supposed evidence. If to-day, many of us are able to rise to higher conceptions, and to form mature, worthy ideas of the universe of which we are part, we owe this to vast accumulations of facts, to the experience of ages, to discoveries and inventions, and to the reasoning of many acute and brilliant minds.

If, then, religion and morality have evolved naturally—nay, inevitably—precisely as all other institutions and doctrines and systems have evolved, it follows that many of our present conceptions are in no sense final, and that dogmatism is unwarrantable in any direction.

We have no right, scientifically speaking, to dogmatize on the status of woman, or on the relations between the sexes. We cannot, for example, say too confidently that natural morality and natural religion “enjoin” upon us the monogamic family. It is quite conceivable that the future will witness profound changes in the family. We cannot flatter ourselves with the belief that the civilized and moral races are monogamic. The horror we call “the social evil”—prostitution—and the daily testimony of the divorce courts; the headlines that stare us in the face every day telling of vice, immorality, adultery, promiscuity, etc., forbid any complacent assumption as to the actual prevalence of monogamy. Moreover, we know that not one case in ten is reported or discovered, and we also know that in millions of instances freedom from immorality or sin merely means lack of opportunity. The sins of the imagination, as Lecky wrote, are as real as the sins of actuality. Jesus was right about adultery.

It is not, surely, a mere accident that pure-minded and noble-hearted social reformers like St. Simon, Fourier, Robert Owen, and others, should have been led to form “heretical” ideas concerning sex relations and the family. These heresies discredited their economic and social teaching with many, but, while we may deplore this, we cannot wish that they had suppressed their convictions on the question of marriage and the family. If they erred, candid discussion is the only true remedy for error, the only preventive of the growth of error.

Nor can we dogmatize on the question of crime und punish-

ment. We still murder the murderer. Is capital punishment really necessary as a deterrent? Is it only a means of discipline, or is it prompted by the savage desire for revenge? No society has adopted the doctrine of non-resistance to evil as Jesus preached it, and as Tolstoy, in our own day, so dogmatically defended it. We judge, we punish, we inflict cruel penalties. Suppose the non-resistants had the power and opportunity to experiment with the abolition of all punishment and restraint; would the thoughtful among us encourage them to make the experiment? Would not lynch law and mob rule straightway take the place of legal and judicial punishment? Bernard Shaw seriously asks us in his latest "Preface" to give non-resistance a trial. He says that modern science has confirmed the views of Jesus regarding crime and punishment. Perhaps it may be said with justice that science has condemned capital punishment. But has science condemned *all* punishment? If so, where and when? Will Mr. Shaw tell us?

Manifestly, trials, prisons and executions do not fully deter. But it is a transparent fallacy to conclude that they have no deterrent effect whatever. Many are undoubtedly influenced and checked in their anti-social careers by the fear of exposure and punishment, even though a few are either too desperate or too stupid to reflect on the chance of punishment.

If restraint and punishment are essential to the process of socializing and improving the individual, of fitting him for the better state, then non-resistance would be a reactionary and destructive, not a progressive and constructive, social policy. Will non-resistance ever be safe, or possible? I venture to doubt it, but this question is irrelevant and unimportant. When Shaw asks us to give non-resistance a trial to-day, with human nature as we know it, we simply stare and wonder at his naïveté. We certainly find nothing in natural morality or natural religion to require the practice of non-resistance.

One more question may be touched upon—man's relation to the "lower animals." What do natural religion and morality have to say concerning this? The Bible is not wholly silent on the subject, but it does not take us very far. Have we the right to kill animals for food? Have we the right to breed them for slaughter? Are the vegetarians right, or are they illogical and sentimental? The universe is what it is; throughout nature—"red in tooth and claw"—life feeds upon life, and creatures prey and slay in order to live and reproduce themselves. But is this tragic fact—tragic to some of us

humans at our stage of evolution—sufficient to justify to our own consciences our treatment of animals?

There was an extraordinary fallacy in Huxley's famous distinction between "the cosmic process" and "the ethical process." Huxley was apparently blind to the unity of nature. Although an aggressive agnostic, he categorically asserted that man is at war with nature and must combat the cosmic process. As if this were a possible enterprise! Huxley overlooked the evidence as to the existence of what he called the "ethical process," in the animal kingdom and among the primitive savages. But, while Huxley was wrong in his attempted distinction, for man is a part of nature and has no instincts, proclivities and sentiments that are not "cosmic," he dimly perceived the fact that man is ascending and improving his environment by emphasizing, developing and applying his social instincts and curbing his anti-social ones. We have elevated competition to a higher plane, and cooperation, or association, is more and more taking the place of strife. It is folly to suppose that strife and struggle can ever be eliminated, but it is not folly to hold that we can further refine the struggle for life. Should not, then, this process of purification and elevation extend to our treatment of animals?

Natural morality, to repeat, is tentative. It has grown up slowly, and is still growing. We can explain "naturally" why we condemn lying, slander, theft, brutal physical assaults, and the like. Other things we cannot readily explain, and we may even entertain doubts concerning their legitimacy and necessity, or their permanence. Natural morality is not merely a body of doctrines; it also furnishes a point of view, a manner of approach. If it fails to teach us to treat every problem scientifically and historically—to realize that no field or corner of human conduct is exempt from natural law—it has failed in its essential part.

MISCELLANEOUS.

APHRODITE AS MOTHER GODDESS.

In the volume on Greek and Roman Mythology (edited by William S. Fox of Princeton) of the excellent series of the *Mythology of All Races*, published in thirteen volumes by the Marshall Jones Company of Boston, a brief chapter is given to each of the major Hellenic divinities. The treatment of Aphrodite in art is thus briefly summarized:

"Through three or four centuries the Greeks were slowly evolving an

ideal type of Aphrodite. In archaic art she appears fully clothed, generally with a veil and head-cloth, and with one hand either outstretched or pressed on her bosom and holding some attribute—the apple, pomegranate, flower, or dove—while the other hand either falls at her side or grasps a fold of her garment. Up to the middle of the fourth century the full clothing of her figure predominates, although even as soon as the later half of the fifth century parts of her body were bared. At this period she is depicted as without passion, though capable of it; but it was only in the hands of the Hellenistic sculptors that she lost her dignity of pure womanhood and became sensuous and conscious of her charms."

Our frontispiece is a reproduction of the frontispiece of this volume which is taken from a marble statue dating from the fourth or third century B. C. It was found on the Greek mainland, and is now preserved in the Royal Ontario Museum of Archeology in Toronto. The statue is thus described on the protecting fly-leaf:

"On Aphrodite's left arm originally rested an infant, the fingers of whose little hand may still be seen on the drapery of its mother's bosom. The goddess is looking straight before her, not, however, with her vision concentrated on a definite object, but rather abstractedly, as if serenely proud of her motherhood. She seems to represent here that special development of the earth goddess who typified the kindly, fostering care of the soil, and reminds one of certain Asiatic images of the divine mother and child."

PREHISTORIC MONUMENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Before primitive man could build houses he lived in caves, and so it is natural that the most important monuments of primeval life are found in limestone regions where caves abound in geological formations. An important discovery made in 1913 by Count Bégouen in the cave of Tuc d'Audoubert is of artistic interest, for it has brought to light the figures of two bisons modelled in clay hidden in the depths of a subterranean recess. He tells of his experience and success in *Die Woche* of June 7, 1913.

Count Bégouen and his sons undertook to explore this cave, and followed the sparkling brook which emerges from the rock as seen in the adjoining photograph. They felt sure that here they were at the entrance of an archaic cave. After about one hundred yards the course of the brook left them on dry land and they found themselves in a beautiful hall covered with shining crystal stalactites. Here they found some animal drawings of the glacial period scratched in the wall, bisons, wild horses and reindeer, and so realistically that even the arrow heads with which the animals were killed are distinctly and artistically portrayed. After passing through narrow passages often so low that they had to creep through on hands and knees, the explorers finally came to a place where the way was entirely blocked. After hewing down the obstructing pillars and stalactites they entered a section of the cave where no human foot had trod for thousands of years. Here foot-prints of the cave-bears were still visible on the ground in undisturbed freshness, and skeletons of the same animals lay intact in the corners. There were also human footprints, and these together with the artistic carvings on the walls proved that the place had once been inhabited. But Count Bégouen's

success was crowned when in the center of the very last hall he found to his surprise two statuettes of bisons modelled in clay leaning against a rock. One of these, a female, is 61 cm. in length and 29 cm. from the pit of the stomach



COUNT BÉGOUEN AND HIS SONS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE.



STATUETTES BY PREHISTORIC ARTISTS.

to the tip of the hump. The bull is somewhat larger. There are some cracks in the clay but they do not essentially disturb the artistic shape of the animals which are modelled in faithful imitation of nature. The flashlight photo

graph affords a correct idea of the appearance of these remarkable art productions in the position in which they were found.

A few words may be added in comment upon the recent theory which Count Bégouen shares. It assumes that prehistoric art served a magic purpose. Because present pragmatic man always sees some practical end toward which his efforts are directed, he is inclined to think that the deeds of prehistoric art must also have had a definite intention, and this can only have been to attract by magic power the animals to be hunted. Perhaps scholars of the future when discovering our modern monuments will assume that they too were meant as means of conjuration to procure a victory over the enemy, and the idea that our artists have designed them in pure joy of some great accomplishment or of ideas that took possession of their minds will not occur to them. It can be said of theories as of books, *Habent sua fata*. The truth is that we have these artistic monuments, and we need only concede that art flourished in the primitive prehistoric age of mankind.

SONG OF THE WAR DEVIL.

BY C. L. MARSH.

"Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die."
—Tennyson.

Still in the heart of each human I lurk,
Peasant, philosopher, Christian or Turk,
Still is unstifled my smoldering fire,
Spark of the tiger that once was your sire.
Smear me with culture and bury me deep,
Out from the blaze of your passion I leap.
Preach me or teach me! I laugh you to scorn,
Into your hearts from your fathers I'm born.
My eyes are glowing red,
By your native hatred bred,
And I wake your drowsy will
With a thirsty lust to kill,
Till the golden fields are filthy with the foulness of the dead.

Plausible tales of a national might;
Country! Religion! "The Glory of Right!"
These are the slogans that make my disguise,
I am the child of "The Father of Lies."
Cat-like I crawl through your peace-making schemes,
Softly I purr at your love-gendered dreams.
Waiting the moment when "self" is alone
Swiftly I strike, and your heart is my own.
Your eyes see only red,
By my fiery passion fed,
And I paralyze your sight
Till you know not wrong from right,
And I laugh to see you triumph in the thousands of your dead.

Love is my enemy, hatred my life!
 Love hopes to slay me! I joy in the strife!
 Think of your history! glance at your past,
 Find—of survivals I still am the last.
 Death is my comrade, sorrow my joy,
 Born in the hearts of your girl and your boy.
 I am the spirit that curses your race,
 Ne'er shall I rest till your name I efface.
 When the private feud begins,
 Or the pride of conquest wins,
 I sharpen teeth and claws
 For a war without a cause,
 I hate and loathe you utterly, your virtues and your sins.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

PALMS AND TEMPLE BELLS. By *A. Christina Albers*. Calcutta: Burlington Press, 55 Creek Row.

Miss Albers, born in Germany and educated in the United States, has from her childhood had an inborn love of India. It was her desire to go to India and live among the people whom she had greatly admired long before she ever set foot on Indian ground. She has frequently given expression to her thoughts in writing, and we may mention among her publications a little story of Indian wifehood, in which the customs of child marriage are pictured in a pleasant and attractive story. She has also written a life of Buddha for children, with interspersed verses, and now we are in receipt of this little book of poems whose purpose is to "interpret to the West some of the thoughts, the ideals and the customs of India." Miss Albers is fond of India, but she sees the dark side of Indian life as well as the noble and exalting high virtues of some Indian men and women. In contrast to these she recognizes the "various harsh usages, prominent among the latter being the marriage of children." The verses before us reflect Indian life in all the various phases which the poet has met, and we can give no better description of the contents of this little book before us than in a review which appeared a short time ago in the *Indian Mirror* of Calcutta (February 26, 1915).

"There are few Europeans who can say of India with greater enthusiasm 'This is my own, my native land' than Miss Christina Albers, the author of the book of poems, *Palms and Temple Bells*. No European lady living in India has observed with greater closeness the manners and customs of its people and evinced her sympathy with its women-folk with greater sincerity than she. The title of the book is eminently suggestive of its contents.

"The physical aspects of the country and the spirituality of its peoples form the principal themes of the collection of poems which this volume embodies, although a few pieces describing life and views outside of India find a place therein. The authoress sings a variety of songs in a variety of measures, the key-note of the music being sympathy. The Taj has been variously described by succeeding poets and travelers. Miss Albers gives it a characteristic designation; she calls it 'a great love's dream creation.' The lines on Jahangir and Shahjehan represent such sentiments as their respective reigns

suggest. Coming down to her contemporaries, the poetess pays a glowing tribute of praise to the late Swami Vivekananda whom she describes as one who

"Turned the spirit's mystic tide
And gave new life-blood unto foreign lands,'

Again,

"He tread the path that patriots have trod,
And loved his country as he loved his God.'

* * *

"A daring messenger, whom gods had sent,
High raising India's name where'er he went.'

"No less than six poems are written on the late Rai Bahadar Norendro Nath Sen, from one of which we crave the reader's pardon for extracting only a couplet:

"Never quailed where others faltered, faced the lion in his den,
And with the same dauntless spirit his misguided countrymen.'

"Miss Albers writes on spiritual and philosophical subjects with as much grace and ease as she does on social topics. Her poems on child-wives and child-widows reveal sympathy and pathos of the deepest dye. What she thinks of the *purdah* system will appear from the two stanzas quoted below from the poem headed 'Pardanasheen':

"Low lies the land where childhood is no more,
The child's heart quails before an iron fate,
Before a cruel custom time-create,
Which saps the nation's life-blood to the core.'

* * *

"Freedom lies crushed where woman fettered stands;
And if thou, India, wouldst dream once more
To scale those heights thy sires did walk of yore,
Loosen the fetters from those trembling hands.'

"Miss Albers is no less vigorous in her denunciation of the cruelty to birds involved in the custom prevailing among her sex in the western countries, of wearing aigrettes, as the stanzas reproduced below go to show:

"And you, fair wearer, listen! do you hear
The death-chirp of an orphaned dying brood,
That rings through space from distant hemisphere,
And lonely wood?"

* * *

"Rob not a noble creature of its place
On God's broad earth, where there is room for all,
Lest the chirping of a dying race,
On *your race fall*.'

"Considerations of space deter us from treating our readers more liberally to the dainty dishes which this poetical feast provides. We refer them to the book itself with the assurance that they will rise from a perusal of it considerably wiser and spiritually better."

WAR AND CIVILIZATION. By J. M. Robertson, M. P. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., Pp. 160, Price, 2/6 net.

War and Civilization is introduced by an open letter to Dr. Gustaf F Steffen, a Swedish professor of economics and sociology at the University of

Stockholm, who wrote a book entitled *Krieg und Kultur*, in which he sides with the Germans and speaks of the superiority of their culture. We have not seen Professor Steffen's book, but it seems to be good; otherwise it would not have aroused Mr. Robertson to such a pitch of indignation and such violent misrepresentation. He assumes that the Germans began this war; that they fell upon Belgium without provocation; that the Austrians had no case against Serbia; that Austria refused to submit her case to an international court of arbitration in which her enemies, England, France, Italy and Russia would have had the majority of votes; that the Germans supported Austria because they naturally expected a war with England.

German atrocities are considered to be proved beyond any doubt by the diaries taken from German soldiers, either dead or prisoners. The so-called unequivocal evidence on which the argument is based is obviously distorted, for the very translations prove that the originals had a different meaning. For instance, Mr. Robertson chronicles an episode which he regards as very important because he looks upon it as a confession of German brutality. One of the soldiers writes of eight houses that were destroyed with their inmates. Among the people with whom the soldiers had to fight were "two men with their wives and a girl of eighteen." The writer adds: "The girl made me suffer—she had such an innocent look; but one could not check the excited troops (*Menge*) for at such times (*dann*) they are not men but beasts." "Excited troops" is a wrong translation of *Menge*. *Menge* means multitude or mass of people, and is often used in the sense of mob. *Menge* is never used in the sense of troops, and for a German it is absolutely impossible to misinterpret the word *Menge* as troops. By *Menge* the author can only have referred to the Belgian mob who attacked the soldiers senselessly, and he accounts for it on the ground that at such times men are no longer men but beasts. It is well known to Germans, although constantly ignored by English people, that the several collections of such diaries taken from German soldiers have been grossly misinterpreted and wrongly translated, but it is useless to correct people who defend the English side. They ignore refutations, and would reproduce anything that appeals to them as being useful to the British cause.

For instance, the forgery of an army command by the German Brigadier General Stenger is reproduced, although Mr. Robertson confesses it was "by the German government declared to be a forgery." It was a command that none should be taken prisoner, but that "all prisoners will be executed" (page 77). The whole makeup of this order proves that it is not genuine. On page 79 Mr. Robertson recurs to the same testimony.

No mention is made of the atrocity charges which could not be verified by the five prominent American reporters, and the fact is ignored that the collection of atrocity stories made by Lord Bryce is based on very equivocal evidence of anonymous witnesses who for the sake of encouraging their testimony were not placed under oath. Before a law court none of these stories would carry evidence with any impartial judge.

The whole book is "a masterpiece in the whole literature of national hypocrisy." It is an apparent misrepresentation of the book of Professor Steffen, and still worse makes a case against Germany with false evidence and the grossest misrepresentations of its cause. Pro-British readers will enjoy it.

THE POSSIBLE PEACE. A Forecast of World Politics After the Great War.
By *Roland Hugins*. New York: Century Co., 1916. Pp. xiv, 198. Price,
\$1.25 net.

There is no doubt that Mr. Hugins is a militant pacifist, and all his energies are bent toward showing that war is not only an irremediable evil but is not necessary and would not be possible except for the misleading influence of the ruling cliques over the peaceful and idealistic many. He says the only thing that makes war inevitable is the idea that it is inevitable. He writes in the simple and direct style of earnest conviction—simple at times to the point of informality, but always explicit and forceful. In his interpretation of history he sees much to blame in the conduct of all great powers: "Each was following an imperialistic and militaristic policy and each must share the responsibility of the final catastrophe." This war is the disproof of all complacent, pacifistic theories to the effect that the world had become civilized beyond the need of war, or that the advance of invention had raised armaments to such a point of mutual destructiveness that war could no longer be considered a practicable method for settling disputes. In "The World Unmasked" Mr. Hugins shows the selfish policy of aggrandizement all nations were following, "rattling into barbarism" as he quotes Lord Roberts's phrase. He shows how "during that silent alert struggle we fictitiously call 'peace' each cabinet and chancellory maneuvers with loans and concessions and secret bargains for help in the next war," and boldly states that coalitions are made but for the single purpose of military advantage and never for the welfare of the people of the disputed tracts. He ruthlessly denies that war ever brings any good of itself which is not far outweighed by its horrors, and insists that "most wars are like the present unrighteous conflict, wars of mutual aggression." He does not shirk the dreadful details of individual suffering in war, and the development it offers for the basest passions of men. Mr. Hugins shows that all definite proposals for world-peace are founded on one of the three ideas represented by the three branches of government; but the world is not ready for any such general organization which would have to be founded on mutual good will and would be worse than of no avail if all great powers did not take equal part in it. "To be specific, both of the armed camps into which the world is divided must unite to form the league." Mr. Hugins's idea is that "war will not cease until the desire for war grows feeble"; that in the present instance "war resulted because at the background of it all, there was a mutual willingness to have a trial of strength." The problem of possible peace in the future is one of internal politics within each nation. "Every nation is a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Two natures struggle within it; the militarist and the pacifist, the reactionary and the constructive. . . . At present the peace-preferring groups appear to be in the majority, the militaristic groups in control. The practical problem of the pacifist is so to strengthen in each country the peace-preferring groups that they may carry the mass of the nation, thinking and unthinking, with them." Mr. Hugins would think the United States best fitted by history and temper to lead toward international morality, but would place England and Germany next, as countries in which the opposing forces of liberalism and class domination are nearly balanced. He is not blinded to our national faults but has a faith in our national character and future which is refreshing after so much dissension and criticism in our midst. "And yet, after all qualifications are made, Amer-

icans have reason to be proud of their national attitude. We are not impeccable. Our hands may not be altogether clean nor our minds clear, but we have no false pride in this country; we can acknowledge our faults and make reparation for our errors. The mass of Americans work slowly toward sound conclusions. Of what we have done, of what we have refrained from doing, and of what we intend to do we need not be greatly ashamed. The thing that counts in the end is the ideals for which nations stand; and the ideals of the United States are the most respectable in the world." The most constructive part of Mr. Hugins's message is in the final brief chapter on "Double-Barrelled Preparedness." He says: "We need a political preparedness to accompany and govern our physical preparedness." "If we are drawn into a war it will be over some policy of ours, Asiatic exclusion or the Monroe doctrine, or intervention in Mexico, or our insistence on maritime right." And so we ought to be able to define our national policy if we are to be called upon to defend it. He modestly makes the following suggestions as to what an official statement of American policy should contain. He says: "I think we should declare: That the United States intends in the future as in the past to keep itself free from entangling alliances.... that America is ready at any time to enter enthusiastically a league of peace or any other organization that plans to diminish war between the nations, but *only* provided that such a league is recruited on the broadest international basis....that we propose to maintain unflinchingly the Monroe doctrine; the doctrine is not a part of international law and draws validity only from the moral and physical power of the United States....that we reserve to ourselves the right to regulate our immigration in any way we think best and the right to make tariffs that do not discriminate arbitrarily, and we accord the same rights to others; that we stand for the principle of the open door everywhere and the principle of the freedom of the seas, and intend to advance these principles by all means short of armed conflict; that we shall fight only when the unmistakable rights of American citizens are invaded; that, most emphatically, we do not propose to acquire one foot of territory anywhere in the world by conquest or coercion." p

We hear with regret from Calcutta of the recent death (January 5, 1917) of the Hindu scholar and explorer Rai Sarat Chandra Das C.I.E. On the day preceding his death he deeded a large piece of land on Deva-Pahar Hill, Chittagong, Bengal, for the purpose of providing a park and a temple for contemplation. The construction of this temple had been begun before his death, and he leaves its completion to his son Probodh Kumar Das of the High Court of Calcutta, who regards it as his life's ambition to carry out his father's last wishes, which include also the congenial task of furnishing the temple with all the collections of the late Sarat Chandra Das on subjects pertaining to art, religion and science so that they may in the future be accessible to student of these subjects. p



THE PHANTOM SHIP.
Painted by Mary Bassett.

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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BALDER'S DEATH.

BY CORNELIA STEKETEE HULST.

ARGUMENT.

THE first scene of this story is in the Heaven of Norse Mythology, or, to be more exact, in Asgard, the city of the Asas; and the characters are the Asas, the Norse gods, whose King is Odin. Asgard must be imagined as a golden city, not only paved with gold but piled with gold from the foundation to the pinacles of its palaces. It is a wonderwork of the most skilful of the giant race, the Jotuns, who were once friends of the Asas but are now foes, alienated by rivalry for power and gold.

In the scheme of the Universe, Asgard lies in the upper branches of the Tree of Life, where it rests at the top of the arch of Bifrost, the Rainbow Bridge, by which the Asas descend to earth when they will, riding their horses, except Thor, who is so heavy that he would break through its ethereal substance. As far beneath the earth as Asgard lies above it, is the Lower World, called Hell, or Helheim, because it is the home of Queen Hel, a Jotun whose power is matched with Odin's and who will lead her kindred to attack him in Asgard as soon as she is able.

Hel is the daughter of Loke, the destructive spirit of Fire.

The Golden City of Asgard shines in splendor against a blue sky, and Odin, its king, is clad in a regal mantle of blue. Among his circle he is kingly indeed, a leader in battle, triumphant in single combat, astute in counsel, and a loving father to his heroes. All-Father is the name with which they chiefly honor him, but they add many other names in honor of his powers and exploits, such as the Many-in-One, Ygg (the Clear-Thinker), and the Wayfarer. Odin's sister, Frigg, is also his wife, and as Queen of Heaven is

justly honored, for she is wise and good. The son of Odin and Frigg is Balder, the best loved Asa in heaven. Like Odin, Balder has many appropriate names, among which are the White One, the Peaceful, and the Father of Justice, for his palace has sheltered no evil. He is clothed in radiant white, and rays beam about him as from a sun. Balder is the glory of heaven. As is fit, Nanna, his wife, is like him though lesser, a moon-white Dis, and their union is the most perfect.

The nature of Loke is flame, and his color is flame; but Hel is death-white, and her heart is cold, as her kingdom lies cold in a region of eternal frost and snow. Hel is the most powerful of Loke's evil offspring. Her mother is no less hated, a Jotun witch named Angerboda, because she bodes anguish to all of her friends as well as her foes. This circle of destructive spirits, including also Hel's terrible brothers, the Midgard Serpent and the Fenris Wolf, bide their time to conquer both Earth and Asgard, mustering their forces in the Lower World and in the Mirkwood, where Angerboda's wolf-sons congregate. At Raknarok, the World's Twilight, they will issue forth for the final struggle. In the one great conflict that they have so far had with Odin for the rule of the world, Odin has been able to control them, casting the Serpent far forth into the sea, binding the Wolf Fenrir to a rock on a distant island, Lyngve, and banishing Hel to the Lower World, where in the lowest of nine gloomy circles she established her throne, called Despair. Hers is a sad, loveless kingdom, and she is the cold sovereign of the dead. The Weird Norns (Past, Present, and Future), made her supreme in the Lower World, and gave her permission to come to Earth only at midnight to select those who are to belong to her. Brave warriors are chosen by the Valkyrie, Odin's War Maidens, to be taken dying from the battlefield to Valhal, his Hall of Heroes in Asgard; but those who are cowards or who die at peace are taken by Hel.

The incidents in this story occur shortly after the Wolf Fenrir has been bound, when Loke and Hel have been balked in their purpose to capture Asgard by means of Fenrir's wonderful strength. The action begins on one of Hel's midnight visits to Earth to give warning to those whom she has chosen to die.

NOW the dusk and the nightfall were early
 And the dawn was late in its coming,
 And the days were so dark that at noontide
 Deep shadows lay brooding in Valhal—

Nature gives
 signs that fore-
 bode disaster.

Strange sights ; and strange sounds smote the hearing,
 Low sougling and sighing and whispers.
 It shook the hearts of the hearers,
 Were Hel and her hordes from cold Helheim
 Stealing on Asgard in darkness? . . .
 The eyes of the erewhile calm Asas
 Grew gloomy, and heavy their hearts were ;
 Sore troubled, they tossed on their couches.
 And, the first time in Asgard, one midnight
 A moaning and crying awaked them . . .
 Fear sucked at their hearts like a vampire . . .
 Then a wailing arose in Bright Broadblink
 Whence naught but joy's sounds had e'er issued ;
 And shrill, as pine shrieks when the lightning
 Has cleft to its heart, Balder shrieked,
 And the ramparts of Asgard echoed
 And its vaulting re-echoed his shrieking.

They groped their way through the dark,
 And as day broke in Asgard held council
 And heard Balder's dream,
 His vision of evil impending :

Balder's
dream.

"All we love, all we hate were in conflict !
 The Gulph of the Nether World opened
 And Hel sought her lord . . . to dwell with her . . .
 And I was her lord, and must follow,
 For Death hurled his dart, and it hit me."

And Nanna, his spouse, where she lay
 With her flowerlike face on Frigg's bosom,
 His mother's, shuddered and sobbed
 Ere she spoke in accents complaining,
 "Aye, Hel came to Asgard, love-hungry ;
 She sought her a lord . . . she craves mine . . .
 Me she hates—O Father ! O Mother !
 King ! Frigg ! Help our Balder
 Or Hel will yet hale him to Helheim !"

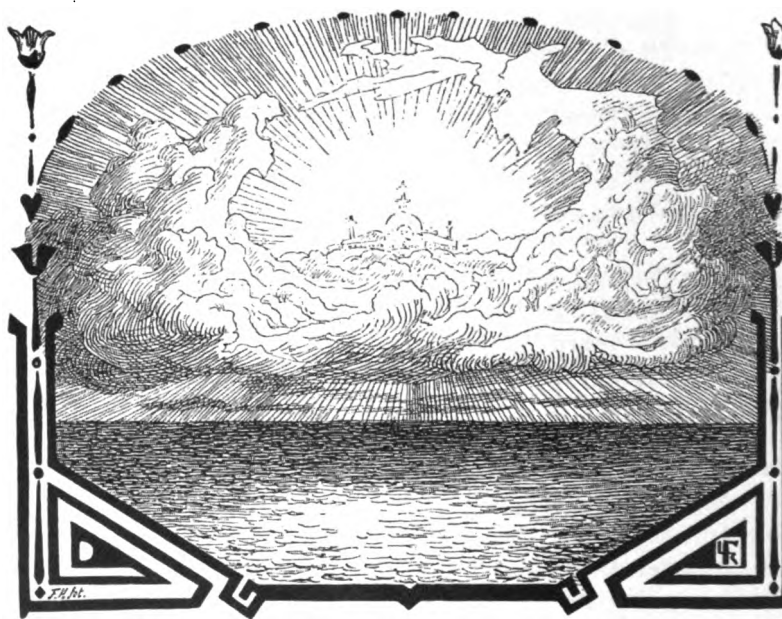
Nanna pleads
for him.

And Frigg answered, comforting Nanna,
 "Dear child, who would harm our good Balder,
 Beloved Light of the Heavens ?

Frigg's answer.

If Hel does desire him—oh, surely
 She never will find one to slay him,
 For all in the world love our Balder!"

But still Frigg was troubled at heart,
 Asking why was his slumber afflicted
 With dreams that forebade disaster;
 And Nanna, still weeping, repeated,
 "Hel will yet hale him to Helheim."



THE HEAVENLY CITY.

Odin departs
 to learn the
 future.

Then Odin, the wise, the Clear-Thinker,
 Who loved Balder more dearly than any
 For that best he knew his son's nature,
 So gentle and loving and peace-full,
 Arose and departed in silence.

Frigg's efforts
 to save Balder.

But Frigg, with the Asas remaining,
 Took oath from all Nature to spare him
 So that Hel could find nothing to slay him.
 She bound land and water with oaths,
 And gold, and silver, and iron,—

All metals, all earths, all plants
 That are growing or grown on the earth,
 In the air or the water; all birds,
 All diseases, all reptiles, all creatures
 That creep, walk, or fly, to earth's confines.

And again there was joy in the heavens,
 And a marvel it was, those glad days,
 To see how all nature loved Balder.
 They gathered a circle about him
 And, playful, threw missiles upon him
 In their sports on his plain, the fair Peace Place;
 And great was the honor they did him,
 Hewing, and hacking, and hurling,
 Most mighty, most skilful,—and harmless.
 Darts recoiled, and hard flints did not hurt him;
 Asa blades bit not, but rebounded
 Though keen and hero-like wielded;
 When it hurtled forth with his thunder,
 Thor's Hammer to Thor's hand returned
 And on Balder had left no more mark
 Than an arrow when cleaving the heavens
 Can leave on the air it has parted.
 Frigg smiled, Nanna laughed, and bright Balder
 Forgot his dream and its portent.

The fears of
 the Asas are
 relieved.

But Odin, All-Father, forgot not,
 Nor smiled, as he rode through deep valleys,
 Descending and dark, to the North.
 Swiftly his steed passed the landmarks,
 His Sleipner, fleet-footed and willing,
 Smiting the earth till it trembled
 With the beat of his feet, rune-enristed.
 For nine days successive down Helway
 He traveled, by bridges, o'er chasms
 And wastes, till he came to Hel's kingdom;
 And never he stopped or turned back
 Though her Hel-hounds he met, slaughter-craving,
 Foam-flecked and blood-stained and gaping,
 That bayed as he passed,
 And though bands of the Dead hailed him, wailing.
 But when Hell-walls loomed black through the darkness,

Odin journeys
 to the Vala

With towers and pinacles beetling,
 And heavy-barred Hell-gates denied him—
 Would he force them, again to face Hel?...
 To the East he turned Sleipner, to the death-house
 Where the Vala, a seeress, lay buried.

He practices
 his art to raise
 her from her
 grave.

Three times he circled around it,
 Three times in widening circles,
 And three times three, chanting Runes;
 Then, facing the North, a spell
 He pronounced, most potent, compelling,
 Until, in her grave, Vala wakened,
 And rose in winding-sheet swathed,
 And uttered unwilling,
 In accents grave-hollow, death-husky:

Vala speaks.

"My grave has been covered with snow;
 My grave has been beaten with rain;
 Upon it the night-dews have fallen
 As many a year I have lain;
 Pass onward, and leave me in quiet,
 Thou stranger—What is thy name,
 That hast wakened my ghost in its grave?"

Odin deceives
 her as to his
 name, and
 compels her
 to answer.

And Odin, the Many-in-One,
 Spoke the name he ever is named
 From that journey forth: "The Wayfarer, I,
 Veltam's son; and of Hel I demand,
 And these benches with rings overspread.
 For whom is Hel's banquet prepared?
 For whom are her couches o'erlaid?
 Speak, Vala, and tell;
 I shall bind thee with runes, that thou answer."

He learns
 that Balder
 must die,

"The mead that stands brewed is for Balder—
 Let the race of the Asas bewail him!
 Now thou hast compelled me to speak it,
 And now let me lay me to rest."

That Hoder
 will slay him,

But Odin: "Speak, Vala!
 I shall bind thee with runes, that thou answer,
 For yet I must learn of his slayer."

And Vala :

"Blind Hoder will slay him,
Will send his glorious brother
To dwell in the halls of dark Helheim,
Now thou hast compelled me to speak it,
And now let me lay me to rest."

But Odin: "Speak, Vala!

I shall bind thee with runes, that thou answer;



ODIN QUESTIONING VALA.

Thou still must reveal me the vengeance
That any may wreak on his slayer."

"Young Vale and Vidar the 'vengers
Who his slayer shall slay.
Now thou hast compelled me to speak it,
And now let me lay me to rest."

And that
Vidar and
Vale will
avenge him;

And Odin: "Speak, Vala!
The Maidens, three Jotuns—"
(Of the Wise Ones he questioned, the Weird
Ones
Who weave the web of the world,

But when
Odin asks
concerning the
Norns

Urd, and Verdand', and Skuld,
That-Has-Been, That-Is, and That-Shall-Be)

Vala knows
him for Odin,
and taunts
him with his
impotence.

But Vala broke forth when he named them,
"Not the Wayfarer—ODIN!
Now I know!—thou hast tricked me!...
Hel, help! I appeal to Queen Hel!
Go, boast of thy knowledge, exulting!
The Norns have his thread, and are weaving—
Can thy runes cast a spell upon Skuld,
Or alter a thread in the pattern
That Verdand' is weaving?
Hel, help! I appeal to Queen Hel!
To her the Norns gave dark Helheim,
And wanhope is thine in that kingdom!
Henceforth no more questions I answer
Till bondage be broken at Doom.
I sleep till the sound of the Trumpet."

Then Odin withdrew him toward Valhal,
For Vala took refuge with Hel.
And, again for nine days, to the South
He rode; climbing the heights of his city
While he pondered what Vala foretold.

III.

Loke, dis-
guised as a
maiden

Now Loke, the evil, heard laughter,
As he lurked at the portals of Asgard,
And in his fell spirit most spiteful
Were the thoughts and the feelings that wakened.
Assuming the guise of a maid
That is free from all guile, to Fensal,
That fairest of gold-halls, he came,
Where Frigg sat with Nanna in converse:
"Mother, why are the Asas so blithesome?"
His tongue that asked it dripped honey.
The Mother of Asas made answer,
"Our Balder is safe from Hel's clutches;
Creation has sworn not to harm him,
The air and the earth and the water,
All life that is *in, on, or under,*"—

Questions
Frigg,

The honey-sweet voice interrupted,
 "What, *all* things have sworn it?"
 "The things I have spoken have sworn it,
 But now I bethink me, a thing
 That is growing nor *on* earth, nor *under*,
 Nor *in* air or water, nor *under*,

And learns
 her secret.



VOLUSPA.

But, sole of its kind, on an oak tree—
 The mistletoe twig—hath not sworn it;
 But weak is its nature, and tender."

He seeks
Balder, to
slay him.

Loke had what he sought, and went forth
Straightway to seek mistletoe growing.
From an oak tree he cut it, then hied
To the sports of the Asas in Peace Place,
Balder's broad, smiling Mead,
Where in midst of the Circle stood Balder,
The White, white-browed and white robèd,
Radiant, beaming around,
While about him flew missiles, played weapons
In that game that they made in his honor.
And as each play failed of effect
There rose shouts and applause from the players
So loud and so long that the Wayfarer
Nearing the portals of Asgard
Heard, and rejoiced that he heard,
For they told of the safety of Balder.

Odin returns
to Asgard, re-
joicing to
hear that Bal-
der is still
safe.

Loke per-
suades Hoder
to throw the
mistletoe,

Apart from the Circle stood Hoder,
The Blind, the twin brother of Balder.
The smile on his face spoke contentment
And pride in the prowess of Balder.
"And why do you not honor Balder,
Hoder?" said Loke; and Hoder,
"Because I am blind, and unable."
"Stand forth, then, and take thou this missile
And hurl with thy might; I will guide thee."
And Hoder, to honor his Balder,
Put forth all his might, and the mistletoe
Flew from his hand, Death's own dart—
And pierced Balder....

And strikes
Balder down.

Balder's
dream is
fulfilled.

And again Balder shrieked, as that midnight,
And heaven re-echoed his shrieking
From rampart to rampart and vaulting
And again from the vault to the ramparts,
Through the Halls of the Heavenly City,
To Fensal, where Nanna and Frigg
Were weaving their wreaths, and to Odin,
Who had entered the gates of his City.

The grief in
Asgard,

Ah, who can tell of their grief!
Beyond power of speech was their sorrow,
And a deathlike stillness fell on them

As still Death had fallen on Balder.
 The Heavenly City lay hushed
 As the yard where the dead lie entombèd.
 But when dying—nay, *dead*, Balder fell,
 There rose wailing and groans from the Asas
 From throats that were strangers to weeping,
 From heroes of godlike endurance.
 Only Vidar stood silent, unshaken; Of Vidar, Tyr,
 Tyr trembled; Thor shook like an aspen; Thor, Vale,
 Young Vale's breast heaved, tempest-shaken,
 And through his clenched teeth an oath rattled;
 Apart and unheeded stood Hoder, Hoder,
 His face as a ghost's strayed from Helheim,
 His blind eyes strained as if seeing,
 His white lips at horrible working,
 Form tense, hand at ear, forward bending.
 And then Father Odin descended, And Odin.
 And gathered his son to his heart
 And bemoaned him:

"Oh Balder, my Son, my Belovèd,
 Would that Weird had taken thy Father! Odin's lament.
 Full gladly—my life for thy life—
 Take it—Oh, would thou mightst take it—"
 Then his accents were lost in his sobbing.

And when Frigg and Nanna together
 Approached, Balder's wife and his mother— The grief of
 Too sacred their sorrow; Frigg and
 Draw the veil and gaze not upon it. . . . Nanna.

At last Frigg spoke: "Who will go
 And pray Hel to take ransom for Balder?" Frigg advises
 "*Give her ransom?*" roared Thor, "*Give her* Thor proposes
 Battle! war.

I reed you, storm Hel and take Balder!
 We had better force battle to-day than wait longer—
 First, vengeance! Who was the slayer?"
 The red beard shook on his bosom;
 From 'neath brows beetling black as his storm-clouds
 Light leapt, levin-red, as he thundered.

His knuckles gleamed white
As he tightened his hold on the haft of his hammer.

Hoder confesses his act,
and tells of Loke.

Then Hoder groped forward, bowed, broken,—
“I give myself to his ’vengers—
This hand was the hand that slew Balder—
But Loke’s the voice—his the purpose.”
And he told the tale of the slaying.

Loke pleads sanctuary

The Asas started for Loke
To tear him to pieces. “Peace Place!”
Cried Loke, “This is Balder’s Peace,
Where violence cannot be done
But vengeance will follow the doer.”
And Nanna pled, “This is Balder’s Peace,
Let no one profane it with vengeance.”
And escapes. So Loke escaped.
And again Thor thundered, “*Storm Helheim
And rescue our Balder!*”
And the Asas echoed, “Storm Hell!”

Frigg gives counsel,

And forthwith they had sworn and departed,
But that Frigg spoke, calmly and sadly,
“Nay, Asas, storm Hell not, for Helheim
The Norns gave to Hel till the Trumpet
Shall sound on the morning of Doom—
Ye must fail if ye go—but go one
And offer our ransom to Hel.”

And Hermod departs on the mission, while

Said, “Frigg, I will go on thy mission,”
And Odin gave fleet-footed Sleipner
To Hermod departing for Hell.

The Asas deck the funeral ship.

Then the Asas bore Balder’s pale form
Where his Ringhorn lay, greatest of vessels,
And on its broad deck built his pyre
Of the boughs that they brought from the forest:
And there each laid a gift, jewelled armor,
Rich rings and brooches, vast riches,
To pile on his breast and about him.
There Odin, bowed and sore grieved,

Laid Draupner, the world's wealth and increase,
His ring-dropping-rings, and spoke bitter: Odin gives
"Let Earth cease to bring forth her increase— Draupner;
Let all things with all be confounded. . . .
Would that Time itself might run backward
Or stop in its profitless courses."

Odin gives Draupner:

There Frigg laid her carpet of verdure
That covers the Earth; and Fulla,
The yellow grain of the harvest.

Frigg, her car-
pet; Fulla the
grain.

And through the still watches of night
When Nanna and Frigg sat beside him,
Sad Sigyn came to her sister,
The sad wife, truest and tenderest,
That Loke abandoned in Asgard
To wed thè foul witch Angerboda ;
And Sigyn mourned beside Nanna
For the wrong Loke did to her Balder.

Balder's death-watch is kept.

And, late, Nanna slumbered; and sweetly
Peace settled upon her pale features—
A white flower silvered in moonlight;
And speech passed her lips, to a Vision
Addressed, and then she woke, joyful:
“Dear Mother and Sister, farewell!
Your Nanna may go to her Balder.
Our lives were so closely inwoven
That even in death we are mated—
Give thanks to kind Verdand’, the weaver!
Dear Mother and Sister, farewell!”
And again Nanna slept,
And thenceforth did Frigg and sad Sigyn
Keep deathwatch for Nanna and Balder.
And when his great pyre was built,
On the broad deck of Ringhorn, his vessel,
By Balder’s side they laid Nanna,
Till the solemn rites should be rendered
If Hermod returned from his Mission
With refusal to Asgard from Hel.

Nanna's vision.

She is laid be-
side Balder on
his pyre.

IV.

In the meantime fleet Sleipner sped northward,
And never he stopped or turned back

Hermod's journey to Hell.

As he galloped through valleys, o'er chasms,
 Save once, at the Bridge, where a herald,
 Its keeper, called "Hail!" to challenge
 His passing. "I am Hermod! To Hel
 Is my mission, for Balder!"
 And ready reply came, "Pass on!
 It was over this Bridge he descended.
 God speed thee! Greet Balder!"
 And again vast stretches he covered
 Till the Walls and the Gates rose, of Hell.



HERMOD DEPARTING FOR HELL.

He enters
 Helheim

"Hail Hermod! hail Sleipner!" said Balder,
 And drew near with Nanna to Hermod
 To fondle the steed, as in Asgard
 Was ever his wont....
 But when he seemed to embrace them,
 His arms, they were naught but a shadow;
 And a shadow was Nanna, and shadows
 The ghosts that swarmed 'round them,
 Each bearing a brand on its forehead
 Of Hel's, the slothful, the craven,
 The wicked, but each with a hope
 In its eyes, and a light as in Balder's,
 For light still beamed from his eyes
 And a halo still circled his body—
 Heaven's Sun midst the shadows of Hell.

"Hail Hermod! Hail Sleipner!" said Balder,
 "But your journey to Helheim is bootless,
 Save that you may bear witness in Heaven
 When homeward you carry Hel's message
 That love such as Nanna's has might
 Far more than Hel's hate, e'en in Hell.
 Bitter cruel is Hel, and unyielding—
 Accept not, believe not her promise,
 For hate fills her heart full of venom
 And distrust gnaws her vitals with anguish.

And receives
 Balder's mes-
 sage to Asgard.

Since Nanna has come, Hel has hidden
 In Anguish, her palace in Niflhel,
 Where she lies enraged in Despair,
 For a hope that she trusted has failed her—
 The sight of love's joy is Hel's sorrow....
 But let not the Mid-Earth and Asgard
 Grow gloomy as Helheim with mourning.
 Charge this on our loved ones, returning,
 And charge them to comfort each other—
 And charge them to comfort poor Hoder;
 Assure him I love him as ever,
 For unwitting he slew me. Forgive him,
 And when our last rites ye have rendered
 Let Nature increase and be joyous—
 To this end I send my best grave-gift
 Again to All-Father, his Draupner,
 His ring-that-drops-riches."

He returns
 his gifts.

And Nanna added her grave gifts:
 "To Frigg I send back her soft carpet,
 May flowers blossom upon it;
 And to Fulla give back her gay girdle,
 The maid with the waving gold tresses."

And now Hermod continued his journey
 To offer Frigg's ransom to Hel.
 Through Slid he swam, River of Venom,
 And kingdom and kingdom he traversed
 Till he came to the lowest and darkest,
 The Ninth, where Hel dwells in Anguish,
 Her palace, and feasts at Famine,
 Her banqueting-board, and rules

Hermod's
 descent to
 Niflhel,

From Despair, her black throne, double seated
 And canopied, waiting a mate—
 (But a mate will there never be found
 To rule in that kingdom despairing,
 For sole of her kind is Queen Hel.)
 Delay, her man-servant, led him
 Across her threshold, Abysm,
 And her maid-servant, Slowness,
 Through portals and aisles, long approaches,
 Led him thence to her audience room.



THE SHORE OF THE CORPSES.

When Hel beheld Hermod approaching
 And his audience with Hel. She rose from her couch, her hard Care-Bed,
 Where rest she had sought;
 She ascended Despair, and, haughty,
 She spake as kings speak to war envoys.
 So deathlike her presence, so grewsome,
 Hermod's blood curdled cold, but he hailed her
 And delivered the message he bore her,
 His eyes fixed unflinching upon her,
 And besought her send Balder and Nanna
 To Asgard, and herself fix their ransom:

Hermod's message, "Of the Asas choose any, our greatest—
 So dearly we love him—choose Hoder,
 Appropriate mate." But Hel shuddered.

Bold Hermod spoke on:

"It is better for thee to give Balder,
For if Balder thou keep he'll oppose thee;
And all Hell will love him and hate thee—
And Nanna's he is."—Did Hel whiten?

Dead-cold was her voice as she answered,

"But does all Creation love Balder?"

And Hel's
answer.

If all in the world of the living

Will weep him, take Balder, and Nanna;

Should any refuse, I will keep him."

The very ghosts in dark Helheim

Wailed loud when they heard her; gentle

Nanna

All things
weep for
Balder

Sobbed; and fleet Sleipner and Hermod

Shed tears as Hel's message they bore

Speeding back to the Mid-Earth and Asgard;

And wherever they passed Nature wept,

Hard stones wept, and metals, and plant life;

The mistletoe wept, and the oak-tree;

Wild beasts wept, and men, and the Asas

Who held funeral feast around Ringhorn.

And when they carried Hel's message

Wherever space stretched through Creation

There was weeping from all things that heard it.

And almost the Asas had hope

That fresh color had flushed his pale face

And that Balder was rising to greet them,

When a hag in her cave they espied,

Evil Thok, an old ogress.

"Oh Thok, weep Balder from Helheim,"

Except old
Thok,

They prayed; but Thok answered,

"With dry tears of Thok will weep Balder!

Old Thok never joyed in his gladness—

Let Hel keep what she has garnered!"

She was gone, and the echoes repeated,

"Hel keep what she has garnered!"

And again, "Keep what she has garnered!"

And again, "She has garnered!" and "Garnered!"

Then, harshly, a laugh without mirth,

A screech and a cackle—they knew—

Who is Loke
disguised.

"Loke's laughter, and we must miss Balder,
For Thok is Loke, who mocks us."

V.

Hoder asks
for death,

When, hopeless and silent, at sunset
They wended their way back to Asgard
And gathered again at the seashore,
One met them who, helpless,
Awaited their coming, blind Hoder.
"Oh, warrior brothers," he prayed them,
"One who never could join you in battle
Begs a boon—do ye grant it in pity!
Deal me death, that slew Balder beloved,
And in Hell let me join him to comfort,
For he loved me, and loves, though I slew him.
Then slay me, and let me lie dead
By him that I love....and forgive....
Unwitting I slew him....forgive!"

And the Vala's
word is fulfilled, when
his breast is
risted by Vale
and Vidar.

The plea of blind Hoder prevailed;
And young Vale and Vidar, in pity—
That thread by the Weird Ones was woven
And none could alter that pattern—
Deep-risted his breast with the spear-point
Till his spirit passed, to join Balder.
So atonement he made, and in pity
They bore him dead to high Ringhorn
And laid him, red-dyed, beside Balder,
And in pity they wept and bewailed him.

Farewells are
spoken,

And when the Tide had arisen
And the Deep and the Distance were calling,
A last time they bade Balder farewell;
Father Odin stooped and addressed him,
And, gravating a mark on his forehead,
He set his torch to the pyre;
Then the winds and the waves took high Ringhorn,
And, flame-bound, westward it drifted,
Away—and away—from their ken,
To regions whence no man returneth.
And none saw the end, nor can tell it.

And the ship
drifts out with
the tide.

Surely, that was the float fraught most precious
Of all, in time past, and forever.

And when it had passed their horizon
And Day went, and Night came, blackshrouded,
Odin spoke: "Farewell, we must miss thee, Odin's
Farewell,
Bright son, our hope and our joy!
Now the Weird Ones have swept thee to Helheim....
And wise is Weird with a Wisdom



ODIN WHISPERING RUNES TO BALDER DEAD.

That passeth our knowledge.
Let us bow our heads in submission....
As Weird wills, so be it!

and resig-
nation.

"Come, Frigg; come, our children,
And let us comfort each other.
A word I whispered to Balder
And a sign on his forehead I risted
That will quell hateful Hel,
(A wise Word, fateful and runic,
The knowledge I added to knowledge

He gives hope
to the Asas,

What time I o'erhung the abysses)
To assuage the rancor of hate
And turn evil against the ill-doer.

“Lo, a Vision is rising before me—
And foretells
Balder's
glory,
Humbly I thank thee, thou Weird One!—
I see Him, with sight that is certain....
And not Death, but Life Everlasting,
For His palace has sheltered no Evil!
That Mead that Hel brewed, mingling floods
Of all Fountains of Life, He will drink,
His attain-
ment of wis-
dom,
And all Wisdom, all Good will be His.
And the Dead that in love drink those waters
Are His, the Redeemèd and Blessèd,
And of the
Blessed,
For that Mead when they drink will transfigure
Their ghosts, and new bodies will clothe them
With Strength and with Beauty immortal.

“Oh Balder, our White One, our Just,
Though I gave my eye to buy Wisdom—
That draught of the flood of Urd's Fountain—
Thrice wiser art thou than thy Father!
His victory
over Hel,
Hateful Hel can never subdue Thee
To do her hard bidding...her Lord,
Whom she chose—and her Master!
And when the World-Web has been woven
And the fiery flames of Surt's vengeance
Have climbed from Earth to high Asgard,
When our Green Tree has sunk in gray ashes,
And his king-
dom of Alf-
heim,
Lo, thine the New Earth, the New Asgard,
The new Dawn... the new Realm of the Spirit!

“Sustain we ourselves and each other,
And keep our world bright, as He bade.
After
Ragnarok.
While we wait the blare of the Trumpet
That summons Creation to Doom.”

So Odin. The Asas assented,
And long as they sat at the seashore
They spoke of those dear and departed,
Of the conquest of Hel, and the Judgment,
And heard Hermod rehearse of his journey—
How the Dead, even then, loved their Balder
And how Hel and her kingdom they hated.

CHRISTIANITY AND WAR.

BY BISHOP WILLIAM MONTGOMERY BROWN, D.D.

AS a religious movement Christianity started out with the view of promoting peace and good will among men, but ever since its triumph over rival interpretations of religion it has been staggering under an accumulating burden of responsibility on account of war.

The pretensions of Christians to a religion which promotes forbearance and peace must be so many by-words to Jews, Mohammedans and Buddhists, for they cannot help seeing that no other religionists have destroyed themselves and ruined their progeny by a murderous and calamitous warfare on any such scale as the one which Christian Europe inaugurated nearly three years ago on the slightest and most sordid of pretenses and which Christian America is in imminent danger of greatly enlarging and prolonging, for reasons which are certainly no more if indeed as justifiable.

From the beginning the attitude of the Christian churches in Europe has been a source of great discouragement to the lovers of our Zion, who have vainly hoped that its influence might yet be used as a power that makes for pacific measures, but the hearts of such must now sink within them because of the action of the great Federation of Christian Churches in the metropolitan city of New York of which last week's press gives an account. It voted overwhelmingly, 158 against 52, in favor of the extensive military preparations which are recommended by the belligerent enthusiasts who are trying to force our country into this war.

It is popularly supposed that Christianity has been the means of rendering war much less frequent and of greatly reducing its evils, but the sad truth is that the world has never seen as many wars or suffered as much by them as ever since the triumph of the Christian church with the accession in the year 325 of Constantine to the throne of the Roman Empire.

Nor was this more true of the age preceding the Protestant reformation than it has been of the period which followed it. Indeed quite the contrary is the case. The wars growing out of it in Germany alone resulted in the reduction of the population of that nation from thirty to twelve million in the course of the seventeenth century.

And Protestantism rather than Catholicism may justly be charged with the responsibility for the existence of large standing armies which, next to ignorance and superstition, constitute the most insuperable barrier to the progress of civilization. The empire of Rome, extensive and heathen as it was, never had one of more than half a million, but those of the Christian nations within the comparatively small territory of Europe have gradually been growing until even in times of peace they are sustained at the astonishing magnitude of fifteen millions, and the Protestant nations have by far the larger ones.

The chief combatants in the war that is now in progress, the most destructive in the history of the world, are Germany and England in which Protestantism predominates. Hungary is a stronghold of Catholicism, but the church of Russia is of the Greek catholic type, and allied with the church of England rather than that of Rome.

As for France, its religion, morally the best in Europe, is predominantly of the rationalistic or scientific character, not Christian in the theoretical sense, but preeminently so in the practical, the only sense which is of any real value or general interest to the world.

In a passage which is sure to become a classical reproach to belligerent Christianity, Mark Twain causes his angel of history and prophecy to give this ironic yet conservative and just expression to a melancholy truth:

"You perceive that you have made continual progress. Cain did his murder with a club; the Hebrews did their murders with javelins and swords; the Greeks and Romans added protective armor and the fine arts of military organization and generalship; the Christian added guns and gunpowder; a few centuries from now he will have so greatly improved the deadly effectiveness of his weapons of slaughter that all men will confess that without Christian civilization war must have remained a poor and trifling thing to the end of time.

"It is a remarkable progress. In five or six thousand years five or six high civilizations have risen, flourished, commanded the wonder of the world, then faded out and disappeared; and not one of them except the latest ever invented any sweeping and adequate way to kill people. They all did their best, to kill being the chief ambition of the human race and the earliest incident of its history, but only the Christian civilization has scored a triumph to be proud of. Two or three centuries from now it will be recognized that all the competent killers are Christians; then the pagan will go to

school to the Christian—not to acquire his religion but his guns. The Turk and the Chinaman will buy those to kill missionaries and converts with.”

Humane readers who are Protestant church-members will blush (none more than Episcopalians, both Methodist and Anglican) when they see the names of their respective churches in the following shameful exhibit. Catholics will be spared, but only because their churches are not represented in the confederation.

| | FOR WAR | AGAINST WAR |
|------------------------------------|---------|-------------|
| Baptist | 16 | 1 |
| Congregational | 10 | 0 |
| Disciples of Christ | 3 | 0 |
| Seventh Day Adventists | 1 | 1 |
| Protestant Episcopal | 27 | 3 |
| Reformed Episcopal | 0 | 1 |
| Evangelical Association | 1 | 2 |
| Society of Friends | 0 | 2 |
| German Evangelical Synod | 0 | 1 |
| Lutheran | 14 | 7 |
| Methodist Episcopal | 23 | 4 |
| Primitive Methodist | 1 | 0 |
| Moravian | 4 | 1 |
| Presbyterian | 27 | 20 |
| Reformed | 19 | 3 |
| Unitarian | 1 | 0 |
| Universalist | 1 | 2 |
| Union Protestant | 10 | 4 |

Among the churches with a large membership the Presbyterian has the least to regret in connection with this showing, but it is a misfortune that it has twenty-seven votes or that any church has one vote on the wrong side.

The Presbyterian church also has the good fortune of having the most influential of all pacifists, Mr. William Jennings Bryan, as a member. But again it is unfortunate that Mr. Bryan did not get his pacifism from inside his or any church. The movement against war, like that against slavery, was started, as all reformatory movements have been, outside of the churches, or if inside, by heretics who were forthwith put out.

It is Holy Week. The week in which during many and long ages benighted people sacrificed their Christs to Shylock gods. If Jesus lived and was one of them, unhappily He was neither the first

nor the last, for there were many both before and after Him. Were they who superstitiously led these victims to their Golgothas greater sinners against humanity than those who are avariciously driving large armies of young men to the trenches, a wholesale sacrifice to the lords of power and wealth? No. Both are in need of the prayer, forgive them for they know not what they do.

A FRENCH NOVELIST ON ANGLO-AMERICAN UNION.

BY JOHN H. JORDAN.

THE Cecil Rhodes dream of incorporating the United States of America into the British Empire is cleverly outlined in *Le Maître de la Mer*, by Vicomte Eugène-Melchior de Vogüé, of the French Academy.

The novel was written to contrast French with American ideals, from the viewpoint of a Frenchman. In the leading character Archibald Robinson, the "Master of the Main," one cannot fail to discern the figure of the elder Morgan as seen through Gallic eyes.

It is this American magnate whom a self-anointed prophet of Rhodes imperialism endeavors, with fulsome religious cant, to interest actively in establishing a Pan-Anglo-Saxon world state. The little misunderstanding which led to the altogether regrettable American Revolution was to be corrected, and America, generously atoning for the sins of her Revolutionary fathers, was to take her pre-Revolutionary status in that blessed British Empire, bespoken of the Prophets, the real City of God.

The sixteenth edition of De Vogüé's novel, from which I have translated the following extracts, appeared in 1903. It is apparent therein, that the Frenchman possessed complete comprehension of the common aim of British and American imperialists. The ninth chapter is exceptionally interesting because of the fact that some of the men whose views are set forth therein, Carnegie, Balfour and Lord Rosebery, are still zealous and devoutly active in the cause. Lord Rosebery is to be our next British ambassador.

The story opens with a dialogue between the great American maker of trusts, and his loyal little Irish secretary, Joe Butler, in the office of the Universal Sea Trust on the Rue Scribe, Paris. The far-flung lines of this world trust are indicated by the conversation:

"Have you ordered the automobile, Joe? The minister expects me at nine o'clock."

"Yes, sir."

"I have half an hour yet, Joe. What is there urgent in the mail this morning?"

"Here are the cablegrams from New York"; and the young secretary laid a bundle of dispatches on the desk.

"Nothing particular in last night's messages, sir."

"Then let us get down to the business I ordered centralized at Paris while I'm here. England? Nothing from Newcastle?"

"Yes, sir; a telegram from the manager of the Baltic Line. Counsel for the company accepts in principle the merger with the Universal Sea Trust, but he demands an increased dividend guarantee."

"All right. We'll pay what he wants. Wire him: 'Accepted.' Germany?"

"A letter from the Grand Master of the Court. The Kaiser will receive you the twenty-fifth at Potsdam, and will keep you for dinner."

"The twenty-fifth? That's bad; I must be in London the twenty-fifth for the meeting of the U. S. T. My yacht will be waiting for me in the Thames in the evening. I could dine at Potsdam on the twenty-sixth, I think."

"The Grand Master writes that His Majesty goes hunting the twenty-sixth."

"You can put off a hunting trip easier than a meeting which men come all the way from New York and Hamburg to attend. Call up the German embassy on the 'phone. Tell them I'll see the Ambassador this evening. He'll arrange matters. Russia? Have these slow-coaches answered yet?"

"Our agent writes that the Korean affair is under way. They will accept our offer at Seoul to lease the port of Chemulpo. They favor the construction of docks for our shipping in the Gulf of Chi-Li. The agent wants us to advance more funds again."

"Always the same! All right. Make him a draft, same as the preceding one. But serve notice on him that this will be the last if this matter of lease isn't signed at Seoul before January first. Have you a cable from our agent at Tokyo? The Japanese are with us in this matter, I think."

"No news to-day, sir; but the last communication from our agent was very encouraging."

"That's true. Nothing to fear there. They have a parliament

there. Our agent has seen the leading members and has the where-with. Portugal?"

"A long letter from Lisbon in regard to the concession of the quays of Macao."

"Do they think that I have time to read their long letters? Oh, pshaw! They don't seem to know that the telegraph is invented. What's the substance of the letter?"

"They seem decided to let us have the ground for the wharves, and even quite anxious to close. But they still haggle over the price of a few pieces."

"Close with them. We'll pay what they're worth. Wire Lisbon that I shall expect their representative here with a proper contract before the end of the week. Make an appointment with my two engineers for Saturday morning. Have them prepare to take the Chinese packetboat Monday. Cable Macao to have everything ready on their arrival to open the docks. Australia?"

"The parliament of Sidney is this week to discuss our proposition for the creation of the Sidney-Panama Line. The newspapers in the mail this morning give hopes of a favorable vote."

"What newspapers? Those on the pay-roll?"

"Yes, and the others, too."

"All right. From Koveit and the Persian Gulf we can't get anything yet, can we? Nor from the two inquiries I made on the coast of Africa, between Mozambique and Zambeze, between Mosamedes and the Congo. These matters from the Amazon and La Plata? Ah, I forgot; they deal with New York direct. Any other matters, Joe?"

"I beg pardon, sir; some disagreeable news; the Veritas Press Association confirms the loss of the steamer Mindinao in a cyclone. That vessel of the new San Francisco-Philippines Line and its cargo are lost."

"What? Two million dollars! Vessel and cargo, did you say?"

"It is more than probable that the whole crew is lost."

"Oh, the poor fellows! That's too bad. Cable San Francisco: 'Let the Luzon take the sea at once.' The service must not suffer any interruption."

These remarks were interrupted by the frequent ringing of the telephone and by clerks who brought in telegrams and visiting cards.

The office was simply furnished. Besides a great filing cabinet marked off with sections labled "America," "Europe," "Asia," "Africa," "Oceania," with pigeon holes for the whole world, there

were a few chairs, a typewriter and a sofa. The only pictures on the walls were the portraits of General Gordon, Cecil Rhodes and Livingstone. A copy of Captain Mahan's *Sea Power* lay on a desk beside a large Bible which a pioneer Robinson brought to America in the Mayflower. The author's descriptions of places are as carefully worked out as his outlines of the characters of the story.

The personalities are all clearly and distinctly drawn. There is a definite individuality about each which indicates that they were all copied out of life, with the alterations rendered necessary by the exigencies of the story. Thus in order to create the necessary heart interest, Robinson had to become a widower. Captain Louis Tournœl, who had conquered for France vast territories in Kanem and the Wadai near Lake Chad in Africa, and Madame Millicent Fianona, a charming young woman, the daughter of an English father and a Venetian mother, the widow of an Italian engineer who acquired vast holdings in the Argentine, complete the eternal triangle.

The description of Robinson recalls a picture very familiar in the public prints a few years ago. It will not be difficult to remember those "clear eyes alert under the vaults that protect them." We can see them again, as,

"deeply retreating under the bony prominence of the superciliary arches those eyes looked out like two birds of prey crouching in ambush in two holes in a rock. From the depths of their cavities their glance was thrown out like a lariat of the will, surrounding what objects it pleased on this terrestrial sphere and drawing them in by a powerful magnetic force."

And again we find

"the clear, hard eyes retreated in those deep orbits reminding one of two sparrow hawks in the cavity of a rock. They first perceive their prey on the horizon where its wing is becoming weak, and where, in fine, it battles without effective defense against the looting of its nest."

The whole world was filled with the fame of this commanding man. All the newspapers, even those away out in distant Egypt, were featuring his name in big headlines: Mr. Robinson was negotiating with a maritime company in Trieste; Mr. Robinson had bought docks at the port of Salonica; Mr. Robinson had organized

a new trust in New York; Mr. Robinson's yacht, the "Neptune"—I had almost said the "Corsair"—was spoken off the coast of Syria; the affairs of the U. S. T. had aroused lively debates in the House of Commons, in the Chamber of Deputies at Paris and in the parliament at Rome.

Mr. Robinson believed in publicity, in a world-wide propaganda in behalf of his interests much as does Lord Northcliffe with the suns and satellites of the American press and the American press associations on his string to-day. Robinson had three English editions of his *Oceanic Herald*, one in New York, one in London and one in Sidney. He published a Spanish edition in Buenos Ayres, a German edition in Hamburg, an Arabic edition in Cairo, a Turkish edition in Constantinople and a Chinese edition in Shang-hai. He founded a paper in Paris also, *La Voix de l'Océan*. He made editor of this sheet Emile Moucheron, a witty and clever Parisian journalist.

Moucheron delighted in haunting the office of his "boss" on the Rue Scribe, though he was looked upon by Robinson's loyal little secretary as a pest. On the day on which the story opens, Moucheron dropped into the office after Robinson had left to call on the French Minister of Finance, and made himself much of a nuisance to Joe.

"Morning, Joe; boss gone?"

"Yes; Mr. Archibald Robinson has departed....I thought, Monsieur Moucheron, you were going to bring that military officer expected by Mr. Robinson."

"No, Joe; that military officer has at this moment other duties. You will contemplate him before noon if he keeps his word with me. Be patient while your boss is making a few millions. He will make a few more millions at his little matinee with the Minister of Finance; that's where he's now, is it not? Ah, it won't take him long to do up that numbskull, Paphetin....I imagine I see Paphetin, the little provincial usurer, struggling in the clutches of the Master of the Main. Mustn't he be a sorry sight sitting in front of that fabulous man, the first of all the sons of Adam who ever possessed that absurd fortune, a thousand millions of dollars? Isn't it a fact, Joe, that Mr. Robinson is worth five billions of francs? Tell the truth!"

The secretary, always busy with his work, made no other answer than a shrug of the shoulders, in the bored manner of a man who is the target for the idiotic questions of an ill-bred brat.

"Five billions! And twenty years ago he lodged at the sign of the moon. . . . The Master of the Main has conquered the artist, the poet which I flatter myself to be. Yes, when the current of life does not overwhelm me I am, above all, a poet—And you understand how I have been charmed by this miraculous fisherman, who casts his golden nets across the boundless main—hello!—there goes an Alexandrine! And not half bad at that. I'll make a note of it. Strange, is it not, how they come of their own accord when you speak of this epic man? Yes, epic! He has rehabilitated the billionaire, Joe. With him the caitiff capitalist enters into the great Heliconian heritage. He is Homeric! He is Æschylean, I tell you! Of this Master of the Main the ancients would have made a myth, a demi-god! No sooner do I see him than I dream of all the heroes of the Neptunian cycle, the great conquerors of old Ocean magnified by history and legend; Jason, the Argonauts; Xerxes, scourging the seas for resisting him; Solomon, equipping vast fleets which brought back gold and aromatic spices from Ophir and Asiongaber; the Vikings, his real ancestors, driving their caravels to the conquest of the world; Charles V and his empire on which the sun never set; Philip II, bending the waves under his Invincible Armada, but what do they all weigh together in the balance with Archibald Robinson? Ferry-men all! . . . He wills it, and behold, he seizes all the oceans, the Atlantic and the Pacific, the Arctic and the Antarctic; all the seas, the Black, the Red, the Yellow; all the bays, all the shifting sands of the seas; all harbors, all the shipping. Who has said that God thinks by planets? Very well! His most colossal creature Archibald Robinson, thinks by continents! It was he of whom Job spoke: the Spirit that was going to raise up the Leviathan! It is in his eyes that is to be truly seen

" 'an ocean vast,
And forested with many a mast.' "

"Robinson has always had my esteem," he continued; "because he drives his dollars and does not let his dollars drive him. These are his soldiers that he leads to conquer the globe. He manœuvres them gloriously as Alexander his phalanx, Cæsar his legions, Bonaparte his half-brigades. He is the modern *Imperator*. . . . He gives us gratis—and, by the way, it is the only thing he does give away gratis—the spectacle of his inimitable life: yesterday in the depths of the Far West with some gigantic scheme on foot; this evening at the Opéra de Paris, surrounded by a court as cunning, as servile as that of Louis XIV; to-morrow under some impossible tropic,

designing the port he wishes to establish among the savages. He does all things; he sees all things; he knows all things!"

With a rapid movement that Joe could not prevent, the indiscreet Moucheron took up the big volume lying on the table. The book opened in his hands at a page marked with a piece of paper; that paper was the stub of a check torn from an old check book.... The pencil of the reader copied upon it in a hand that was fine and firm this quotation from the English text of the page it marked:

"Yet the number of the children of Israel shall be as the sand of the sea, which can not be measured nor numbered; and it shall come to pass, that in the place where it was said unto them 'Ye are not my people,' there it shall be said unto them, 'Ye are the sons of the living God.' Then shall the children of Judah and the children of Israel be gathered together, and appoint themselves one head, and they shall come up out of the land: for great shall be the day of Jezreel.—Hosea, i. 10-11."

"Admirable!" cried Moucheron; "a verse of the Prophet Hosea on the stub of a check! That's the man to a T!"

Joe quickly seized the volume and locked it in the cabinet.... "Come now; don't get angry; don't put on your scandalized look! Now, Joe; on the level: is it true that Mr. Robinson has paid three millions for the picture gallery of Count Leon Abrabanel, who failed in the slump in steel? Don't get mysterious. It's useless. Your boss can't sneeze but all Paris knows it. Exact information on the place where he has dined is worth more than a bale of the plans of the minister. From messenger boy to emperor all the readers have but one desire: to see the Master of the Main, to be presented to him, to obtain a word from this dictator of imaginations. Louis XIV I tell you. Does he travel? Sovereigns say, 'Hist! St!' The greatest welcome him as an equal, the least as a master. And the fair ladies—should he ignore them, great and little? Eh, Joe? That's right. Who's asking you questions? Don't blush, you modest Mohawk! put on your savage look again. It is well known that Robinson is above human weaknesses as he is above all the feeble words our admiration stammers out."

To Parisian society also, Robinson made a powerful imaginative appeal. At the Opéra de Paris, where he was the guest of the Duchess de Jossé-Lauvreins, a most sensible and admirable American lady,

"The entry of a great sovereign would have produced a less im-

pression. The person of the arch-billionaire Robinson acted like a diamond stone on the eyes of all that it attracted."

Wagner's *Walküre* was being presented at the Opéra, but the gods of Valhalla drew less attention from the audience—or, rather, spectators—than did the loge of the De Lauvreins.

"Oh, oh!" said Olivier de Felines, "there's His Majesty, the Master of the Main, with our good Duchess Peg. She does not ignore her national glory. She was not long in installing him on the column of Vendome."

"I got booked up on Robinson over there," said Napoleon Bayonne, the banker, who had just returned from the United States. "I didn't have much trouble. They call him the 'megatherium' of speculation, as they say in their Yankee jargon. He is a person quite disconcerting for our ideas. No one knows the end of the enormous business he brews. No one can give the precise figure of his fortune which, indeed, he can not tell himself. The popular imagination gives him a billion dollars. . . . Thanks to the ascendancy he has obtained over all his associates, Robinson directs as an autocrat such groupings of capital as would have appeared fabulous some years ago, and there is nothing to hinder the estimation of his wealth at five billions of francs, a sum which is practically unimaginable, yet credit for which this industrial sovereign could find in the different banks of the two hemispheres. You cannot always discern the guiding purpose in such enterprises; many of them would be incomprehensible if they were meant only to make money. What is his aim, then? A mystery.

"If there be anything concealed about the business affairs of Archibald Robinson," continued the banker, "there is certainly none in his private life: that is broad daylight to all New York. . . . Archibald himself passes as a pietist; he is one of the pillars of the church."

"A pillar of gold!" interrupted Felines.

"Yes, and he contributes liberally to societies of ethical culture. . . . he frequents the elegant drawing rooms of New York and Newport, preferring the society of the professional beauties, as they say. Robinson appears at their dinners and takes them for a cruise in his yacht; in that gallant company he lays aside for a few days the heavy burdens of his industrial empire."

The *mystery* which Napoleon Bayonne, banker, thought he

had discovered in Robinson's motives seems partially revealed in the American's relations with a certain Englishman, Hiram Jarvis, a political Peter the Hermit, preaching the crusade of Anglo-American imperialism, the annexation of America by England, the organization of a great national trust or merger.

Robinson, while awaiting a visit from the prophet of imperialism, sat in his office re-reading a letter he had received from his expected visitor. The letter was dated the previous month and bore the postmark of the Cape:

"You are only half convinced, my dear Mr. Robinson; the force of the idea seizes you, yet you resist its final consequences. You believe in what was the faith of all the heroes of our race since the first and greatest prophet of this faith, Oliver Cromwell; you believe in the reality of the providential mission of the English-speaking race. You have understood and you have translated into your acts the apt words of your Emerson:

"The Saxons, for a thousand years, have been the leading race and by nothing more than their pecuniary independence. What they wish is power—the power of giving body to their thought, of quickening it in flesh and bone; for every man of clear mind such is the end for which the universe exists."

"It should appear to you now at the summit of wealth and of power to which the Divine Will has lifted us all, the hour has struck to prepare for the federation of the Anglo-Saxon people. We owe to the world, since we have the imperial responsibility of this world, the mission of raising it up into dignity. It can progress in peace only under our scepter of righteousness and equality. It knows this; it expects of us the blessings which we alone can bestow. If you took a vote of all the sons of Adam to designate among the human races the one best fitted to establish over them the reign of justice, liberty and peace, every one of them would naturally first name his own race; but the second choice would, no doubt, be the Anglo-Saxon.

"It should be united to respond to this universal desire. Your bigoted individualists battle against the evidence. The American people is not ripe, you say, for this close union in which we shall accomplish our common destinies. You wrong the good sense of that people. Its eyes will be opened to the light which already opens our English eyes, since they see the universe with a positive knowledge of the future.

"How is it that they do not see what is written in letters of fire in all the recent facts of history? Under Anglo-Saxon flags a third of the white race lives and labors, a half of the colored men who inhabit the planet. We have wound the world in the wires of our cables; we have bound around its body the electric belt on which our thought circulates. We are the supreme guardians of the water ways. We own all the gold fields except Siberia. We have created the greatest amount of organized force which has ever been at the disposition of a single race; we have grouped all the sources of human activity for a pre-determined end.

"Our material power, however, is little in comparison with our moral power. According to the profound words of Wise, we are 'an evangelical combination.' Gladstone expressed the same truth in a different way when he said: 'Our race can claim the right of founding a sort of universal church in politics.' In the unity of this civic church the negligible differences of sects, constitutions and diverging interests disappear. It brings to mankind the living God, disfigured everywhere else by gross superstitions. It gives men justice and freedom, order and well-being. The antagonism of interests seems irreducible to you. O, man of little faith! Do you think that this mere incident can break those permanent bonds, the community of origin, of language, of political aims or of religious sentiment? From Edinburgh to San Francisco, from the Cape to Sidney, are we not all in the same measure the children of the Bible, of the Magna Charta, of Shakespeare and of Cromwell?

"Look at the modern world: every effort of our times makes for the unification of races of the same origin, of the same language. And will the most coherent race escape this law?

"It is a distant dream, say you. I repeat what James Russell Lowell wrote to William T. Stead in his letter on the same subject: 'All the good things we have in the world to-day began by being dreams.'

"But union is not a dream; it is a fact of approaching realization. Do you remember a discourse delivered to the students of Glasgow in which Lord Rosebery drew a magnificent picture of what might yet come to pass?—the trans-Atlantic exodus of the greatest sovereign, the greatest fleet, the most venerable government in the world, immigrating solemnly into the other hemisphere under the vigorous embrace of a younger world; England, remaining a historic shrine, the advance guard in Europe of the Empire of the world.

"The noble lord enumerated the advantages of this extra-

ordinary revolution; he said: 'In order to secure these immeasurable blessings I could even tolerate the thought of the English parliament sitting in the District of Columbia.'

"One fact is possible—it is already a living fact—when men speak of it so enthusiastically and no longer oppose to it anything but the cold sophistries of reason. 'Our ideal will be a reality some day; it will be concentrated in the precision of one grand political fact: everything tends toward the materialization of this generous idea.'

"Who was it who said this not long ago? Mr. Balfour. You will not accuse him of being a dreamer, I believe; nor Lord Derby, either. You and I were but children when this positive statesman wrote to Dr. Dillon: 'The highest ideal which I can foresee realized in the future for my fellow citizens is when we shall annex the American Union to form one great federation.'

"Cecil Rhodes did not doubt this—Rhodes the greatest worker for English destiny. The lesson of facts corrected him little by little from his first aversion toward any American partnership, from his blind confidence in exclusive British supremacy. To his eyes the union of all English-speaking nations would be an end so great that it would justify any sacrifice for England. He could not without anger think of the *schism* of the eighteenth century, or of the ignorant and stupid statesmen who bear the responsibility for it. 'They should have been assassinated,' he often wrote. He would accept the merger of the Empire and the American Union, 'to rebuild the City of God,' as he said in 1889, to reconstruct an equivalent for the church of the Middle Ages on foundations as large as humanity. It was then that he wrote to me about his favorite project; the establishment of the 'Association of Auxiliaries,' a secret society which he wished to found on the plan and with the essential rules of the Jesuit order; it was to be recruited from among the multi-millionaires of the English language to work throughout the whole world at the great work; the fusion and extension of the dominant race. Often since then I have said to myself that this man of genius had a foreknowledge of your advent, my dear Mr. Robinson.

"Millions of eminent Englishmen think as he; like our Chamberlain when he cried out before his audience in Toronto: 'I refuse to speak of the United States as a foreign nation; we are of the same race and of the same blood; we are branches of one and the same family.' But you doubt that this thought is propagated over your continent. What? Have you not heard the authorized voices

which return the echo? I will cite only two; you will not refuse to hear them. Your letters have made known to me your admiration for Captain Mahan; his book is your compass, his maxims regulate your enterprises. Do you forget that by our people he is looked upon as the restorer of the American marine, the oracle of all Anglo-Saxon seamen? Have you not read his plea for the Anglo-American union? In fine do you recall the resounding confession of faith of one of your peers, the wealthy and wise Carnegie? Read over the affirmation he makes in his latest article:

“Let men say what they will, but I affirm that as surely as the sun in the heavens shines over England and America, so certainly will it rise some morning and shine joyously again over the states united anew in the British and American union. And that is going to be produced quicker than you of the old world imagine. The idea of the union will be welcomed with enthusiasm in America. No party would oppose it; each would attempt to surpass all others in their approval.’ What do you say to these formal assertions by one of your great captains of industry,—Carnegie?

“No; that is not a dream: Roman peace re-established over the globe by the Anglo-Saxon judiciary. You shall see realized the prophecy of John Harrington in his ‘Oceania’: ‘What would you think if the world should see the Roman eagle once more? It would grow young again and resume its flight. If you add to the propaganda of civil liberty that of the liberty of conscience, this empire, this patronage of the world is the kingdom of Christ!

“It is for you, dear sir, to take the first place in the choir of men of good will. You are already making use of the faith of which you are yet in doubt; your useful acts prove your entire intellectual assent. I hope that it shall soon be given me to affect this complete assent.”

At this point of his reading Mr. Robinson was interrupted. The door opened admitting the expected visitor.

He was a very tall man with a high forehead and a drooping of the lower jaw which revealed at times the ferocious teeth of a young wolf. Behind his monocle, incrusting in the superciliary arch, the left eye shone with the brilliancy of a carbuncle. A whitened globe rolled in the orbit of the other eye extinguished by some malady. A long yellow beard fell very low on his chest, and rolled its waves with capricious opulence which would make Michelangelo’s Moses jealous. And it was of a prophet of the old law that he made you think, this one-eyed, bearded, high colored athlete, with a blaze of inspiration in his remaining eye, and something of

the frank and candid man in the shape of the skull, in the smile of the mouth so formidably armed. It was astonishing to see him, in place of classic drapery or of the shaggy coat of a John the Baptist, wearing these modern things, the monocle, a traveling coat of cheviot with square plaids which he carried on his left arm.

His flashing eye rested on the master of the house.

"Mr. Archibald Robinson, I believe?"

"Correct. Mr. Hiram Jarvis?"

"Himself. At last."

Mr. Robinson broke the silence. His words fell slowly, hammered out by intense conviction.

"I have been reading your letter over. My first word should be an expression of gratitude. You have given a new meaning to my life, a rational employment of this great fortune which weighs me down. From the day I began to read your writings I said to myself: 'Here's a man who turns my activity toward the end which it has been seeking. I have made more than one attempt to meet you, Mr. Jarvis. Three years ago while in London one of your courageous articles drew down upon your head that unjust condemnation. I went to find you at Holloway prison. They refused me admission. Then I decided to write you.'"

"And I, sir, had my eye on you. I saw your power turn about in the void like the stone cast by the sling of which the psalm speaks. I foresaw in it an elect instrument to accomplish the destinies of our race."

"You never believed, did you, that I was a stupid monopolist of money? My will was first applied to the conquest of riches; I found in this the same athletic pleasure that I did in foot ball; a pleasant expenditure of my energy. Then I loved the dollar as a good workman loves a tool for the work he has to do with that tool. It has been said of me by way of praise that I drove my dollars and did not let my dollars drive me. This was not always true. For a long time they led me toward a goal I knew not."

"Dollars are often intelligent," Mr. Jarvis broke in; "they are the servants of a pre-established thought."

"You know," replied Mr. Robinson, "how I discovered and acquired in the west immense deposits of coal; how from a small employe they have made me a great capitalist. It was necessary to transport my coal to the works in the east; to the coasts. I had to build railroads and afterward to buy up those of my competitors. I did this cursing the necessity that forced me to it. My railroads have heaped up my coal in the ports and also the products of the

mills which I built to utilize this fuel. I found I was compelled to charter boats to export to the old world this stock of overproduction; compelled also to neutralize the competition of the old steamship lines by grouping them under my flag."

"Yes, you have marched like a Napoleon, trailed by the tyranny of his victories from the Rhine to the Danube, from the Danube to the Niemen; forced to grow every day, so as not to lose all."

"Some believe that I have squeezed the European companies to compel them to come in in spite of themselves. What an error! The greater part of them have come to me unsolicited to beg me to take them in, to protect them against a ruinous competition."

"Just like Napoleon; the little German states threatened by the bigger came to him and asked him to be the protector of the Germanic confederation."

"Up to that moment," the financier continued, "the variety of those occupations sufficed to occupy my mind. I passed from one to the other; the newest was the most exciting. But a day came when the crude output of activity paid for the effort which it imposed upon me. Alone, after the death of my companion, deprived of children, I had no one to whom I might leave my fortune which was accumulating day by day. That evening I went down deep into my heart; I recollected the word which the popes pronounce at the ceremonies of their enthronement when they cast fistfuls of gold to the crowd: 'Gold and silver were not made for my pleasure.' I saw growing up with my acquisitions the terrible responsibilities of political and social power which they imposed."

"Powerful indeed is he who produces and transports in great quantities wheat, coal and iron; he unchains wars and makes them cease; he stops or precipitates the movements of life. A true master of the lot of men more, perhaps, than the tyrants of other days. I felt myself become king. What use was my royalty? They say we are a great capitalistic state. That's a mistake. That state which would be founded upon money alone could not exist. For every American worthy of the name money is only a means. The truth is that our capitalistic state is the servant and assistant of a real country, of a race, of a sentiment which binds millions of hearts. Our business affairs, which would have appeared colossal to those of the ancient world, would be very contemptible if they were not in reality the affairs of all the Anglo-Saxon race. This I have commenced to feel confusedly; your writings, your letters have revealed it to me."

"You no longer doubt it, then?" inquired Mr. Jarvis. The

setting of his jaws expressed the visitor's satisfaction. "You understand now the greatness and the urgency of the task which I have forced upon you."

"Yes, but I do not go so quickly nor so far as you. The call of immediate interest is all powerful over the practical mind of our people and American interests are often opposed to yours. Moreover, our people feel that they are called to play a preponderant part in the century which is now opened. It will not tolerate the shackling of its members, nor that its Titanic force be chained. Under the stars that govern us the descendants of old England have changed more than you imagine, my dear sir. They care nothing for things that are dear to your heart; and if they claim a place among the nations that have fashioned the destinies of humanity, it is to stamp it with their own mark, to procure what they passionately desire, a history of American achievement, an American patriotism."

"They will recognize the common interest of the race. They will raise up a racial patriotism," the bearded prophet responded with fire. "Must I tell you the names, the expressed declarations of those who already recognize it? Is not Carnegie, who is so explicit with my idea, a leader of men? Does he not also know American men?"

The king of capitalists gave a smile of condescension.

"Carnegie has acquired a comfortable little competence. He can philosophize at his leisure. He has not my weighty responsibilities. Do you remember," added Mr. Robinson, "the words that were the occasion of the schism between Israel and Judah? The young people who surrounded Rehoboam made him say 'My little finger shall be thicker than my father's loins.' Young America thinks the same when she compares herself to her English grandmother."

"Give me the book of Chronicles, and I will answer you," replied Mr. Jarvis. He had seen the Bible on the desk; he opened it; the scrap of a check came under his hand. He read the text written in pencil on that paper:

"Then shall the children of Judah and the children of Israel be gathered together, and appoint themselves one head, and they shall come up out of the land."

"What need have I to answer?" he cried in an accent of triumph. "He who has selected this oracle has conquered the truth. His timid reason still resists, but his heart is won. To be positive

of this I have only to look at the pictures of your counsellors; the modern heroes of the race have spoken to you."

He pointed with his finger at the portraits on the wall, Livingstone, Gordon, Rhodes—the apostle of the Paladin, the creator of empires. "Listen to what this great calumniated man has to teach you. Like Jehovah he breathed his soul into the dust which he had formed. He formed it alas! with blood and tears 'to extract gold from it,' thought the superficial judges. The gold he piled up only to build of it the temple of the mind. This rough artisan who labored crudely with crude material, was a fervent adorer of the mind. The world now knows to what end Rhodes had destined his riches to the last shilling: to create civilization, thought, light in the chaotic empire he had raised up from nothing. You are one of his spiritual brothers, Archibald Robinson. I have seen him struggle against his British prejudice as you against your American prejudices; he hesitated long also before surrendering himself to the great idea. Like you he actively employed it before he believed in it."

"I will do the same, Hiram Jarvis. I have told you my objections. But you have guessed that I desire that future as much as you if I dare not hope it to be so near, so certain as it seems to you. Perhaps we shall yet see fratricidal struggles between the members of the Anglo-Saxon family. They have ears and they hear not. What matters it? The defeats of individuals make for the victory of the race. Let us act as if the ideal were to become real to-morrow. Moreover, I repeat it, this ideal which I have received from you has given a sense and a purpose to my life. It is a sufficient reason for acting according to your inspirations. Have I not obeyed you when you have commanded me to subordinate everything to the conquest of the seas?"

"It is not mine but the clearest law of history you have obeyed. *Sea Power*, the book which is the regulator of Anglo-Saxon effort, has taught it to you."

Mr. Jarvis pushed Captain Mahan's book upon the table.

"Ephemeral illusions," he said, "tents pitched for a night, great establishments which the conquerors have made upon the earth. The seat of continued power is on the ocean. So long as they hold the sea little states will defy great empires and command the world: little Greece, Tyre, Amalfi, Pisa, Genoa, Venice, Portugal, Holland. If Rome triumphed over Carthage, if she became the Roman Empire, it is because she seized the sea from her enemy. The Spain of Charles V was shipwrecked miserably when she

ceased to be the mistress of the seas. Napoleon gathered all Europe under his eagles; he possessed nothing because the inexorable sea remained ours. It was not Russia that vanquished him; it was our maritime power. Wellington was only a projectile shot from our ships."

"The real lesson of history," added the American; "the new Germanic Cæsar has learned it; see his efforts to dispute this power with us."

"Thanks to the constancy of our fathers," continued Mr. Jarvis, "we have known how to remain masters of the sea through all the vicissitudes of time; this is why to-day we are masters of one-third of the solid surface of the globe. But the great weight of the oceanic masses is becoming too heavy for the little isle to bear alone. Our children must aid us; our big daughter who faces both oceans must run her thread over the waters where our meshes are too loose: Mahan has seen it well, and having seen it that good Saxon is one of us; he stands with us for the union."

"Mahan is right," replied Mr. Robinson, "but what he has not seen is the subordination of his military power to the economic power. His war vessels and yours are only docile conveyors of my commercial fleets. Whither I call them they come, like hounds running to a hunter when he whistles. If I did not call them they would have no excuse for existing; they would no longer be built; on sea as on land, business rules the world. It commands political power, armies and navies."

"Well said, my dear sir; and that is why I do not cease to cry out to you in the name of the imperial interests of our race: Prepare ports, merchant fleets, wherever you foresee a great development of commerce. On desert shores, where one day the wealth of continents shall flourish, sketch the maritime cities of the future; lift up from their ruins those which the carelessness of their ancient possessors abandoned to you. What flag shall float over the soldiers who shall come to guard our prizes? The Union Jack? I do not know; but I do know that Anglo-Saxon flags will extend their power over all lands and waters on which you will harvest riches."

"You ask a great deal of one man. Do you not fear to waste his efforts when you press him to turn one portion of his activity over Lake Chad in Central Africa?"

"I ask him to make a most urgent effort. Why? Have you divined my thought?"

"It is a good proposition," said the financier, "but—I am not sure of succeeding. My projects are at the mercy of a man,

the only man who, at this moment, can assure its realization; the only man who knows all the secrets of the unknown land; the sole master before whom the aborigines will bend. This man resists me; his energetic opposition may ruin our hopes."

"Have you not a hundred means of reducing him? Money—"

"Money has no hold on him."

"Ambition?"

"His is of a peculiar quality; it is disinterested, chimerical; constrained by as rigid rules as those of a religious order. I am thinking of other means. One should always seek the means to move a man: woman—"

Mr. Jarvis frowned as he gravely recited the sentence of the Wise Man: "'Give not the power of thy soul to a woman, lest she enter upon thy strength, and be confounded. Whoever engages himself with her shall not escape and shall not re-enter into the ways of life.' If our poor Rhodes has not accomplished his great designs"—he looked at the portrait with sorrow—"it is because he had the misfortune of weakening before women. He died prematurely, the victim of the artifices of woman. Beware of the eternal enemy, dear Archibald."

His single eye scrutinized Mr. Robinson's face with an inquiet interrogation, as if it wished to read down into the bottom of his soul. The American tranquilly sustained the inquisitorial gaze. He said:

"Woman is a dangerous instrument that you must know how to use without hurting yourself."

"Good-by," said Mr. Jarvis solemnly. "This moment will be reckoned historic: as much so as the moment when Rhodes and Stead finally met. Like us they sought each other without knowing it. Anglo-Saxon imperialism was born of a reciprocal effusion of their hearts. It is ours to complete what our precursors outlined. Idea and action meet a second time to beget prodigies. Good-by. I don't know when I shall see you again. I am going to Russia. I am bringing there to prepared ears words of Christian peace which our reign should assure to the earth. Upon my return you shall, no doubt, have left for America. May the good Lord bless your endeavors as He blessed those of Caleb and Joshua!"

They took a long handshake. Hiram Jarvis reclothed his great body, threw his plaid over his left arm and went away.

* * *

The disillusionment of the American financier came a few

months later, when the London papers brought the news to Robinson in Egypt that Jarvis, who had so solemnly warned the Master of the Main against the sinister power of woman, had taken a second wife home to the spouse of his youth, and the three had joined the Mormon church. Almost coincident with this news in the newspapers was the arrival of a letter to Robinson from the Prophet of Imperialism urgently advising the financial colossus to abandon all other enterprises, even that of annexing America to the British Empire, to join the Mormons, become a great leader of a maritally emancipated people, a worthy successor to Brigham Young.

As he tossed the letter from him in disgust, Robinson said to his wise little secretary, "All men are fools, Joe."

If the temperament of Hiram Jarvis can be called romantic, then his character also helps to heighten the contrast between the romantic and the practical in the story. On the one side we have the practical Robinson and the equally practical American duchess, formerly Peg Gillespie, the daughter of a Michigan millionaire, whose millions formed no bar to the affections of a young French nobleman whom she married. The duchess is the most lovable character in the story. A woman of great kindness of heart, keen intellect and quick decision, she gave valuable guidance even to the personification of practicality, "Robinson Chrysoe," as the French wits called him. Possessed of great national pride, she never seemed to have been deceived by the imperialistic illusion, but remained ever distinctively American.

Captain Tournœl and Madame Fianona show us the romantic temperament. Tournœl, in spite of his dashing success as a soldier, is a petulant prig who in an atrocious fit of jealousy deserts his sweetheart, abandons her to his rival and takes to the desert. Of course, she marries the impecunious conqueror in preference to the billionaire, but not until first, with the assistance of her kind friend, Peg, she gently influences his rival to make a man of him by rendering him assistance and by abandoning the opposition which Robinson had, under the influence of Jarvis and with the aid of a venal French ministry, set up in Africa against Tournœl, and which had put the African hero up a blind alley.

Madame Fianona is an exquisite creature of extreme delicacy and sensitivity. She seems too ethereal for this terrestrial world, and she would be lost without the unselfish friendship of the generous-hearted duchess, at whose solicitation Robinson, in the face of the rejection of his proposal, rehabilitates the estates of Madame Fianona in the Argentine, to her happiness and that of the jealous

and suspicious little French captain on whom she bestows her hand.

Madame Fianona's English relatives are sketched in a few bold strokes. She went to the Isle of Jersey to visit her father's brother, an old officer of the Indian army who was living in retirement near Saint Helier:

"There the Major took care of his rheumatism under the umbrageous protection of two Methodist old maids, who constituted themselves guardians of both soul and body of their relative. They looked with an eye of alarm upon the visit of the stranger, the daughter of a queer man, expatriated for love, severely judged in the family that cared little for him. They suspected and condemned in advance 'the daughter of that Italian woman,' as they called her in a tone of reproach. These words called forth in their hard souls all sorts of sensual and diabolical images, all the troublesome impurities of the tainted blood. Duly instructed by the keepers of his conscience, the Major received his niece with that English aridity that would make a ball of teak wood green with envy. . . . The young widow explained the critical situation in which she found herself since the death of her husband; she tried to interest the only natural protector who was left to her. She obtained from him some valuable observations on the ignorance of cattle raisers in the Argentine and elsewhere, as they did not employ good English methods; and some uncomplimentary reflections on persons, of whom there is a great number, who, having received the inestimable privilege of being born of English blood, with a comfortable allotment of English reason, nevertheless do not know how to use this prerogative to govern visionary husbands in badly matched marriages into which a culpable derangement of the imagination has cast them. . . . The second interview was as glacial as the first; the same wooden face, the same armor of defense and offense. The young woman understood the folly of further effort. She might as well attack with her weak little hands the granite foundation of the island. She bade adieu to the Major, to the two dragons that defended him against the imps and snares of Belial. And it was with satisfaction she went away the day after on the express boat St. Malo which brought her back to her friends."

Among the other secondary characters may also be mentioned old General Muiron, who fears the young officer is forgetting the lost provinces in his obsession over there in Africa:

"If you could give me all the empires of Asia and Africa, I

would not accept them for a hectare of the land where I fought when it was ours and which I left conquered, mutilated in my soul but sustained by a tenacious hope."

It is not difficult to see in good old General Muiron the aged General Mercier, official prosecutor of Captain Dreyfus and brother of Cardinal Mercier, now of Belgium.

The venality, insincerity and pusillanimity of the temporizing French ministry appear in the treatment it accorded the young African hero.

The scenes of the story are laid in an ever-changing panorama beautifully presented in colorful words of vividness yet delicacy. The reader is carried through changing scenes from Buenos Ayres to Paris, the romantic Jossé castle on the Loire, to Jersey, Montorgueil, the castle of John Lackland, on a cruise on the Mediterranean, on a trip up the Nile to Cairo, on a visit to Memphis and the mummied silences of Sakkarah, the older Sakkarah pyramids, the Great Pyramids, the Sphinx, the Tombs of the Khalifs at Cairo, the Mosque of El-Muaiyad which Robinson offered to tear down and make over into a castle for his bride in the orange gardens of Roda, and he is led back again over the Mediterranean once more.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Many thinkers are dreaming of a time when mankind will be organized into one great civilized empire, when war will be abolished and one language spoken all over the surface of the earth. The idea is grand and there is no doubt that it will finally be fulfilled. It is the tendency of history. Just as in the development of antiquity the Roman empire with the Latin tongue spread all around the Mediterranean Sea, so recently the white nations have taken possession of one continent after another and at last all will be one race, one civilization, one language and one empire; directed from one central capital by one administration, guided by one international parliament.

Of course the one language must be the English tongue and the one empire is to be Great Britain. The beginning of this world-union has been made; its foundation is laid; it is the confederacy of the British Empire. There is one gap in it—the United States which constitutes a large English speaking territory not subject to Great Britain. But that can easily be recovered if the inhabitants of the United States are only sensible enough to see the advantages they would gain by returning to their mother country. It was a

foolish hardheadedness of theirs to long for independence and fight for what they called liberty. They would have remained better off under the benevolent sway of England. But the past shall be forgiven if they but return. And they will be willing to return, if they are but educated up to the higher level of British ideals.

The feasibility of this plan has often been discussed in private circles of English patriots, and literary expressions of it have sometimes appeared in unofficial publications.

The ideal of this humanitarian world-union took deep root in the heart of Cecil Rhodes, a man of great business enterprise and unusual foresight. He was successful in South Africa but found himself hampered by the local interests of the Boers who misunderstood his good intentions and therefore had to be brushed aside. The result was a conflict that led to the Boer war. We may pity the Boers, but local interests in the path of empire must be compared to the buffalo that stands on the railroad track.

The next step was to consolidate the British empire. This was undertaken by eliminating all those tendencies which aimed at the independence of the colonies, especially in New Zealand and Australia. Efforts in this direction were quite successful, although there was always the bad example of the United States flourishing in its independence.

The United States ought to be coaxed again into a closer union with the British empire, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes recognized that the easiest and smoothest method would be by friendship and persuasion.

For the accomplishment of a reunion of the United States with the new British empire Mr. Rhodes himself established one very efficient institution, the Cecil Rhodes scholarship, which brings a large number of young American students over to Oxford under very favorable conditions. These students must not only be promising scholars, but also and mainly good "mixers," young men of strong character who are likely to become leaders among their comrades and to exercise a large influence in whatever part they are to play in later life. They are to imbibe British ideals in Oxford and carry the blessings of the Oxford atmosphere back with them to their American homes.

Cecil Rhodes left other legacies to serve the same general end, and among these are funds devoted to the purpose of forming public opinion in the United States. This is a most subtle, and perhaps also the most effective, way to accomplish the recovery of the rebel colonies, and this last one, involving the service of the press, has

played an important part in the recent development of English world politics.

A former number of *The Fatherland* (Vol. IV, No. 7) contains an article under the title "The Great Conspiracy Exposed" by Fred-eric Franklin Schrader which discusses "Cecil Rhodes's Secret Will" and points out that the result of it is "treason from American lips," in quotations from speeches welcoming the reunion of the United States with the British empire. So it is pointed out that "the Rhodes poison is working."

The article "A French Novelist on Anglo-American Union" by Mr. John H. Jorden, is of unusual interest because it presents an extract from a novel published as early as 1903 by a Frenchman who shows an unusual acquaintance with Anglo-American conditions—the plans for an Anglo-American world empire and the methods how it is to be brought about. It is both instructive and interesting to see how these notions were already alive in the minds of Englishmen as well as Americans and that Cecil Rhodes has been only a powerful leader who by his enormous wealth has done more for the accomplishment of these designs than any other, though he was after all only one among many.

The French author, Viscount de Vogüé, sketches the proposed coalition between England and the United States in forcible lines and Archibald Robinson, an American multi-millionaire represents a type which is by no means impossible. But we would say that the author makes one most obvious blunder in having Mr. Robinson's English adviser, Jarvis, join the Mormon church with great enthusiasm and religious zeal, as it seems, mainly for the sake of marrying a second wife with the full consent of the first one who agrees with him in his religious views. One who knows anything about the Mormon church and English conservatism would know that such an incident would border on impossibility. A French author naturally exaggerates Anglo-Saxon eccentricities and makes typical what is really the peculiarity of a limited section.

LA BELLE ROSALIE.

BY WILBUR BASSETT.

WIND-SHELTERED by white cliffs and rock-perched beyond the grasp of channel waves nestles defiantly the quaint fishing town of Dieppe. Her cobbled streets run precipitously to her harbor, and when the fishing fleet is out the sweet calm of surrounding fields vies with the quiet of her ancient churchyards. Widows and

wives and sweethearts of sailors live in the sturdy little houses, and the odor of fish and of cordage loiters in the smoke from their chimneys. It is a great day in Dieppe, for three ships are to sail for the western fisheries and *La Belle Rosalie*, the beautiful new barkentine, the pride of the town, is to begin to-day her maiden voyage to the Azores. Sailmakers and riggers hurry busily about her decks. Caulkers' hammers resound from her planks and the yo-hos of stevedores echo from hold to lighter. François is there, proud of his new short jacket. To-morrow all Dieppe will see that he is no longer a fisherman's boy but an able seaman, a wheelman in the starboard watch of *La Belle Rosalie*. To-night he will say good-bye to Maria Batiste, proudly and confidently. He will tell her to make her wedding clothes and be ready to go with him to the altar of the little church when *La Belle Rosalie* returns.

And so the morning comes and all Dieppe gathers to see the little ship break out her canvas and begin her life. Casks of purple wine and sacks of fresh vegetables, bouquets of flowers and little gifts of apparel are hurried aboard in late boats, and as the ship warps out of the road-way, the busy mates hurry weeping mothers and sisters and proud fathers over the side into their boats. Sweethearts say farewell and exchange little icons of the heart and of the church, and as the sails fall from the brails and yards are mast-headed to the shrill pipe of the boatswain, *La Belle Rosalie* heels gently to leeward and is away. It is a proud moment for François, for he stands at the wheel where all may see him, and though he looks straight ahead, he sees out of the tail of his eye that Maria Batiste is there at the pier's end waving tremulous adieu amid the throng. Thus cheered by gifts of love and voices of proud encouragement, *La Belle Rosalie* wafted by favoring breezes draws away into the sunlit sea.

Months pass with coming and going of ships; summer drifts by in the lap of sunny seas, and no word comes back from *La Belle Rosalie*. Day by day Maria wanders along the white cliffs and strains her eyes across the misty channel in quest of the trim hull and tapering spars. Daily she leaves her sewing to wander restlessly along the wharves and question the lounging mates and sailors, but no gossip of distant ports or scrap of forecastle yarn tells aught of the missing ship. Many ships come back broken and buffeted by the seven seas, and many homes are saddened by the grim reports of wreck and storm, but never a word from *La Belle Rosalie*. Bells are tolled and tapers burned for many a sturdy sailor and prayers for his soul are wafted to the dim rafters of the

little church, but no prayers are said nor tapers burned for those sailors of the barkentine who might be dead for aught men know.

Maria, like some restless spirit, wanders from church to harbor, her white lips drawn with pain, her eyes lustrous and spiritual with the light of fasting and of prayer. November comes with falling leaves and the moaning of channel storms and still no news of the missing ship. The second day of that month is the day of the dead or All Souls' Day in the gentle English phrase. It is the day of the lost at sea, which the Roman church has set aside for intercession for the repose of the souls of the dead. While it is yet dark, Maria slips to the door of her cottage and stealthily throws back the bolt. But after her hastens a figure that stops her at the threshold and with tearful persuasion seeks to bring her back. It is her sister, who day and night has sought to curb her restless wanderings and lead her mind away from ships and sailors back into the quiet channels of her former life.

"It is the day of the dead, sister," says Maria, "and I must watch for La Belle Rosalie. She will come back to-day and I must be waiting for François." And so shivering with cold and apprehension, the sister follows on down the cobbled street. Riding-lights wave spectrally in the breaking darkness, but there are no other signs of life in harbor or town. The misty stars are nestled deep in the close-drawn canopy of murky sky, and upon the gray beach the slender swell is breaking without light or sound. The great red eye of the port light opens and closes lazily and wanes into impotence at the coming of dawn, like some fabled monster of the night whose power ceases at the break of day. Shadow and form, hull and pier and sable, that in the darkness cast their mysterious forms across the sea, fade imperceptibly into the grayness of sea and sky and cliff, and the two silent figures by the shore draw their shawls about them and shiver in the damp shroud of all-enveloping dawn.

It is the hour of visions and of dread, when graves yawn forth their dead, when vampires and were-wolves flit abroad and witches brew their spells; but beyond is the dawn of the day of All Souls, and out of the darkness of preceding night should rise the star of a new and holy day, laying the spirits of the evil dead and wafting prayers for the righteous to the throne of heaven, rolling back the mists of doubt and despair and bathing the earth in the sunshine of arisen hope and faith.

There is no movement among the wan draperies of fog, the spectral sea seems to have vanished and all the universe to be resolved

into impalpable and eerie vapors. Even the hoarse groan of steam whistles from far out in the channel seems to bring but a tenuous murmur to the ear, as though no voice of the material world might harshly penetrate that mystery. Silent gulls on spread wings soar by like birds upon some dim and ancient kakemono. It is the moment before dawn; the threshold of the mystery of birth. Eastward a dim effulgence radiates from somewhere in the unknown beyond, wavering, uncertain, and scarcely sensed, seeming but a thinning of the mist. Dim pathways of light run through it like candle lights on some dull pewter urn. Slowly the light grows, sluggish but irresistible, till each particle of suspended moisture seems to glow in iridescent sheen.

The two silent figures turn dilated eyes toward the dripping light and seem by contrast to stand in shadow, facing the coming of some unearthly transformation. Breathless and nerveless, wrapt in the mystery of the moment, Maria Batiste points a white finger toward the gateway of light. "There," she cries, "she is coming, La Belle Rosalie!" Her finger traces in the mist the outline of a graceful hull; tall, tapering spars emerge from shadow lines; gossamer sails sown with myriad pearls of moisture float from shining yards. There is no sound of waters beneath her forefoot, no curl of broken spray, no line where hull and water meet, only a darkening of the grayness through which hull and spar and sail move spiritwise. The anchor-falls are rigged, a boat swings at the davits and figures in glistening oilskins peer from the rail expectant for the familiar harbor. Soft blue lights seem to waver from truck and yard-arm, but there is no sound of creaking block or vibrant halyard.

With one bound the light of dawn leaps upward. Cliff and sea start into life. The misty pulse of the deep and the breath of the dawn wind stir slumberously. Maria has fallen on her knees. "There, there is François, he stands at the wheel. But see how pale he is!"

Of a sudden with the rush of dawn and the awakening of day comes the deep voice of the church, the call to early mass, the death knell of night and of doubt, the first summons of the day of All Souls. The mists roll back silently, and with them into tenuous space fades La Belle Rosalie.

* * *

NOTES ON PHANTOM SHIPS.

The annals of the sea contain many apparently authentic ac-

counts of sea apparitions. They are reported with much detail and with that certainty which indicates that they are not merely creatures of the storyteller's art, but are reports of actual experiences of the narrator. Such stories naturally divide themselves into two classes, one relating to phantoms which foretell wreck and disaster to the observer, and the other class represented by those spectral ships which convey warning or tidings of wreck or disaster already accomplished, and thus enable the observer to escape a like fate. The first class of vessels is essentially evil, while the second is kindly and beneficent.

The vast body of data accumulated by folklorists and by societies for psychical research cannot well be ignored without examination, and may even be considered sufficient to make necessary a scientific explanation of apparitions. "The multiplication of the phenomena puts them on the same footing with meteors and comets and all other sporadic or residual facts. Their regular occurrence after a definite type suggests some other law than hallucination, extensive as that is. The collection of a census of events would satisfy science of the need of investigation at least, and that indefinitely. Ridicule after that would only indicate the cries of a dying philosophy." (Hyslop, *Psychical Research and the Resurrection*, p. 380.) If the study of data concerning the ghosts of men has led to any definite conclusion as to the reality of these phenomena, may we say that that conclusion is as applicable to phantom ships as to phantom men?

Our story of La Belle Rosalie was first made known by Amélie Bosquet in *La Normandie Romanesque*, and more recently brought to light by Fouju in *La revue des traditions populaires*, Vol. VI, p. 416, in the series "Legendes normandes du musée de Dieppe" under title *Le vaisseau fantome*, and finds its counterpart on many seas. We shall refer to those reports only which have been made by careful and trustworthy collectors.

In Scotland a sailor of seventy years told Walter Gregor of two fishing boats which left Broadsea together for Aberdeen. When they were away a heavy blow came on, and the little craft driving under bare poles in a smother of rain and sea lost sight of each other. After many hours the storm abated and one of the boats was approaching the harbor of Aberdeen at night when the form of the other boat was made out ahead of it passing safely into the harbor. This guidance the astonished sailors were able to follow safely into the harbor. On shore none saw the leading ship and no such ship anchored there. It was believed that at the time the

lost fisherboat foundered in the storm many miles at sea, for she was never again heard of (*Revue des traditions populaires*, XI, 330).

An apparition observed by many was seen at Porz an Eokr in the Isle of Batz. A ship appeared there in the early morning while fishermen and coasters were busy with their nets and sails. Sailing well into the harbor in view of all she was observed by many, and so near was she that the voices of her officers, and her hail with the query where to anchor, were plainly heard and marked by their accent as those of islanders. Then from the sight of all she faded away like smoke in the wind. The awe-struck islanders had noted that she was the ship which had wintered in that harbor, and were not surprised to learn later that at the moment the apparition had appeared in their harbor this ship had been lost at sea.

A similar incident is cited in that curious old sea chest *The Log Book*. In the palmy days when the Dutch were bringing home the wealth of the Indies in their ponderous hulls there sailed from Rotterdam in the month of May 1695 the good ship Van Holt. Voyages were long in those days, and when the Van Holt squared away to the South the tearful wives and anxious merchants of Rotterdam expected more than one May would pass before the Van Holt was again sighted from their lookout. Time passed with the coming and going of ships, and no news of the Van Holt. Winter storms blew up the channel and down from the Baltic, and one day as the gale was at its height anxious lookouts made a ship in the offing. Straining under storm canvas she was seen to stand for the harbor with the appearance of distress. As she came nearer the familiar hull and rig of the Van Holt were made out, and then in the wrack of clouds or the maw of the sea she was swallowed up. Landsmen said she had gone down in the gale, but wise mates lingered over their flagons that night, and told the story of the wraith of the Van Holt. Wherever the Van Holt was that night in her long journey to the stormy cape, it is hardly to be credited that she was off her home port unreported and unexpected, and as no wreckage came ashore and no news of the Van Holt ever came back to Rotterdam it was and is believed that somewhere in the broad ocean the Van Holt was lost on the day her wraith was sighted off the harbor of Rotterdam. (*The Log Book*, 1827, p. 337.)

The British ship Neptune (Captain R. Grant) was reported as an apparition at St. Ives on the same day that she was wrecked at Gwithian three kilometers distant (*Mélusine*, II, 159), and was spoken the day before on the Cornish coast, disappearing suddenly when a boat attempted to board her (Hunt).

Even the stern divines of Puritan New England in colonial days confessed their belief in the phantom ship. Cotton Mather tells of such a craft which was spoken of from the pulpit in New Haven. A new ship left that port in January 1647, for her maiden trip and was never again heard of. Six months later, after a thunderstorm about an hour before sunset, a ship like her was seen sailing up the river against the wind. Drawing nearer, she gradually disappeared and finally vanished altogether. Thanks were offered in the pulpits of New Haven that God had granted this confirmation of the fears of the townspeople.

A Salem divine of the eighteenth century is reported to have vanquished a similar specter. A ship cleared on Friday from that port for England, having among her passengers an unknown man and a girl of great beauty. Being unknown and unlike the style of the Puritans of Salem, it was feared they were witches or demons, and many refused to sail with them. The ship was lost at sea, and reappeared off Salem after a three day storm with the strange plainly visible on her deck. Before the prayers of the minister the ship faded away. (Drake, *New England Legends*.)

* * *

These instances illustrate the class of apparitions which appear but once, and then in the home harbor, at or about the time of dissolution. There is another widely known class of ship apparitions which return on the anniversary of their wreck, or haunt the place of wreck or the home harbor.

On our own coast such a one is the Alice Marr seen off Cape Ann. She is thus described in E. N. Gunison's *The Fishermen's Own Book*:

"Ever as rolls the year around,
Bringing again her sailing day,
Rises her hull from the depths profound
And slowly cruises the outer bay.

"Not a word of her master's fate,
Only a glimpse of sail and spar
Not a word of crew and mate—
This is the ghost of the Alice Marr."

An Indian woman in a spectral canoe is seen to plunge over St. Anthony's Falls in the Mississippi River. She is a wife who committed suicide there after a vain journey in search of a recreant husband. (Emerson, *Indian Myths*, p. 149.)

Two pirates are said to appear annually in the Solway. Legend

has it that two Danish pirates who had gained their riches and power through a contract with the devil were according to contract finally wrecked there. At the bottom of the harbor these two ships remain intact and fishermen avoid the vicinity for fear they will be drawn down to join the revelling crews. On dark and stormy nights work is done aboard them, and once when a magician struck them with his oar they rose to the surface with all sail set and stood out over the Castletown shoals. On the anniversary of their wreck they come in, and re-enact the scenes of their wreck. (Cunningham, *Traditional Tales*, p. 338.)

Danish sailors have long feared such an apparition. It often happens that mariners in the wide ocean see a ship, in all respects resembling a real one, sailing by and at the same instant vanishing from their sight. It is the spectral ship, and forebodes that a vessel will soon go to the bottom on that spot. (Thorpe, *Northern Mythology*, II, 276.) The Flying Dutchman is a similar omen. So the Maoris have often seen a giant war canoe on Lake Tarawera which disappears when hailed and always foreshadows volcanic eruptions, or other great catastrophes.

French fishermen at Heyst see a phantom ship which they call the Concordia and which is known by its redcapped trucks. On the approach of a tempest this grim monitor passes along the beach from the great dune of Heyst upon the sands lying between the sea and the dunes. Her appearance is rather good than evil as she gives warning to the small coasters and fishermen of approaching danger.¹

This is one of the most interesting of land and sea ships, of which we speak elsewhere. Hunt cites several such, one being connected with the story of a young man who turned pirate, and whose ghost often appeared in his pirate craft off the harbor in uncanny gales, sailing against wind and tide. Like other sea specters he is accompanied by a dog. Spectral ships sailing over land and sea were formerly known in Porthcurno harbor, and were said to foretell by their number the strength of an approaching enemy, or the number of wrecks to be expected.

In the Solway appears a spectral ship which marks for destruction the vessel which she approaches. It is the ghostly bark of a bridal party maliciously wrecked, the spectral shallop which always sails by the side of the ship which the sea is bound to swallow.

¹ A. Harou in *Revue des trad. pop.*, XV, 9; *ibid.*, XVII, 472: "On dit que le navire de feu (Concordia) monté par des hommes rouges part de la dune du Renard et suit la bord de la mer, n'y eut it que deux centimetres d'eau, et pourtant c'est un trois-mats."

(Cunningham, *Traditional Tales of the English and Scottish Peasantry*.)

A Highland parallel is the Rotterdam, a big ship which was lost with all on board and whose spectral appearance with a ghostly crew is a sure omen of disaster. (Gregor, *Folklore of Northeast of Scotland*.)

Such a ship is also known in Gaspé Bay in the Gulf of St. Lawrence though no portent is drawn from her appearance. She is described as a quaint old-fashioned hull with huge poop and fore-castle, and queer rigging. From her ports and cabin windows lights are seen and her decks are crowded with soldiers. An English officer with a lady on his arm stands on the heel of the bowsprit and points shoreward. Suddenly the lights go out, shrieks are heard and the ship disappears. It is said to be the ghost of a flag-ship of Queen Anne sent to reduce the French forts, and lost with all on board. (Le Moine, *Chronicles of the St. Lawrence*, p. 36.)

From the same locality come the stories of the ancient caravel which still sails across the Cadelia Flats, and of the spectral light which marks the spot where the privateer Leech was destroyed in Chester Bay.

An ancient Japanese legend gives an account of one of the few actively dangerous phantom ships with the recipe for avoiding her lures. She is an ancient war junk, and her spectral character is made known by her lack of halyards. To be safe one should sail into her, when she will disappear. The sea will be filled with the forms of her men who cry aloud for dippers with which to bail out the sea. The wise fisherman will throw them dippers with pierced bottoms lest they cast the water upon his own ship. (Naryoshi Songery in *Annuaire Soc. Pop. Trad.*, 1887.)

Many spectral ships carry lights, and spectral lights mark the resting-place of wrecked pirates and wizards. Pirates on the coast of Cornwall followed such lights many miles to sea only to have them slip away when approached.

Similar fleeting lights are pointed out by "Maggie of the Shore," a well-known Scotch witch, and such appearances foretell wreck. Near Stanard's Rock in Lake Superior a green light is said to hover over a ship wrecked there, and a figure is seen praying there. It is said that the drowned never rise from this spot.

Along the coast of Cornwall floats the Fraddam witch in a tub formerly used by her in her incantations, with a broom for an oar and a crock for a tender. The unfortunate who see her will

soon be drowned. Her tub is to be classed with the fleet of devil ships.

There are several interesting instances in which the spectral ship is a psychopomp or soul-bearer independent of her identity as a ship. Thus near Morlaix in Finisterre they say that lost ships return to haunt the coast with their ghostly crews of the drowned, and these ships are said to grow larger from year to year. (P. Sébillot in *Revue des traditions populaires*, XVI, p. 230.)

Near Dieppe, on the same coast, appeared the "Phantom Boat of All Souls' Night" and other soul-ships like La Belle Rosalie. (Chapus, *Dieppe et ses environs*.)

French fishermen consider All Soul's Day, *le jour des morts*, a day of bad omen and seldom go to sea upon that day. Fishermen of the south of France fear that on that day they will see unpleasant sight or bring up skulls or bones upon their hooks. (Sébillot, *Le Folk-Lore des Pecheurs*.)

On the coast of Rhode Island is seen the tragic specter of a burning ship. The apparition is well known as "The Burning Palatine," or the "Block Island Phantom," and is variously accounted for. The best-known story of her is that embodied in Whittier's poem, according to which the Palatine was a Dutch emigrant ship bearing many well-to-do Hollanders bound for Philadelphia. The captain was killed by a mutinous crew who starved and robbed the passengers. The ship was cast upon Block Island, and since that day the specter of a burning ship has frequently appeared.

"And the wise Sound skippers, though skies be fine
Reef their sails when they see the sign
Of the Blazing wreck of the Palatine."

Another legend told by Whittier is of the "Dead Ship of Harpswell," seen off Orr's Island on the Maine coast:

"What weary doom of baffled quest,
Thou sad sea-ghost, is thine?
What makes thee in the haunts of home
A wonder and a sign?
No foot is on thy silent deck,
Upon thy helm no hand;
No ripple hath the soundless wind
That smites thee from the land.

"For never comes the ship to port,
Howe'er the breeze may be;
Just when she nears the waiting shore

She drifts again to sea.
 No tack of sail, nor turn of helm.
 Nor sheer of veering side;
 Stern-fore she drives to sea and night
 Against the wind and tide.

"Shake, brown old wives, with dreary joy,
 Your grey-head hints of ill;
 And over sick beds whispering low
 Your prophecies fulfil.
 Some home amid yon birchen trees
 Shall drape its door with woe;
 And slowly, where the Dead Ship sails,
 The burial boat shall row."

Closely allied to these specters which haunt the home port or the place of disaster are the many ghostly ships seen only at long intervals or raised by magic. Such is the spectral lugger with all sail set, seen on a pool on Lizard Promontory in Cornwall (Bottrell, *Traditions and Hearthside Stories of West Cornwall*) and the spectral smuggler seen near Penrose on the moor in a spectral sea.

In the Canadian story of the La Chasse Galerie, Sebastian Lacelle is said to have been an Indian who was to have married Zoe de Mersac in the year 1780. The day before that set for the wedding he went hunting and was lost. Since that time he has been seen passing over Askin Point on the Canadian shore, his spectral canoe buoyed in clouds, his coming announced by the barking of his dog Chasseur. (Hamlin, *Legends of le Detroit*, p. 126.)

Such spectral canoes served in Canadian fancy to bring the spirits of living lonely trappers and voyageurs from the vast wilderness of the West to join their friends and families on Christmas eve.

"Then after Pierre and Telesphore have danced 'Le Caribou'
 Some hardy trapper tells a tale of the dreaded Loup Garou
 Or phantom bark in moonlit heavens, with prow turned toward the East,
 Bringing the western voyageurs to join the Christmas feast."

Near Prenden in the Baltic is often seen a phantom fisherboat with nets spread. When approached it disappears. (Kuhn and Schwartz, *Norddeutsche Sagen*, p. 78.)

So there are vague rumors that the Griffin, La Salle's first sail on the Great Lakes, suffers from the curse of Metiomek, and is still cruising in northern Lake Michigan.

Columbus was accused by mutineers of having summoned the

ghost of a caravel with Escobar in command. Fairy literature has many such examples. In an Ojibway tale a fairy Lohengrin in a spectral canoe appears at the moment when a maiden is to be sacrificed to the spirit of the falls, and acts as her substitute by drifting over them. (Lanman, *Haw-hoo-noo*.)

There yet remains that large group of spectral appearances which may well be classed as optical illusions. A few instances will suffice to illustrate their nature and circumstances.

An Ayr legend of the early eighteenth century tells of a ship called the Golden Thistle which, having unsatisfactory winds, stopped at the Isle of Skye, and there procured from a witch a bag of winds tied with human hair. Sailing away thus equipped she passed near the Blue Crag of Ailsa. Here in the spectral dawn the superstitious captain, deceived by the reflection of his own ship, made hail, and the crag re-echoed his name and destination. The terrified man believed he had seen the wraith of his own ship, and soon died in the delirium of brain fever. (*The Log Book*, p. 293.)

A spectral ship often seen at sea proves on approach to be a rock, and is believed to have been a slave ship thus transformed by a magician who killed all the negroes and jumped overboard. (Schmidt, *Seemanns-Sagen und Schiffer-Märchen*.)

Explorers of the French Geographical Society encountered in Africa the belief in such an apparition which was so real that they were obliged to secure the services of a fetich doctor. This apparition appears before sunrise during the rainy season in Lake Z'Onangué. A great ship with many masts seems to come from the enchanted or sacred islands in the middle of the lake. After some minutes many white men are seen to ascend her shrouds; guns are fired and the ship disappears. The natives say this tells the presence of a ship at Cape Lopez. The fetich doctor from the bow of the explorers' boat offered brandy and biscuit to appease the enraged spirit of the islands. (*Bulletin de la Soc. Geog.*, 1889, p. 304.)

A fatal apparition known a century ago as the Black Trader is said to have foretold by the number of lights burning along her deserted decks the number of lives demanded of the ship which was unfortunate enough to sight her. (*Log Book*, p. 99.)

When the Melanesians saw ships for the first time they believed them to belong to ghosts and to foretell famine (Codrington, *The Melanesians*) and the first ship apparition of Europe was a plague ship.

Captain Slocum, the well-known "Single-hander," thus describes an incident of his return in a canoe from the South Atlantic

where his ship the Aquidneck had been wrecked: "A phantom of the stately Aquidneck appeared one night sweeping by with crowning sky-sails that brushed the stars. No apparition could have affected us more than the sight of this floating beauty gliding swiftly and quietly by from some foreign port. She too was homeward bound. This incident of the Aquidneck's ghost, as it appeared to us passing at midnight on the sea, left a pang of lonesomeness."

Without further multiplication of instances, we may look into the psychology of the belief and its physical explanations. That it still holds a powerful place in the minds of men, there can be no doubt. Poor and industrious as are the fishermen of the Flemish coast, they seldom venture out on All souls' Day because of the living fear of such an apparition. They say that on that day, November 2, there appears near the shore a spectral fisherman who will carry away forever in his nets all the living who look upon him (*Rev. tr. pop.*, XV, 317; cf. Kuhn und Schwartz, *Norddeutsche Sagen*, 78). Prayers, incantations, and amulets are still employed the world over to defend against such mischances.

The cases we have cited may well be divided into three classes: specters which haunt the place of disaster and death; specters and apparitions which appear at various times and in various places; and apparitions admitted to be optical illusions.

Of the first class we have seen that the attendant circumstances are similar to those reported in connection with accounts of ghosts which appear in and about the abiding place of the individual in his lifetime. One theory advanced by psychology to explain these apparitions is the theory of the projected self or the embodied thought. May we then extend this theory to the wraiths of inanimate things? The scientific theory of phantasms of the dead is not mere metaphysical dogma, but is founded upon a wealth of well-attested data gathered by trustworthy observers.

It appears from a scrutiny of this material that such apparitions are in almost every case the wraiths of those who have died violent deaths under circumstances of great distress and excitement. "The phantom of the dead is produced under the most favorable circumstances. The objective senses are being closed in death. The emotions attending a death by violence are necessarily of the most intense character. The desire to acquaint the world with the circumstances attending the tragedy is overwhelming. The message is not for a single individual, but to all whom it may concern." (Hudson, *The Law of Psychic Phenomena*, p. 300.)

These being the conditions, it is suggested in theory that this

thought upon which the agonized mortal centers for the moment his very being, somehow takes material embodiment by reason of its very intensity. If we accept this theory of embodied thought as an explanation of human ghosts, may we not logically extend the reasoning to the ship-specters we have noted?

We find that the human ghost is clothed as in life, and has all the material accoutrements of its human original. We read of the ghost of a drowned sailor appearing at the bedside of his mother overseas, his yellow oilskins dripping with brine. We read that on the eve of the dissolution of some fine ship her form was seen off her home port.

If we say that the death struggle of the sailor had brought forth that all-conquering agony of purpose to communicate for the last time with the distant mother, and that that thought took form in the ghostly visitor at her side, may we not say the same for the ship? Certain it is that in the hour of wreck and death the scores of hapless passengers and sailors turn with an agony of yearning toward the familiar home harbor they may never see again. Their very souls strain with that desire to carry over seas the news of the terrible ending of the voyage.

I am aware that this theory of the embodied thought sounds very Platonic and metaphysical, and that it leaves pertinent queries unanswered. Another theory more readily grasped would account for the phantasms of the dead on the hypothesis of the visualization of a telepathic message received by the subjective mind. In the present state of psychology we may consider either right, or both wrong, or find a Scotch verdict, as we will.

Of the class of wandering and recurrent ships, we can only say that perhaps they lie midway between the real wreck-wraith and the optical illusion. The optical illusion finds its explanation in the well-known phenomena of refraction, mirages, and looming. Aside from these, however, there are many other phenomena of the daily life of the sailor which readily form the basis for such belief. Sea novelists have painted terrors which seem fantastic to landsmen, but which have for the sailor the full force of sober truth. In the uncanny spectral nights of the tropics when the sea burns with phosphorescence, and the sounds of creaking timbers and idle blocks echo like spirit voices, small wonder that the burdened eye of the sailor sees unearthly visions and his strained ear hears unearthly voices. What sailor who has boarded a derelict green with the deathdamp, or an abandoned ship whose silent fore-castle and empty falls tell their story of mutiny or despair can ever

get the grewsome vision out of his eye? What lookout who has started from his doze to see a lofty ship pass silently across his bows without sound or hail can ever forget the stifling terror of his fears, or drown the thought that he has seen a phantom? Sight and sound aloft and aloft are to the sailor as trail and track to the woodsman, eloquent of meaning. His perception in times of calm or storm is open wide to the slightest sound or sight that may foretell coming change. To this consciousness cloud and mist shapes, mirages, and the thousand sights and sounds of the ever shifting panorama bring many extraordinary and inexplicable things, which are stored away in memory, and find their expression in the tenacity with which sailors cling to their belief in the "supernatural."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A HINDU CRITICISM OF MRS. BESANT.

Mrs. Annie Besant has published an attack on Hinduism in *The Commonwealth* of Madras, of which she is the editor, and Mr. M. V. Srinivasa Aiyangar has written an answer which is very severe. By stating the case in his own words we leave it to our readers to form their opinion. In the form of an open letter he accuses her of meddling with affairs which are no concern of hers and in which she has no right to intrude as a reformer. He writes: "Not till after I read your Foreword and Mr. Johan Van Manen's article. . . did I realize that there were more [insane] persons outside the asylum than in it. 'By examining the tongue of a patient,' says Justin, 'physicians find out the diseases of the body and philosophers the diseases of the mind.' For some time past your tongue has been talking more and more at the head's cost."

Quoting from a Jewish sage, Rabbi Ben Azai, he gives Mrs. Besant advice as follows: "Give your tongue more holiday than your hands or eyes."

We have no doubt that Mrs. Besant has the best intentions to promote much-needed reforms in India, but whether her attempts are directed by wisdom and discretion is another question. At any rate she has offended leading Hindus, and one result is seen in this pamphlet before us, entitled, *An Open Letter to Mrs. Annie Besant, Being a Reply to Her Attacks on Hinduism*. M. V. Srinivasa Aiyangar, the author, calls himself, on the title-page, "a humble appendage at the gate of Pachaiyappa's College, Madras."

The case which Mr. Aiyangar makes may be set forth by a few quotations. He says:

"It is true, as Steele says, that 'all a woman has to do in this world is contained within the duties of a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a mother;' as we believe it is true, your claim to be heard on the Hindu marriage question will depend not a little, if not entirely, upon the proofs you can give of your successful training in those four universities. Have you graduated in those

universities? Have the sages, saints, and heroes who preside over the destinies of those universities granted you any diplomas? Are you authorized to wear the gowns and hoods which are the badges of those universities? Unless and until you produce these credentials, whatever else you may produce, you have no *locus standi* in the parliament of gods or men. Satisfaction in this particular will make up for deficiency in aught else; non-satisfaction, naught else can make up for."

After a detailed summary of parts of Mrs. Besant's autobiography, which he rates somewhat lower than the Confessions of St. Augustine, he says: "You are so eager to force on us your own views of these details without gracefully leaving us to form our own view."

The Hindu thinker sums up his view of her right to pose as a reformer in these words:

"Thus on your own showing and according to your own admission, *as a daughter* you hastened the death of your idolized mother; *as a wife* you were very unsatisfactory from the beginning, and were legally separated from your husband; *as a mother* you resolutely turned your back upon your own children, and sought solace in becoming a mother to all helpless children; and, last but not least, all orthodox society in your liberty-loving land of birth turned up its nose at you. So you stand convicted out of your own mouth. The presiding deities of the respective universities have not thought it fit to honor you with their diplomas. As an undutiful daughter, as a disobedient wife, as an unnatural mother, you have put yourself out of court as regards the question of your right of being heard on the Hindu marriage problem. That you have qualified yourself otherwise is beside the point; nay, it is worse—it is 'putting out the natural eye of one's mind to see better with the telescope,' as Carlyle says.

"If one may speak what many feel, in the name of my revered *guru*, the late Yogi Parthasarathy Aiyangar, and of the orthodox Hindu society whose humble slave I am, I arraign you, madam, not only before the bar of your own quiet conscience (though 'quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,' as Byron says), but of public tribunal, on the ground of ignorant and wanton interference in our social and religious questions—ignorant in the sense that, not having lived the life you should, you lack that within you which would enable you to see and judge that which is without you, and wanton in the sense that you want to see your ignorance acting unfettered, cost what it might,—an interference which is all the more regrettable and mischievous, considering your reverence for our customs and religion so long professed."

This may be enough to characterize the pamphlet, which however contains many items regarding the difficulties involved in the child marriage problem and the caste system of India. Mrs. Besant's friends will naturally regard this defense of Hinduism as uncalled for, but the pamphlet will give the unwelcome reformer much food for thought, and proves that the mere introduction of western ideas is not sufficient to work any far-reaching reform.

The letter is a pamphlet of 140 pages, with many quotations not only from Hindu sources but also from a wide range of western literature and Christian philosophy. The publisher is M. C. Narasimhacharya of 14 Baker Street, Madras, E.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES. Edited by *Louis H. Gray, A.M., Ph.D.*
Vol. X. North American. By *Hartley B. Alexander, Ph.D.* Boston:
Marshall Jones Company, 1916. Pages, xxiv, 325.

In his introduction Professor Alexander makes quite clear the distinction between the mythology of the North American Indians and mythology in the classical acceptance of the word. He is careful to explain just how far each tribe or each clan can be said to have its individual mythology. He claims now but a provisional value for his work, since so much literature is constantly being produced on the subject. He therefore modestly endeavors to confine himself to a descriptive study and bases the study upon local rather than chronological divisions. Chapter I treats of the tribes of the far north, the Skraeling, which the Norsemen found in 1000, and the Esquimaux tribes. The next two chapters treat of the concepts common to the forest tribes: the Manitous, the Great Spirit, the powers above and below, the cosmogony of Iroquois and Algonquin, the various sun myths and the story of Hiawatha. Next we have the cosmogonies, the animal stories and wonder tales of the Gulf tribes, and then the myths and religious ideas of the Great Plains tribes, introducing especially the idea of medicine, the importance of the sun, earth, and corn, the morning star, the elements and the mystery of death. The next tribes are those of the mountain and desert, the locality of the Great Divide, and we read of the gods of the mountains and the denizens of the world; spirits, ghosts and bogies, prophets and the ghost dance. In this division we find the Navaho myth of creation, and the Apache and Yuma myths. The next chapter is devoted to the Pueblo Dwellers, and includes beside the Pueblo cosmology rituals and mythical cosmogonies of the Sia, Hopi and Zuni tribes. The last two chapters deal more particularly with the tribes of California and Oregon, and their conception of Totemism and tutelary powers.

One of the many sections of popular interest is that on "Hiawatha" dealing with the sources for Longfellow's poem which is shown to have centered a number of cosmogonic myths around one traditionally historical figure. As the section is brief and contains much that is probably unknown to many readers of "Hiawatha," we shall here quote it in full (pages 51-52):

"Tales recounting the deeds of Manabozho, collected and published by Schoolcraft, as the 'myth of Hiawatha,' were the primary materials from which Longfellow drew for his *Song of Hiawatha*. The fall of Nokomis from the sky; Hiawatha's journey to his father, the West Wind; the gift of maize, in the legend of Mondamin; the conflict with the great Sturgeon, by which Hiawatha was swallowed; the rape and restoration of Chibiabos; the pursuit of the storm-spirit, Pau-Puk-Keewis; and the conflict of the upper and underworld powers, are all elements in the cosmogonic myths of the Algonquian tribes.

"Quite another personage is the actual Hiawatha of Iroquoian tradition, certain of whose deeds and traits are incorporated in the poet's tale. Hiawatha was an Onondaga chieftain whose active years fell in the latter half of the sixteenth century. At that time the Iroquoian tribes of central New York were at constant war with one another and with their Algonquian neighbors, and Hiawatha conceived the great idea of a union which should ensure a uni-

versal peace. It was no ordinary confederacy that he planned, but an inter-tribal government whose affairs should be directed and whose disputes should be settled by a federal council containing representatives from each nation. This grandiose dream of a vast and peaceful Indian nation was never realized; but it was due to Hiawatha that the Iroquoian confederacy was formed, by means of which these tribes became the overlords of the forest region from the Connecticut to the Mississippi and from the St. Lawrence to the Susquehanna.

"This great result was not, however, easily attained. The Iroquois preserve legends of Hiawatha's trials; how he was opposed among his own people by the magician and war-chief Atotarho; how his only daughter was slain at a council of the tribe by a great white bird, summoned, it is said, by the vengeful magician, which dashed downward from the skies and struck the maiden to earth; how Hiawatha then sadly departed from the people whom he had sought to benefit, and came to the villages of the Oneida in a white canoe which moved without human aid. It was here that he made the acquaintance of the chief Dekanawida, who lent a willing ear to the apostle of peace, and who was to become the great lawgiver of the league. With the aid of this chieftain, Hiawatha's plan was carried to the Mohawk and Cayuga tribes, and once again to the Onondaga, where, it is told, Hiawatha and Dekanawida finally won the consent of Atotarho to the confederation. Morgan says, of Atotarho, that tradition 'represents his head as covered with tangled serpents, and his look, when angry, as so terrible that whoever looked upon him fell dead. It relates that when the League was formed, the snakes were combed out of his hair by a Mohawk sachem, who was hence named Hayowentha, "the man who combs"—which is doubtless a parable for the final conversion of the great war-chief by the mighty orator. After the union had been perfected, tradition tells how Hiawatha departed for the land of the sunset, sailing across the great lake in his magic canoe. The Iroquois raised him in memory to the status of a demigod.

"In these tales of the man who created a nation from a medley of tribes, we pass from the nature-myth to the plane of civilization in which the culture hero appears. Hiawatha is an historical personage invested with semi-divinity because of his great achievements for his fellow men. Such an apotheosis is inevitable wherever in the human race the dream of peace out of men's divisions creates their more splendid unities."

The volume contains 38 full-page illustrations, including 16 colored plates, and at the end there is a colored map of the linguistic stocks of North America, which was prepared originally by Major J. W. Powell of the Bureau of American Ethnology, and has been revised by later members of the staff. p

Edmund Hewavitarne, a wealthy furniture manufacturer of Colombo, Ceylon, the brother of the Anagarika Dharmapala, died in prison a year or two ago after a trial for treason and shop-breaking. He was not condemned on good evidence but for the reason that he was the brother of a Buddhist missionary and under the suspicion of being anti-British in his sympathies and general conduct. The court assumed that he had been implicated in the attempted sedition and had encouraged a mob of shop-breakers to loot the store of Mohamado Yusuf, the owner of a Moorish shop in the neighborhood of his own residence.

The widow, Sujata Hewavitarne, published a "Humble Petition" to the Right Honorable Andrew Bonar Law, then secretary of state for the colonies, to have her husband vindicated, because, as she claims, he was absolutely innocent of the crimes for which he was condemned. Judging from the defense the judgment against him seems to have been made in a state of fear of an anticipated rebellion on the part of the Singhalese against the British government, for the charge that Mr. Hewavitarne took part in the looting of the store is based on evidence quite contradictory to the facts. The store was looted, according to the evidence presented by Mrs. Hewavitarne, at half past ten, and Mr. Hewavitarne arrived in a motor car about 12. The witness against him claims that he saw the mob and encouraged them to proceed with the looting, while according to other evidence he arrived in the city after the looting had been done, and when he saw rioting going on in the streets he delayed at the station, not going to his home until later, at about 12 o'clock. The widow complains not only about the unfairness of the trial, but also of the ill-treatment of the prisoner and his exposure to infectious disease after he was removed to prison, the fact being that he contracted enteric fever there and died of it in a few days. The aged mother of the deceased as well as his wife and brothers who tried to comfort the patient in his last illness, were badly treated by the authorities of the prison, and the widow now claims that men of this character should be removed from the control of the prisons. The Anagarika Dharmapala has many friends all over the United States and in other parts of the world, and we expect that they will sympathize with him in the affliction which has fallen upon his brother's family. It seems incomprehensible that a family so prominent among the Singhalese as the Hewavitarne are reported to be should be treated with such cruelty, and an explanation can only be found in the fear aroused in the British colonists in Ceylon through the riots of the Singhalese, and the idea that a further spread of them must be stopped by the severest methods. K

Mr. Peter Filo Schulte, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa (P. O. Box 43) has written a pamphlet entitled *Protest Against the Cruel War*, in which he presents a plan for international government as a means of attaining peace. His hope of seeing in the immediate future an international government established according to his plans is very small indeed; all he claims is that reason dictates this as the most feasible plan for attaining permanent peace. After we have planned according to reason there remains human opposition to overcome. If any one knows of any better plan than his for attaining peace he would be glad to hear of it. The pamphlet is written in as simple a style as possible. Its statements are positive and definite. The author has made a special study of the questions, What is reasoning? How must one conduct the thoughts to attain truth? And after much thought he has solved the question to his entire satisfaction. The pamphlet may be obtained of the author directly, at the special price of ten cents. P

OPEN COURT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Place of Religion, the Religion of Science, and
of the Religious Parliament Idea.

JUNE, 1917

NO. 733

Court Publishing Company, 1917

THE POLICY.¹

KOMMER.

FOURTH OF AUGUST 1914.

During the war there ensued, to talk the language of Nietzsche, such a wholesale revaluation of fixed values, such a casting and remodelling of opinions, sentiments and ideas previously entertained, that the fourth of August may justly be called a day of discoveries. On that date that world-wide process of enlightenment set in which endeavored to prove to astonished humanity that most of their cherished notions on the relative worth of nations had been arrived at in a state of unprecedented delusion and aberration. In the course of a single afternoon old Russian revolutionaries joined their English friends in the conviction that Russia was in reality the embodiment of a noble and humane democracy, while English Balkan politicians proceeded equally swiftly to the canonization of Serbia, now rechristened Serbia. It is unnecessary to point out that these and other discoveries carried with them the consignment of Germany and Austria-Hungary to the lowest depths of human worthlessness. English, French, Russian and American representatives of art and science proved in detail and conclusively that Germany had never created or achieved anything worth mentioning in literature or the natural sciences, in philosophy or technique, or even in music. It all amounted to this, that for at least forty years Germany had successfully carried out one of the most gigantic swindles known in history, leading all nations by the nose, until the ever memorable fourth of August opened their eyes.

¹ A lecture delivered before the German Club of Los Angeles and translated by Kuno Meyer. The German edition of the lecture under the title *Der österreichische Staatsgedanke* may be obtained from the German Club of Los Angeles, 538 Bradbury Building (price 10 cents).



MARYAN LANGIEWICZ, A POLISH REVOLUTIONIST OF 1863.

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

THE OPEN COURT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and
the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea.

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AUSTRIAN STATE POLICY.¹

BY RUDOLF KOMMER.

THE FOURTH OF AUGUST 1914.

AT the beginning of the war there ensued, to talk the language of Nietzsche, such a wholesale revaluation of fixed values, such a recasting and remodelling of opinions, sentiments and ideas previously entertained, that the fourth of August may justly be called a day of discoveries. On that date that world-wide process of enlightenment set in which endeavored to prove to astonished humanity that most of their cherished notions on the relative worth of nations had been arrived at in a state of unprecedented delusion and aberration. In the course of a single afternoon old Russian revolutionaries joined their English friends in the conviction that Russia was in reality the embodiment of a noble and humane democracy, while English Balkan politicians proceeded equally swiftly to the canonization of Serbia, now rechristened Serbia. It is unnecessary to point out that these and other discoveries carried with them the consignment of Germany and Austria-Hungary to the lowest depths of human worthlessness. English, French, Russian and American representatives of art and science proved in detail and conclusively that Germany had never created or achieved anything worth mentioning in literature or the natural sciences, in philosophy or technique, or even in music. It all amounted to this, that for at least forty years Germany had successfully carried out one of the most gigantic swindles known in history, leading all nations by the nose, until the ever memorable fourth of August opened their eyes.

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The purport of these remarks is merely to point out the necessity of carefully dating every utterance on European conditions. Before the fourth of August, or after—these are the datings giving to every thought, every opinion, every word a different significance and an opposite tendency. For that reason alone I wish to state emphatically that the views which I am going to set forth all originated in the time before the war. For me the fourth of August was not a day of discoveries. What I think of Austria I have expressed on innumerable occasions during the last ten years, and am now prepared to repeat. The war has played havoc with my sentiments; it has left my political convictions wholly unaltered.

THE MUCH-BELOVED AUSTRIANS.

During the last decades Austria-Hungary has been treated in public and popular opinion with half-ironical pity and sympathy. This curious attitude was perhaps never shown so clearly as during the first months of the war in London, where we "alien enemies" of Austrian extraction were almost fêted. God knows, it is no exaggeration to say that at that time we were more popular even than the Belgians, and that after the fall of Lemberg we almost began to suffer under this popularity. Of course all this affection was only meant for our supposed weakness, and I regret to have to add that it diminished in an alarming manner during the spring offensive of 1915, and must now, after the fall of Bucharest, have reached zero.

The imminent dissolution of the Austrian empire has long been a common topic of conversation. People talked about the natural collapse of an unnatural political fabric, and, still under the influence of the shibboleths of 1848, prophesied the victory of the centrifugal forces of the suppressed nationalities over the brutal centralizing tendencies of a reactionary bureaucracy and dynasty. Foreign politicians and historians loved to flourish the medieval notion that Austria was nothing but the appanage of the Hapsburg dynasty, an empire thrown and held together not by political and historical necessity, but by dynastic marriages. Every one knows the old saying: "Let others wage war! thou, fortunate Austria, marry!" This originally Latin sentence, dating from the time of Emperor Maximilian, the last knight, shows that even at the end of the Middle Ages Austria was taken somewhat ironically. But the inference that the Austrian crown-lands were held together for centuries merely by their character as the dowry of royal and imperial archdukes and duchesses is a false and absurd conclusion, a

cheap reversal of historical events. For Austria, Hungary and Bohemia did not unite because their dynasties intermarried, but the very opposite was the case: these dynastic marriages came about because there existed the necessary tendencies of union between the three countries.

Since the conclusion of the Triple Alliance the desire to discredit Austria-Hungary as a great political power has constantly been on the increase. Here I must remind you that at least four-fifths of popular opinion in the modern world are dependent on the English press, the English cables and the all-powerful English news agencies. Now so long as we Austrians were wholly harmless land-rats we were treated with that naive mixture of good nature, contempt and amiable condescension which the ruler of the waves doles out to all nations that have nothing to say on sea. But with the construction of the first dreadnought the old fairy-tale of the disruption of Austria was revived. Once again the chaotic jumble of nationalities was decried, which was not worthy of seeing the light of the twentieth century; jokes were cracked at the antiquated monarchy in the diseased heart of Europe; and again and again *finis Austriae* was announced to all quarters of the world. That such ignorant and at bottom childish arguments were largely taken seriously is due to psychological reasons.

AUSTRIAN SELF-DEPRECIATION.

The Austrian, from whatever mixture he draws his origin, is wholly lacking in pathos. National self-irony reigns in no country so universally as in Austria. Whenever a foreigner discusses Austrian problems with an Austrian, he will infallibly hear more or less ingenious witticisms at the expense of Austria. That this self-depreciation is no sign of weakness, but merely the expression of a peculiar national temper is shown among other things by the fact that it was quite common even in times of great magnificence and power. When it pleased the playful Hapsburger, Frederick III, to invent the vocalic conundrum A. E. I. O. U., standing for *Austriae est imperare orbi universo*, or 'all earth is our underling,' the mocking Viennese turned it into *Austria erit in orbe ultima*, or 'Austria shall be the least on earth.' Even the heroic wars against Napoleon were unable to change this lack of pathos, and the folk-songs centering around the noble figures of Andreas Hofer and Archduke Charles, like the older ones on Prince Eugene, all contain something kindly, homely and slightly humorous. A more modern phenomenon of the same kind is the reversal of the sentence of "boundless

possibilities." America was first called a country of boundless possibilities, and an American will always pronounce these words with justified pride. But when the Austrian applies them to his own country he takes them in another sense. Whenever the government commits some blunder the ironical phrase of the country of improbabilities or boundless possibilities is heard. That this kind of jocular self-criticism is not calculated to impress the foreigner favorably goes without saying.

Add to this the infinite complexity of the inner political conditions, which makes the understanding of the Austrian problem so difficult and explains the almost complete ignorance abroad about anything relating to Austria. I was therefore not in the least surprised when a highly educated American, who was familiar enough with all the details of the love affairs of Crown prince Rudolf and the catastrophe of Mayerlingk, asked me whether "Austrian" was to be numbered among the Slavonic or what my friend George Moore calls the "Romantic" languages.

INK-POTS, BILLINGSGATE AND MARK TWAIN.

Travelers from this country, like your grand Mark Twain, used to notice only certain grotesque and ephemeral phenomena on the Austrian surface, and passed on. Mark Twain's descriptions of the stormy sessions of the Austrian parliament are no doubt exact observations, but without the least understanding for the historical revolutions which accompanied them. To the artist Mark Twain every ink-pot hurled by a Czech delegate at the head of a German one denoted no more than the grotesque inkspots which it caused; every furious invective had only a literary interest for him; and the speeches lasting forty hours, which were then held, were to him but so many record-breaking performances. It remained altogether hidden from him that these outbursts of temper, often exceeding all bounds, signified the forced retreat of the ruling German nation before the aggressive demands of the younger nationalities. And yet an American ought to have been able to understand and appreciate these turbulent scenes. For they marked nothing less than the modern, democratic, constitutional and pacific settlement of deep-reaching conflicts between closely allied nations. The turbulent history of the Austrian parliament is an idyl of civilization compared with the bloody horrors enacted at the same time in the Balkans where similar national conflicts were settled in a somewhat more antiquated manner. You will perhaps understand me better when I ask you whether ten or twenty years of stormy parliamentary

scenes in Washington would not have been preferable to four years of civil war.

If during the fifties of the last century your statesmen had succeeded in allaying the growing passionate conflict between the North and South in a parliamentary way, if they had replaced the old-fashioned "militaristic" form of civil war by the civilized, peaceful and democratic form of parliamentary warfare, do you not think that wildly excited scenes in Congress and the Senate would have been inevitable? And thus, what people regarded as an evident weakness of Austria, as the unmistakable signs of decay, as the tragic symbol of political impotence, was in reality, paradoxical as it may sound, the revelation of an inward strength and soundness and the manifestation of a vigorous life. Every detension is more complicated than a primitive explosion, and it is the result of the highest art of diplomacy when latent civil wars are fought out in words. The invectives heard in the Vienna parliament were so to speak safety valves for relieving the warlike tension then reigning in Bohemia.

THE MALCONTENT EMIGRANT.

Lastly I must point out another source of error, the Austrian emigrant. It is but natural that people who leave their native country for their good cannot have an unbiased opinion on a condition of things which has proved unable to retain them. Every Austrian you meet in the wide world, while showing a deep and touching love for his old home, has in general some special grievance, as he is not inclined in a matter of fact way to make overpopulation, economical conditions, and the like, responsible for his exile. So he simply rails against the "government," adding as a rule some spiteful remarks meant to mask his homesickness. But he who desires to get a real insight into the national witches' caldron of Austria must first get rid of all such prejudices and superficialities. He must drop once for all romantic notions of Austria as the feudal heirloom of the dynasty and such-like lumber dating from the period of rococco. One simply can not see modern Austria while the imagination is shut up in a historical lumber-room. To designate contemporary Austria as a feudal state owned by the Hapsburg dynasty is an anachronism similar to branding the United States of America as a slave-owning state.

PROPHECIES OF DISRUPTION.

English politicians have often goodnaturedly patted me on the

back—in the time before our first dreadnought—, have raved of the incomparable scenery of Austria, of her excellent pastry and coffee, of her exquisite waltzes, not without asking mournfully whether this melodious medley would not fall to pieces after the death of Francis Joseph. I have always answered this sympathetic question by saying that as a loyal Austrian I found it impossible to believe in the death of the emperor. As all foreigners are to the English either “crazy foreigners” or “dirty foreigners,” my answer put me into the former category, and the Austrian problem was settled. At the beginning of the war this theory of disruption was of course pounced upon by the whole anti-German press with a kind of satanic glee, and not one of the many journalists who are occupied in settling the rearrangement of Europe has yet grown tired of announcing again and again that the final disruption of Austria is by general desire fixed to take place next week. The Serbians, Croats and Slovenes of Austria are supposed to wait with outstretched arms for the Serbians; the Poles, Ruthenes, Czechs and Slovaks tremble with impatient longing for the Russians; the Rumanians want to be joined to Rumania, the Italians to Italy, the Austrian Germans to Germany; and of the empire of Charles the Fifth, on which the sun never set, nothing will soon be left save the Capuchin tomb of the Hapsburgers, the cheque-book of the Rothschilds, and the eternal rhythm of some imperishable songs. After more than two years of a cruel war against terrible odds there is no trace of any irredentist movement, and the revolutions predicted in Hungary and Bohemia, on the coast and in Bosnia, have taken place in South Africa, India and Ireland.

Much might be said about the war and about the exertion and achievements of Austria, achievements which have slowly found an entrance into the political mind of England where the “Austrian resistance” is now reluctantly admitted. But if you merely glance at the map of central Europe and consider calmly and without prejudice the strategic position of Austria-Hungary as compared with the numerical and economic superiority of her many adversaries you will not cease to wonder at the strength and energy displayed. He who wishes to rate the military achievements of any European nation at their true value, must in the first place not commit the mistake of comparing them with those of Germany, for the Germans in this war form a heroic group by themselves. But if, for example, we compare Austria-Hungary with France, we shall soon recognize that the Austrian organism has proved itself far superior to the French. And in saying so I do not forget the

German help which Austria has enjoyed, though as regards actual assistance of troops, it was naturally strictly limited. No one will maintain that Germany has been able to place one, two, or three millions in the field for Austria, as England has done for her allies.

THE BETTER ALLY.

But you must not misunderstand me and imagine that we Austrians have any desire to belittle the German assistance. We know and feel deeply what we owe to Germany, and nothing perhaps illustrates this heartfelt recognition better than that often quoted story of the dispute between a German and an Austrian officer on the relative merits of the two armies. After much discussion to and fro the Austrian is said to have given in with a smile and the following genuinely Austrian words: "Well, yes, it is true, you have a better organization, but we have the better ally."

This story from the trenches not only illustrates the intimate and friendly relation of the two nations toward each other; it also furnishes us with a trenchant analysis of the Austrian temper and psychology. Still one must not commit the great error of rating Austria-Hungary by the Austrian smile or gesture. The time in which we live speaks the language of arms, and the success of the Austrian arms should suffice to draw attention to the immense cohesive power which must exist within the empire. This state-preserving power flows naturally from the conception of the Austrian state, as it lives to-day in Austrian statesmen of all nationalities, in the people itself, and in the dynasty—in short in Austrian consciousness.

HOME RULE IN AUSTRIA.

The idea underlying the Austrian state is national autonomy, i. e., unlimited self-government of the various nationalities, or to use an Anglo-Saxon expression, home rule. The political process leading to national autonomy is an infinitely complex and varied adjustment (*Ausgleich*) between the historical rights and privileges of the ruling nations and the national, political and economical demands and aspirations of the rising nationalities. The political life of Austria of yesterday, to-day and to-morrow consists just in this harmonizing process between the historical powers and the new national postulates; the adjustment (*Ausgleich*) between the Austria of Joseph II and the demands for autonomy of the Austria of Francis Joseph; the adjustment between the Germans and Czechs in the Sudetes, between Serbo-Croatians and Italians in the coast-

land, between Germans and Italians in the Tyrol, between Germans and Slovenes in Carniola, Carinthia and Styria, between Poles and Ruthenes in Galicia, and between Rumanians, Germans and Ruthenes in Bukovina. As you have grown up in the political ideas of Anglo-Saxondom, I venture once more to substitute the phrase more familiar to you: National autonomy for all nations in Austria means home rule all round. But while home rule applies merely to geographical units, national autonomy goes much further in working both for freedom and democracy, and takes account not only of geographical units, but also of national divisions within these units. Thus for several decades the kingdom of Galicia had home rule, but no national autonomy, for the Ruthenes were being opposed by the ruling nation, the Poles. For about the last twenty years the process of adjustment between Poles and Ruthenes is in operation; the Poles have been obliged to surrender in fierce but merely parliamentary battles privilege after privilege, the Ruthenes have effected one national demand after another. Long before the war the Ruthenian language was recognized as an official language of the country by the side of Polish, i. e., it became the language of schools, law courts, churches and administration generally wherever Ruthenes are to be found in Austria. In the same way the political power in the Galician diet has been shifted in favor of the Ruthenes, their economic organization starting from cooperative rural banks has developed on a national basis, and thus national autonomy in Galicia is no longer a Utopian program but a growing reality. It is only natural that this process of adjustment seemed to move far too swiftly for the ruling Poles on the one hand, and far too slowly for the oppressed Ruthenes on the other. No man surrenders privileges suddenly and willingly, nor is a rising pariah possessed of patience and psychological insight. The consequence was that both Poles and Ruthenes vented their displeasure against the Austrian government which with infinite patience endeavored to stand above the parties and especially above the nations in order to bridge over their historical contrasts. He only can be a judge, or rather a mediator, who has nothing in common with either party. So the Austrian government is neither Polish nor Ruthenian, neither German nor Czech, neither Italian nor Serbo-Croatian; standing above the nationalities it is Austrian. The seeming displeasure caused by the levelling process, which was too rapid for one, too slow for the other, was nothing but opposition from ill-humor. As soon as the fabric of the empire was threatened by danger from abroad, the strength and soundness of the political instincts of all nationalities showed

themselves, and although the Austrian interior is not yet completely furnished and equipped, the outer shell is compact and strong and has weathered the storm successfully.

THE REAL FRANCIS JOSEPH.

The development of Austrian policy during the last fifty years is indissolubly bound up with the person of Emperor Francis Joseph. There hardly ever was a great man further removed from his contemporaries than this most peculiar Hapsburger. To the whole world outside of Austria his real nature was veiled by the tragic fate of his family. The bloody end of his nearest relatives, the no less tragic fate of other Hapsburgers, and the no less painful extravagances of a number of others were known to everybody. People were familiar with all the court scandal of Vienna, Schoenbrunn and Ischl, and imagined they were doing justice to this unique personality by talking sentimentally of the old man on the throne who was spared nothing. Before I attempt a necessarily meager sketch of the astounding proportions of the personality of Francis Joseph I should like to explain why a serious appreciation of this most interesting political contemporary has so rarely been tried. In Austria itself it has become a tradition to begin the discussion of the historical role of a monarch, of his intellectual physiognomy and political profile, only after his death. Not as if it were forbidden to do so during his lifetime. What I am going to say now I might at any time have uttered at home in Austria; but I should not have done it. For we like to leave the emperor in the twilight of a remote veneration attaching itself rather to dynastic associations than to personal details; and when I say that the emperor to us is more of a symbol than an individual, I must confess that this distinction cannot count on a ready understanding in America. Such things cannot be explained: they are the result of tradition, constitution, temper, atmosphere and climate, if you like, and should be treated with tolerance.

HANDSHAKES AND FOOT WASHING.

When an American tells me with some pride of the hand shakes which the president of this republic exchanges with electors and visitors, I can only reply that our emperor, the head of one of the oldest dynasties of Europe, on a certain day each year washes the feet of twelve beggars. Both are symbolic actions and cannot be arbitrarily transplanted, as every symbol does not thrive in every

climate. Shake your president by the hand as much as you like, or as much as he can stand, and let us curve our backs as much as we like, or as much as our vertebrae can stand. These otherwise inexcusable remarks are merely meant to explain that Francis Joseph has not had his full share of appreciation because he is so far removed from public criticism. The intellectual structure of your president is known so well, because he is the center of daily discussion. The last president criticises the present one without hesitation, and the last but one does the same with both. All these and other possibilities of criticism exist as little in Austria as they do in England, and we have to take infinitely greater pains if we are to attempt a truthful, unsentimental and objective analysis of our sovereign.

Consider that it was the same Francis Joseph, who in 1848 as a young prince and emperor of eighteen years stifled a revolution, which was wholly unintelligible to him, in blood; who sixty years later introduced universal secret and direct suffrage with the unbending will of a biblical patriarch against the wishes of the ruling bourgeois parties. Consider further that the same monarch who during the first years of his rule sees in every tame liberal a traitor to the state, after a few decades puts his trust in socialism, and not only favors a moderate state socialism after the German pattern, but expects from social democracy a cooling down of the nationalistic fever. The same man who relentlessly subdues the Hungarian insurrection, the outbreaks in Lombardy and the Polish revolution, becomes in course of time the protector of the national renaissance, appoints a rebel who had been sentenced to death and hanged in effigy his minister, and becomes the faithful ally of the Hohenzollerns, who had destroyed the century old hegemony of the Hapsburg dynasty within the German empire. One must be blind not to see that this unique sovereign has seen more of political life than any other human being of our own time, and has digested and assimilated all the intellectual and political evolutions of the nineteenth century. The great wave of nationalism which overran Europe in that century has given a new direction to his whole mind and views, and the subsequent socialistic spring-tide found him fully prepared and sympathetic.

"Monarchic socialism" is the curious designation which has been applied to Germany and Austria, not by fantastic Germans and Austrians, but by coolly reasoning American scholars, who have devoted years of diligent study to this paradoxical marvel of our age. "Monarchic socialism" practised by a Hapsburger born in

1830, grown up under Metternich, having received his baptism of fire at Santa Lucia in the fight against national liberty, having suffered the bitter humiliation of the flight of the court of Vienna before the revolution of 1848, and who as a grown man was wont to see in democracy and socialism veritable emissaries from hell. The progress of this mind through all the political phases of the last century is assuredly one of the most astounding events of that period. For it is easy to be a democrat when one has been born an American, it is somewhat more difficult for a scion of the oldest dynasty in Europe.

FRANCIS JOSEPH THE CHIVALROUS.

It has often been pronounced one of the most inspired episodes in the life of Bismarck when after the battle of Sadowa he prevailed upon his king to deal so leniently with a wholly defeated Austria. It has rightly been extolled as a magnanimous action of the first order, as the outcome of an almost superhuman vision; and the national merit of having reconciled Austria has naturally been claimed for Bismarck. But to bring about a reconciliation two people are necessary. Psychologically, it was a far greater achievement for Francis Joseph to accept the result of the campaign of 1866 and to resist every temptation to take revenge. Certain historians have called him the chivalrous. If for no other reason he would deserve this epithet for having acknowledged himself unreservedly beaten after an unfortunate trial of arms. This noble resignation was by no means weakness; for even for the weakest among the great powers of Europe it is always possible to indulge in the desire for revenge by concluding alliances and by attempts at isolating and encircling the enemy. Indeed the banal psychology of Napoleon III counted on such a desire in Francis Joseph; but the latter did not repeat the all too human mistake of Maria Theresa. Unlike the Bourbons, the Hapsburgs forget what should be forgotten, and learn what has to be learned. It is owing to this frank submission to the verdict of history that Austria enjoyed half a century of peace. It is the tragic guilt of France that, unlike Austria, she has tried to reverse the defeat of 1870, that she has not acknowledged the issue of her duel with Prussia, that she has shut her eyes to the trend of European history. If Austria had acted like France, the last fifty years in central Europe would not have taken such a peaceful course, the democratic development of Austria within a monarchical setting would not have been possible, and we Austrians might now

have the doubtful pleasure of fighting against Hindenburg instead of by his side.

THE AUSTRIAN LEITMOTIF.

It would seem that it was the monumental victory of the national idea in Germany and Italy which converted the antinationalistic Hapsburger. For the year 1867 saw the satisfactory settlement (*Ausgleich*) with Hungary and thus the final conversion of an absolute monarchism into a constitutional dualism. This arrangement between Austria and Hungary gave the latter complete autonomy, the two parts of the empire sharing nothing between them but the dynasty, the army, and their foreign policy, while the share of either part in the common expenditure of the empire is settled every ten years. You see from this that the word *Ausgleich* has become a permanently recurring *Leitmotif* in the Austrian song of destiny.

Since 1867 the inner political life of the two groups of lands has been guided by wholly different ideas. Under the guidance of Francis Joseph Austria has pursued the ideal of national autonomy, while Hungary remained faithful to the old phantom of a uniform national state, trying to magyarize the Slovaks in the north, the Rumanians and Germans in Transylvania, and the Croats and Slavonians in Croatia. It was natural that the King of Hungary should have endeavored to counteract these tendencies, and for years he has been working to bring about universal suffrage in Hungary, so that the suppressed nationalities might have breathing space. This struggle for democratizing the Hungarian parliament, a struggle which the monarch has to carry on against an aristocracy insisting on their privileges and against a bourgeois oligarchy, must seem a mystery to Americans, who are wont to see in emperors and kings tyrants opposed to parliamentarism. But it is really time that the American conception of European kings, which seems to date from the war of Independence, should be modernized a little. The naive notion that an end of the present war could only be expected from a wholesale republicanizing of Europe would not then have spread like an epidemic.

The dualism of Austria-Hungary produced in the brain of the murdered archduke and heir to the throne the grand idea of an Austro-Hungarian-South-Slavonic trinity. The South-Slavonic group would have embraced Croatia, Slavonia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, and possibly also Carniola and parts of Carinthia. If this creative thought had ever taken shape, only Hungary would have suffered a *diminutio capitis*, as it would have been relieved of

Croatia and Slavonia. If then in such a stupid and wholly aimless murder any logical meaning could ever be discovered it ought to have been committed by a Hungarian and not by a Serbian.

ADJUSTMENT AND THE NATIONAL ROSTER.

Immediately after the creation of an autonomous Hungary national evolution began in Austria itself. The rapidity of this process was naturally different with each single nationality, who are thus nearer or further, as the case may be, from the ideal of complete national autonomy. In Bohemia the emancipation of the Czechs, who forty years ago were almost completely denationalized, has proceeded so rapidly and victoriously that the German minority, which formerly exercised an unlimited political and economical rule, has for a considerable time been threatened in its national existence. A division of the country in two for administrative purposes will restore the balance.

These shiftings of ascendancy and the violation of minorities resulting from them have produced in the younger generation the idea of a national roster, that is to say, a complete separation of nationalities in the electoral lists. The German electors are entered in German, the Czech in Czech lists. Thereupon each group elects a certain number of delegates according to its numerical strength, so that the electoral struggle is confined to members of the same nationality. In that way even the smallest national minority would be represented, the application of the crude principle of majority would be eliminated at least in the elections, the friction between the various nationalities would be essentially lessened, and the real struggle confined to parliament. The realization of this valuable political idea has for some time been on the program of the leading intellects of all parties and nationalities, and will no doubt be carried out after the war.

The ultimate difficulties in the solution of the conflict between Germans and Italians, and between Poles and Ruthenes, are to be found in the strife for the location of the universities to be founded. Here both national and local sentiments come into play, which time will assuage. A full and harmonious balancing of three national groups has been successful in the small duchy of Bukovina, where Rumanians, Ruthenes and Germans live peacefully side by side on equal terms. Their three languages are the official languages of the country in schools, law courts and administration. Naturally every other national group in this petty crownland, which on account of its seven or eight nationalities is called a miniature Austria, has

the full right to the use of its language. But the judges and officials of the country are not obliged to transact business in any but the three languages mentioned above. I will spare you statistics. Lord Beaconsfield has said that there are three kinds of lies: simple lies, damned lies, and statistics. This saying has at least a threefold application in the case of Austrian statistics. For Bohemia, e. g., we have the statistics of the government, of the Czech, and of the German parties, and so on for every crown land.

THE SOCIALIZATION OF THE NATIONAL PARLIAMENT

Universal suffrage introduced in 1907 was intended among other things as a cooling application to the national fever heat. The socialists became the relatively strongest party of the first absolutely democratic parliament, but were unable to lay at once the nationalistic ghosts. But the process of healing will undoubtedly go on rapidly, since sooner or later the class feeling will oust a hyper-national sensitiveness, in order finally to make room for a sentiment embracing the whole state. However, the morbid irritability of the single nationalities of Austria must first be allayed. For according to Bernard Shaw a healthy nation is just as little conscious of its nationality as a healthy man of his bones.

But without speculating what the future may bring, one might have justly and emphatically said long before the war that Austria is the one state of Europe, perhaps the one state containing so many nationalities in the world, which does not, like Switzerland, sacrifice the individuality of its separate nations to the rigid ideal of unconditional uniformity. There is no enforced Austrian state language, there are merely territorial languages, belonging to the Romance, Slavonic or Germanic groups.

This complex synthesis of ancient and new, conservative and radical elements is the only free and flexible form in which numerous isolated fragments of different nations can lead an individual and thriving existence. And this constitution, this idea, which is Austria, will sooner or later have to be taken over by the other great empire of multiplex nationalities, Russia, and finally also by the third Babylonian chaos, the Balkan.

THE AUSTRIAN MIGRATION OF NATIONS.

Since the beginning of the war the dissolution of Austria has been so often and so lovingly figured on colored maps, more particularly of course in England, that even unbiased observers have begun to ask themselves whether a neat division of Austrian nation-

alities would not be a desirable solution of the problem. Quite apart from a chronic economic paralysis which would accompany such a breaking-up of the monarchy, apart also from the political problems which the erection of about a dozen of new kingdoms would carry with it, the independence of such a number of small states even for ten years is quite inconceivable. Does anybody seriously believe that the tendencies of expansion on the part of Russia have been sterilized by her alliance with puritanical England? And even if the great powers of the second Holy Alliance should be inclined, after Germany's descent to hell, to lead the life of angels, saints or territorial hermits, will the newly founded petty states of Hungary, Czechland, Slavonia etc. be able and willing to do so? Will they not tear and rend each other as the Balkan nations have been wont to do? And finally, is it possible to separate them from one another? Is there even one single nation in Austria which could constitute a geographical and political unit? Are they not all dovetailed like different geological deposits in the strata of a mountain? And even if by neglecting the small minorities a more or less neat separation were possible, how long would the new frontiers remain national frontiers? In over-peopled Europe an incessant migration of nations takes place, a constant diffusion and interpenetration, which makes any separation illusory from the outset. At the end of antiquity and throughout the Middle Ages the Germanic longing for Italy influenced all that happened in Europe. To-day the opposite tendency is noticeable. While Italy is now invaded only by German tourists, the Italians themselves move steadily northward. In Transylvania the oppressed Rumanians are constantly gaining new territory, in Bukovina the Ruthenes are spreading, and in Moravia, Silesia and Lower Austria the Czechs are ousting their former lords and masters, the Germans, peaceably but effectively. Vienna, German Vienna, the German imperial city on the German Danube, contains to-day some hundred thousands of Czechs and will perhaps in a generation be a bilingual city. A German heart bleeds at this thought, but that can alter nothing in a historical process. These migrations have economic and biological causes and are fated and irresistible. One cannot shut up the nationalities of Austria, or of the Balkan, or of Russia, within Chinese walls; and Bismarck's well-known saying cannot be beaten: If Austria did not exist, she would have to be invented.

A. E. I. O. U.

In conclusion I should like to add a few words on the foreign

policy of Austria and her attempts in the direction of social reformation. The colonial policy of Austria is her Balkan policy; other colonies are not even dreamed of in Austria. It is merely an economic colonization, since the Balkan states are the natural market for Austrian productions. Austria is unconscious of any desire of political expansion. It is this Balkan policy which has produced the antagonism of Russia; for its most vital demand is the deliverance of the Balkans from Russian imperialism. As regards the problems of social reform, Austria like the rest of Europe owes an enormous debt of gratitude to Germany. Austria was the first European nation which in 1887 followed the epoch-making example of Germany by introducing governmental labor insurance. The nationalization of railroads, the taking over by municipalities of electric car lines, the telephone, gas and electricity, stock-yards, of the importation of meat etc., are some of the items of that German and Austrian political socialism, which, as already said, has been called monarchical socialism by American admirers.

If finally I am to sum up the fundamental components of Austrian policy, this may best be done by repeating the three main items of the inner political, the foreign and the socialistic program: national autonomy, a Balkan policy on an economic basis, and a well-tempered state socialism.

UNITED STATES: CRUSADER.

BY ROLAND HUGINS.

"Let us be very clear, and make very clear to all the world what our motives and objects are."

—President Wilson, April 3, 1917.

AMERICA strikes. For three perturbed years she has stood outside Armageddon, watching, irresolute. Now she swings her vast resources of men and materials into action. She smashes a blow at Germany, the foe of democracy, of law, of small nations. She makes battle for the rights of humanity.

America is fighting without passion, without hatred. She fights to build the future, not to avenge the past. For herself she demands no indemnities, no territories, no compensation. Her hands are clean. She gives herself freely. She has nothing at stake but honor, nothing to gain but the peace of the world.

At the beginning a number of radical pacifists called this a

"Wall Street war." They mistook the mood of the country,—and of Wall Street. The financiers will keep their trade in munitions, but they are certain to lose more in taxes than they can recoup. This is a war of sentiment. Nearly all of the recognized leaders of American thought endorsed this war before it was declared: Root, Roosevelt, Choate, Taft, Hughes, Eliot, and scores of others. These men are not moved by the hope of speculative profits.

Since the start of the war in Europe American opinion has run hostile to Germany. Our newspapers, the professors in our universities, our business men and our statesmen, have been vehement in their denunciation of the Central Powers. President Wilson followed the sentiment of these people, he did not lead it. There was no hypocrisy, as our German friends charge, in the President's war message to Congress of April 3. Every word welled from a deep conviction. "We fight," he said, "without rancor and without selfish objects." We fight "for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free."

II.

This war, as most of us recognize, is a break with our political past, but not a break with our moral past. The United States has fought five or six wars before; and with the exception of one, the Mexican War, these have always been crusades against wrong-doing. The Revolution threw off the tyranny of George the Third. The War of 1812 defended the rights of neutrals at sea. The Civil War crushed slavery. The war with Spain freed Cuba from the grasp of Weyler and his like. This great republic has struck, now and again, a swift, clean blow for justice: clearing out the Barbary pirates, throwing open the prison of Vera Cruz. And once more the republic takes the sword in the same heroic spirit it fought its wars of old.

On its political side, however, this war is the greatest innovation made in American polity since the foundation. Heretofore we have scrupulously refused to participate in European quarrels. Our policy was laid down, with clarity and precision, by President Washington in his Farewell Address. He declared:

"Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence, she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her poli-

tics, or the ordinary combinations or collisions of her friendships, or enmities. . . . Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice?"

The "set of primary interests" to which Washington referred is the struggle for power. European nations, he said in effect, are ambitious rivals. They compete with one another for territory, for colonies, for prestige. They are a vast network of hereditary loyalties and enmities. Their rivalry involves them in frequent wars. They fight for each other or against each other, they combine and recombine, as interest, temper or caprice dictate, so that the bitterest foe of yesterday becomes the dearest ally of to-day. European interests have to us at most a very remote relation; the causes of these frequent controversies are essentially foreign to our concerns; we would do wisely not to entangle our peace and prosperity in their toils.

Such was Washington's judgment and advice, given at the time of the French Revolution, and directly concurred in, as we know, by Hamilton and Madison. For a century and a quarter this elder wisdom has guided American relations with Europe. But now, after two or three years of deliberation, we have repudiated this policy of isolation. We have not gone so far, as yet, as to make a permanent alliance with any part of Europe. None the less we are, for the first time in our history, playing an important and probably decisive role in European affairs.

We have reversed our policy, and the effects will be momentous for us; but our action is not, on that score alone, to be condemned by any one. John Stuart Mill remarked: "A great statesman is he who knows when to depart from traditions, as well as when to adhere to them." We have departed from our traditions, for reasons that we believe to be both adequate and unselfish: We have refused to believe that the present Titanic struggle is all of a piece with Europe's former wars. We do not think this a conflict between greedy rivals, equally unscrupulous and mutually responsible. We think that Germany and her accomplices are chiefly, if not wholly, to blame. We believe three things: that Germany was the brutal aggressor in this war; that she waged the war with a calculated and inhuman frightfulness; and that her victory would be a positive disaster for civilization and for the democracies of the world. For these beliefs we risk our wealth and our lives. We pledge ourselves to stop and bring to terms a government that has run amuck.

Not even our enemies should be allowed to believe us mean-spirited and guileful. We may, conceivably, be mistaken. We may have miscalculated. We may have profoundly misread European politics. Of our good sense, only the future can judge. On April 26, 1917, President Wilson wrote to Arthur Brisbane: "In these trying times, one can feel certain only of his motives, which he must try to purge of selfishness of every kind, and await with patience for the judgment of a calmer day to vindicate the wisdom of the course he has tried conscientiously to follow."

III.

The purpose of a war is not achieved by starting it. In a long war the objects with which we begin may not be the objects with which we finish. We began the Spanish-American war to free Cuba, but we ended with the Philippines and an Asiatic problem on our hands. We have, now, no quarrel with the German people as distinct from the German government. But after we have spilled a flood of our blood, it may be, in order to help kill hundreds of thousands and perhaps millions of the German people, we may feel less kindly toward them.

We must make clear to all the world, said our President, what our motives and objects are. Yes, to all the world. And it strikes me that there are people right here in America, and many people in England, France, Russia and Italy, who will need to be told, again and again, the objects for which these United States fight. The Germans will find out what we are saying to them. Our ships and guns will make it very clear to them. "Hindenburg," remarked Lloyd George, "does not know America." Is Mr. Lloyd George sure that he himself, and Milner and Curzon and Balfour and Carson, know America?

The specific mistake that Englishmen and Frenchmen will be prone to, is this: that they will mistake the extreme pro-ally partisans in America for representatives of the whole of America. They will not realize that we have two hyphenate bodies in America, the German-Americans and the Anglo-Americans. Neither faction represents the bulk and heart of the American people. The pro-Germans are those whose sympathies in the war lie rather with Germany and Austria than with their opponents. The Anglo-Americans are those who love England, or France, as though it were their native land, and whose loyalty to America is really conditioned on American aid to the Entente.

The pro-Germans are not a source of danger at present. In

any event they have no choice but to acquiesce in the measures taken by the American government. They are, of necessity, suffering acute spiritual distress; many of them are torn by conflicting emotions. But whatever their feeling may be, they are powerless, and they know it too well to cause a disturbance. Our Anglo-Americans are, on the other hand, a real source of danger, because they actively misrepresent American ideals. They are not, at heart, Americans, with a faith in America's nobility and destiny; they are at heart Colonials. Civilization for them does not center in Washington and New York and Boston. It centers in Europe,—somewhere along a line drawn between Paris and London.

These Colonials cursed America when it seemed to be hampering the Entente, and blessed it when it helped the Entente. They have shot poisonous gas on President Wilson one month, and a stream of rosewater the next. They have for two years sought to involve America in the war, and now they are happy and triumphant. But their work is not finished. They will not rest until they have done their utmost to bring about a permanent alliance or "understanding" with Great Britain and her allies. They want America to help the Entente to the fullest measure possible, but of course they would consider it impertinent for America to attempt to dictate any of the policies of the Entente. They are rapturously enthusiastic over the war.

As I say, the English and the French will do well not to identify these Colonials with America. The vast bulk of Americans are not enthusiastic over the war. They go into it reluctantly, grimly, with heavy hearts, impelled only by a sense of duty. The extreme slackness of recruiting since the declaration shows that no war fever is raging. Had the question of war or peace been submitted to popular vote, we have no notion what the decision would have been; for the idea of a referendum was anathema to those who wanted the war most. Americans, the bulk of them, are "pro-ally" in one sense only. We believe the Allies to be fighting for principles that we, too, hold sacred. But we are distinctly not interested in advancing the imperial ambitions of any one, either ourselves or our friends. We fight for the right, as we see the right.

IV.

And so America speaks a new language in international affairs, and she has something pertinent to say to her friends as well as to her foes. If America should address herself, for example, to

Great Britain, who is our nearest of kin and who should understand us best, she would express herself as follows:

"For the first time in our history our relations have become really cordial and affectionate. We now, as a people, see the vast store of human worth and character in England; and we can admire and love her despite her faults. And we know that this is the only true and sensible way for us to regard England; for any nation can love any other nation, and any can hate any other, as history has proved scores of times, and is proving again to-day.

"We know you will return our love, but we also know that we are purchasing your love with a price, and a costly price. We pay for it with our own spilt blood. We pay for it too, with the hate and rankling sense of injustice aroused against us in millions of German hearts.

"Europe, we are not unaware, has always looked on us with contempt. We have been called shopkeepers, dollar chasers, materialists. We have been thought to be a vast uniform pool of middle-class commonplaceness. You, Englishmen, have been ready enough to subscribe to this aspersion, that we are Philistines. We do not again want to hear this slander. On purely idealistic grounds we are helping you to win your greatest war. We are fighting the first purely doctrinaire war in history. We are a novel force in affairs: a nationalized sentimentality. And we shall be for a long time a dangerous sentimentality: rich, ingenious,—and armed.

"We are fighting Germany because we believe her to be an anachronism; and we do not think anachronisms of that kind should be tolerated in this modern world. We do not think the twentieth century is the time for national piracy, or for thirteenth century methods of warfare. We have refused to excuse German brutalities on the ground of necessity. We have not allowed her to do, in her desperation, what other nations would be tempted to do in desperation, because we regard her as a nation whose spear knows no brother, fitter for Roman times than ours.

"There is one compliment you must not pay to us: do not imagine we are pursuing any deep or subtle policy. Do not imagine we are better versed in *Realpolitik* than we appear to be. This war was not forced in America in order to secure an adequate preparedness, nor to forestall a possible aggression from Japan. We did not even go to war to protect our ships and our commerce. We know perfectly well that our controversy with Germany over submarines hinged upon our refusal to enforce international law

against your food blockade of Germany. In us there is no wile or guile. May we say that we expect to find none in you? We have taken your professions that you are fighting for righteousness and peace at face value, without any discount. May we say that we expect those professions to be lived up to?

"And may we add further, that we realize that words are slippery things, and may mean different things on different sides of the Atlantic? We do not want to destroy the future to avenge the past. A peace without victory may no longer be possible, but we shall certainly want to see a peace without punishment. We want to teach Germany a lesson, we do not want to reduce her to impotence. A minimum of common sense would tell us that a despoiled and ravaged Germany would simply make Central Europe the breeding ground for new wars. We see no more reason to give free play to French hate than to any other variety of it. Hate cannot insure peace; only magnanimity can. We can shoot guns, big and little, but we do not expect to find any blood on the nails of our soldiers' boots.

"In that way and for these purposes, our English friends, America makes war. And for these purposes she will make her future wars."

SYMPATHY FOR POLAND IN GERMAN POETRY.

BY MAXIMILIAN J. RUDWIN.

SUFFERING Poland has never failed to arouse the sympathy of the poets of Germany. The critical events in the history of this martyr of Europe have always been accompanied by expressions of deep compassion on the part of the literary men in Germany.¹ The first partition of Poland touched the heart-strings of the Swabian bard Christian Daniel Schubart (1739-1791), and this unfortunate poet, who afterward became the innocent victim of the tyrannical duke of Württemberg,¹ has the credit of having written the first German poem which gives expression to the grief of Poland.²

¹ On the life and imprisonment of Schubart see the article in the London journal *Leisure Hour*, 1854, III, 667f, and 685f.

² *Vide* Robert Franz Arnold, *Geschichte der deutschen Polenliteratur*, Vol. I: *Von den Anfängen bis 1800*. Halle, 1900. The appearance of the second volume, which is to bring the subject down to date, has been unduly delayed. Professor Arnold has shown in the first volume such an intimate acquaintance with the subject that the continuation of his scholarly work is being eagerly expected even on this side of the Atlantic.

The following rhymeless verses of Schubart, which were published in his journal *Deutsche Chronik* for 1774, are filled with that mighty passion which lends such beauty to his lyrical rhapsody "The Wandering Jew."

"Da irrt Polonia
Mit fliegendem Haare,
Mit jammerbleichem Gesichte,
Ringt über dem Haupte
Die Hände. Grosse Tropfen
Hangen am Auge, das bricht
Und langsam starrt—und stirbt,
Doch sie stirbt nicht!
Versagt ist ihr des Todes Trost.
Sie fährt auf, schwankt und sinkt
Nieder an der Felsenwand
Und schreit: ach, meine Kinder,
Wo seid ihr? Ausgesät
In fremdes Volk und hilflos.
O Sobieski, grosser Sohn,
Wo bist du? schau herab!
Hörst du nicht am Arme
Deines tapfern Volks die Fessel ras-
seln?
Siehst du nicht den Räuber
Aus Wäldern stürzen
Und dein Land verwüsten?—
Ach, der Greis versammelt seine Kin-
der,
Seine Enkel um sich her
Und zückt das Schwert und würgt sie
nieder.
Sterbt! so spricht er wütend,
Was ist ein Leben ohne Freiheit?
Ha, er rollt die offenen Augen,
Durchstosst die Brust und sinkt
Auf seiner Kinder Leichen nieder.—
So klagt Polonia."

"Behold Polonia,
With flowing hair,
And mournful brow,
Wringing her hands above her head.
Her eye full of big tears
Grows dim
In staring vacancy—and dies.
Yet she dies not!
Denied to her is death's comfort.
She starts and sways, she sinks
Down at the foot of the rock
Crying, O my children
Where are ye? Scattered
Over foreign lands and helpless.
O Sobieski, great son of mine,
Where art thou? Look down!
Hearest thou not fetters clanking
On thy brave peoples' arms?
Seest thou not the robber
Rush from the woods
And devastate thy fields?
Alas! the grandsire gathers around
him
Children and grand-children,
And draws his sword to slay them.
'Die,' he says in rage,
'What without liberty is life?'
Rolling his eyes
He pierces his breast and sinks down
Upon the dead bodies of his children.—
This is Polonia's plaint."

The Polish insurrection of 1794 under the leadership of Tadeusz Kosciuszko found an inspired singer in the Königsberg poet Zacharias Werner (1768-1823), who was living at that time as a Prussian official in Poland. In the three poems which he devoted to the Polish nation ("Battle Song of the Poles under Kosciuszko," "Fragment," and "To a people") he gives poetical expression to his deep sympathy with Poland in her death-struggle with her mightier neighbors and hails the legions who were fighting under Kosciuszko as the champions of liberty for all Europe. In the last strophe of his poem "To a People," which was written before the

fall of Warsaw, this sanguine poet gives voice to his hope for the speedy restoration of Poland:

“Dir—zwar im Meer ein Tropfen nur—
O Volk! wird auch die Stunde schallen,
Und—sollt’st du auch noch einmal fallen,
Verlöschen deines Namens Spur—
Der Aufwecker lebt und wacht,
Und eh’ im grossen Strom der Zeiten
Ein Lustrum wird vorüber gleiten,
Ist alles gleich gemacht!”

German sympathy for Poland reached its zenith, however, on the occasion of the Warsaw revolt of 1830. The first attempt of the Polish nation to throw off the foreign yoke awakened great enthusiasm in all German states. The German people had a few years before responded generously to the struggle of the Greeks for independence. But their response to the struggle of the Poles for freedom was more spontaneous and general. “The Germans,” says Brandes,³ “then possessed the quality, which Bismarck afterward laid to their charge as a fault—a fault of which he has cured them—of being almost more interested in the welfare of other nations than in their own, to the extent even of desiring that welfare when it could only be purchased by some surrender of power on the part of Germany.”

But the emotionally sympathetic attitude of the Germans toward the struggle of the Poles for national independence was not, as Brandes would have us believe, altogether due to altruistic motives. The Germans sympathized so strongly with the Poles in their fight against Russian despotism because they realized that the Poles were fighting not only for themselves, but for the whole of Europe. The Polish rebellion of 1830 was to decide whether absolutism as dictated by Nicholas I in St. Petersburg and by Metternich in Vienna or national and constitutional liberty were to prevail in all the countries of Europe. The young men in Germany, who were chafing under the heavy weight of spiritual and political reaction, which had its center in Austria and was spreading over all the German countries,⁴ saw in the fight of the Poles for liberty their own fight. What wonder if they responded to every heart-throb of the champions of liberty across the Vistula.

³ Georg Brandes, *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature*, Vol. VI, p. 84. 6 vols., London, 1901-5.

⁴ For a vivid picture of the vicious system which dated from the congress of Vienna and succeeded in ruling Europe for more than thirty years see Karl Biedermann, *Fünfundzwanzig Jahre deutscher Geschichte*, etc., (1815-1840), 2 vols., Breslau, 1889.

Naturally enough those men who suffered most from the tyranny of the literary police, from the caprice of an ignorant censor, those men who were the greatest victims of the bloodhounds of a reactionary morality, had the most passionate enthusiasm for the Polish cause and showed the most intense sympathy with the Polish rebels. Platen and Lenau, Börne and Heine were for this reason the strongest advocates in Germany of Poland's case for independence. After the failure of the Polish revolution Platen and Lenau turned their backs upon their country, which now seemed to be drifting more and more toward Russian despotism. Platen died a few years later in voluntary exile in Sicily, and Lenau, who had hoped to find in the free republic across the Atlantic the freedom which through the suppression of the Polish revolution had been dealt such a deadly blow in Europe, ended upon his return to Germany in an insane asylum. Börne and Heine did not even wait to see the effect of the Polish revolution on Germany. They hurried soon after the Paris revolution to France "in order," as Heine expressed himself, "to breathe fresh air." But they took their sympathy for Poland with them. Even in Paris they feverishly followed every movement of the combatants in Warsaw. In his introduction to Kahldorf's book on the aristocracy⁵ Heinrich Heine writes in 1831 as follows: "I feel while I am writing as if the blood shed at Warsaw were gushing upon my paper, and as if the shouts of joy of the Berlin officers and diplomatists were ringing in my ears."

Neither did Ludwig Börne leave his interest in the Polish uprising in the *Judengasse* of Frankfort. He trembled in Paris for the fate of the Polish rebels in Warsaw. Although at first very optimistic in regard to the outcome of the Polish revolution, he finally came in his "Letters from Paris" to the conclusion that "not even the wisdom of God, nothing but the stupidity of the devil can save Poland now" (March 5, 1831). Sympathy with Poland, indeed, had a most far-reaching effect upon Börne.⁶ It determined

⁵ Kahldorf über den Adel, in *Briefen an den Grafen M. von Moltke*. Edited by Heinrich Heine. Nuremberg, 1831. Heine's introduction to this book is also to be found in any complete edition of the poet's works. Kahldorf is a pseudonym for R. Wesselhoeft.

⁶ How the Polish rebellion absorbed the attention of the liberal element in Germany can also be seen from the words of Frau Jeanette Wohl: "The Polish Scythemen, the liberty of Poland—nothing else is worthy to be mentioned with this." (*Briefe der Frau Jeanette Strauss-Wohl an Börne*, edited by E. Mentzel, Berlin, 1907.) These words were directed at her august correspondent as a reproach for being able to write of the Italian opera in Paris at a time when the life of the Polish nation was hanging in the balance.

not only his political but also his religious views. Though a convert to Lutheran Protestantism in 1818, Börne began after the Polish rebellion, especially when he came under the influence of Lamennais, to incline more and more toward Catholicism. To Börne, who thus came from Judaism by way of Protestantism to Catholicism, Christianity, especially in its Catholic form, was the religion of humanity, of liberty, and in the ardent love of the Poles for liberty he saw a proof of the liberalizing power of Catholicism. "The only nation of the North," Börne writes,⁷ "that for three hundred years has not ceased to make a stand for liberty is Poland; and Poland remained Catholic." It was his bond of union with the Poles, the love of liberty which he had in common with them, that won Börne over finally to Catholicism.

National sympathy for Poland during the revolt of 1830 found its most beautiful expression, however, in the German poetry of that time. Almost all the contemporary German poets struck a note of sympathy for the Poles. The *Polenlieder* (Songs of Poland) form a not inconsiderable part of the poetry of Germany for about a quarter of a century following the Polish uprising. August Count von Platen (1796-1835) and Karl von Holtei (1797-1880), Heinrich Heine (1797-1856) and Karl Immermann (1796-1840), Nikolaus Lenau (Franz Nicolaus Niernbsch Edler von Strehlenau, 1802-1850) and Anastasius Grün (Anton Alexander Count von Auersperg, 1806-1876), Julius Mosen (1803-1867) and Friedrich Hebbel (1813-1863), Moritz Hartmann (1821-1879) and Ferdinand Gregorovius (1821-1891), Ferdinand Freiligrath (1810-1876) and Gustav Pfizer (1807-1890), J. Chr. Biernatzki (1795-1840) and Wilhelm Zimmermann (1807-1878), Ernst O. Ortlepp (1800-1864) and K. Herloszsohn (1804-1849), Otto von Wenckstern (1819-1869) and Friedrich Ruperti (1805-1867), these and many others pressed their muse into the service of the Polish rebellion.⁸ They wrote poems on the Poles, sang of their successes and failures, victories and defeats, and when all was over aroused the sympathy of the German people for the plight of the unfortunate refugees.

It seems strange at first that the name of the greatest poetical

⁷ Quoted in Brandes, *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature*, VI, 97.

⁸ A collection of poems on Poland in the German language (*Polenlieder deutscher Dichter*) is being prepared by S. Leonhard. The first volume, the only one so far in print, which has the subtitle *Der Novemberraufstand in den Polenliedern deutscher Dichter* (Cracow, 1911) does not contain all poems written by German poets on the occasion of the Warsaw revolt of November, 1830. No mention is made in this volume, for instance, of the *Polen- und Magyarenlieder* of Ferdinand Gregorovius (Königsberg, 1849).

genius of Germany is not found among those who gave voice to the national German feeling of love and sympathy for the Polish nation. But one must not judge from Goethe's silence that his heart-strings were not touched at all with admiration for the heroic struggle of the Polish people for independence.⁹ It was the futility of this attempt, which the Olympian foresaw, that prevented him from giving expression to his feeling of sympathy. Goethe believed that the Poles were incapable of self-government because of certain national characteristics, and only on this ground did he defend Prussia's participation in the dismemberment of Poland.¹⁰ Goethe was, however, deeply interested in Polish history and literature.¹¹ He himself had known many prominent Poles, among them Prince Radziwill, who composed the music for his "Faust," and the Polish poet Mickiewicz, and only four months before his death Goethe received in audience the poet Wincenty Pol, who had taken part in the Polish revolt. Goethe even had the opportunity of knowing a part of Poland from personal experience. In the year 1790 in the company of the Prince of Weimar he went by way of Breslau and Cracow to the salt-pits of Wieliczka. Immediately before his arrival in the Jagiellonian city Goethe wrote the following poem, which, to judge from its tone of deep sorrow, would almost seem to express the grief of the Polish patriots:

"Ach, wir sind zur Qual geboren,
Sagt ihr unter Tränen wert,
Erst in dem was wir verloren,
Dann in dem was wir begehrt."

Germany's songs of Poland (*Polenlieder*) are on the whole elegiac in tone. A jubilant note is struck, however, in those poems written in the early phase of the rebellion under the influence of the glad tidings of the victory of the Polish white eagle. Pfizer's *Siegesgruss* was written in the first flush of jubilant joy over the capture of Warsaw by the rebels. The first and last stanzas of this song of victory run as follows:

"Frohlockt, ihr Berge! jauchzt, ihr Hügel!
Der weisse Adler spannt die Flügel
Aus über ein erlöstes Land;

⁹ For Goethe's attitude to the Polish question the reader is referred to the following two articles: "Goethe und die Polenfrage" in *Deutsche Erde*, 1908, VI, No. 5, and B. Merwin, "Goethes und Hebbels Beziehungen zu Polen" in *Oesterreichische Rundschau*, 1913, XXXV, pp. 154-158.

¹⁰ Cf. *Goethes Gespräche*, edited by Biedermann, IV, 425 (Jan. 1, 1832), 5 vols. Leipzig, 1909-1911.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, IV, 145, 267-268.

Dass er von Staub und Blut und Asche
Den Glanz der Flügel rein sich wasche,
Enteilt er zum Meeresstrand.

.....

“Und durch Europa hallt es wieder,
Und tausend sinken betend nieder,
Und dankend faltet sich die Hand.—
Frohlockt, ihr Berge! jauchzt, ihr Hügel!
Der weisse Adler spannt die Flügel
Aus über ein erlöstes Land.”

When all hope for Poland's victory was lost, the *Polenlieder* also took on a tone of deep wrath and indignation against a world which allowed such crimes against humanity. But the most pathetic and the most beautiful of the songs of Poland are those inspired by sympathy with the Polish fugitives, who, after the crushing defeat of the Polish army, fled in great numbers across the border. One recalls Lenau's "Polish Fugitive," and who does not know Julius Mosen's ballad "The Ten Last Men of the Fourth Regiment," which is still so often on the lips of the youth in Germany:

“In Warschau schwuren Tausend auf den Knien:
Kein Schuss im heil'gen Kampfe sei getan!
Tambour, schlag an! Zum Blachfeld lass uns ziehen!
Wir greifen nur mit Bajonetten an!
Und ewig kennt das Vaterland und nennt
Mit stillem Schmerz sein viertes Regiment!

.....

“Und ob viel wackre Männerherzen brachen,
Doch griffen wir mit Bajonetten an,
Und ob wir auch dem Schicksal unterlagen,
Doch keiner hatte einen Schuss getan!
Wo blutigrot zum Meer die Weichsel rennt,
Dort blutete das vierte Regiment!

.....

“Von Polen her im Nebelgrauen rücken
Zehn Grenadiere in das Preussenland
Mit düsterm Schweigen, gramumwölkten Blicken;
Ein 'Wer da?' schallt; sie stehen festgebannt,
Und einer spricht: 'Vom Vaterland getrennt,
Die letzten zehn vom vierten Regiment!'"

The laurel for the best *Polenlieder* is due, however, to August Count von Platen. Platen was the first German poet who responded to Poland's call in her hour of greatest need. The revolt of Warsaw of November 29, 1830, was followed on December 11 by his

Russophobic poem "The Realm of Spirits" with its Dantesque *terza-rima*, in which he pours out his ire on the autocrat of Russia. The first of his *Polenlieder* proper was written on February 3, 1831, and the last, his "Epilog," in 1833 when in deep wrath he turned his back upon his fatherland. It ends in the bitter words:

"Du weisst es längst, man kann hienieden
Nichts Schlecht' res als ein Deutscher sein."

These poems of his, however, were not published until four years after his death, and because of the rigorous censorship in Germany they appeared in Strassburg, which at that time belonged to France. His sympathy and love for the Polish people in its heroic fight for independence is also attested by a number of other writings in prose and verse which appeared during his life. He also championed the Polish cause in a number of odes and other poems of a general political character, several epigrams and satirical verses, and, in prose, in his "Correspondence between a Berliner and a German," in his essay "Legitimacy" (written in the form of a letter to the Czar) and finally in his satirical "Catalog of 1833" (*Messkatalog*).

Platen's *Polenlieder* are proud songs of liberty, filled with a passionate hatred of despotism, and this fire of his wrath against oppression of any sort, far from being quenched by the crushing defeat of the Poles, burst out into greater flame against an age which did not respond to the appeal of the Polish nation for protection against its murderers. In his wild excitement over the fate of the Poles Platen had in vain addressed a poem to the crown prince of Prussia, imploring him to come to the aid of languishing Poland, which was stretching out her hand to Europe praying for help. (See his poem "To a German Prince.")

It does not detract from the value of Platen's poems that they were inspired more by love of humanity than by any understanding of political matters. Platen was more of an enthusiast than a thinker, more of a visionary than a statesman.

His most powerful *Polenlied* is perhaps the one which bears as title the quotation from Horace, *Eamus Omnis Execrata Civitas*; it begins with these stanzas:

"O kommt im Verein,
Ihr Männer, o kommt!
Vernehmt, was allein
Den Geächteten frommt!

"Zieht aus von dem Land
Der Geburt, zieht aus
Und schleudert den Brand
In das eigene Haus!"

Platen's mantle fell on the shoulders of Moritz Hartmann, a

man worthy indeed to be ranked among the greatest champions of liberty in Europe. His sympathy with the Slavs under Austrian rule, his championship of their rights, finally brought him banishment at the hands of Metternich's henchmen. Though born in Bohemia of German-Jewish parents, he felt for the Poles as if he were a Pole himself. Through his love for a Polish woman he became in his heart her countryman. His farewell poem to her, "To C. . . . a," is one of the most beautiful poems that sympathy with Poland has produced in German literature. The first and last verses read as follows:

"Und kann bei uns dich nichts mehr halten,
Und zieht's dich fort ins Vaterland,
So lebe wohl, und möge walten
Ob deinem Haupte Gottes Hand;
Gott schütze dich
In Polen, dem traurigen Lande!"

.....
"Stieg' auf der Brand des heil'gen Krieges,
Dir folgt' ich nach, mein teurer Stern!
Von dir geweiht zur Kraft des Sieges,
O, wie verblutet' ich mich gern
In deinem Schoss,
In Polen, dem traurigen Lande!"

Following the example of Platen, Hartmann too addresses a poem "To the King" (Frederick William IV, who had in the meantime become king of Prussia), in which he cries shame upon him for not only having refused to come to the aid of bleeding Poland in 1831 when Platen pleaded with him on her behalf, but for having delivered her sons who had fled to his country to the knout of the Muscovites:

"Wir schleudern dir die ganze Schande
Zu Füßen schamentbrannt,
Dass du aus unserm deutschen Lande
Gemacht ein Schergenland;

"Dass du die Schar, bedeckt vom Blute,
Das sie zu Heil'gen tauft,
Gemeiner Moskowiterknute
Verräterisch verkauft."

Gregorovius too in the first of his *Polenlieder* describes the impression which the delivery by the Prussian soldiers of the last

Polish refugees into the hands of the Russian Cossacks in 1832 made upon the eleven-year-old boy:

“Seit jenem Tag, seit jener schweren Stunde,
Hat sich versenket in des Knaben Herz
Der Wehgesang von der Verlornen Munde,
Der Polensöhne düstrer Seelenschmerz.”

A poem of unique character was written by C. A. Albertus in the diary of his brother-in-arms Seydel on November 2, 1831, in Warsaw. Together with a few friends these two medical students of the University of Leipsic had been threatened with imprisonment for belonging to a *Burschenschaft*, a nationalist students' organization which because of its liberal views was obnoxious to a government following Metternichian principles. They went to Warsaw to serve in the ambulance corps of the Polish army,¹² and anticipating the wretched state in which they were soon to return home Albertus composed the following humorous lines:

“Wir gingen einst nach Polen,
Um Läuse uns zu holen,
Und kamen abgewärgelt,
Be—— und beschmärgelt,
In Deutschland wieder an.
Der Vater und die Mutter
Zerschmolzen fast zu Butter,
Als sie dies Elend sah'n.”

Heine's poem “Two Knights,” which satirizes the life of two Polish refugees in Paris bearing the significant names of Crapülinski and Waschlapski, is by no means flattering to the Poles, and this may partly account for the antipathy against Heine even in the intellectual circles of Poland.¹³ But nothing was farther from Heine than hatred and contempt for the Polish people. It is their supersensitiveness which prevents the Poles from regarding this poem as the product of Heine's peculiar wit, from which no one, not even God in his holy temple, was safe. Heine's life-long friendship with the Polish nobleman Eugen von Breza is well known,

¹² An interesting account of these German ambulance workers in the Polish army (*Freiheitskämpfer*, as they styled themselves) was given on the occasion of the Polish uprising of 1905 by G. A. Fritze, a grandson of Seydel, in his article “Deutsche Studenten als Kämpfer für Polens Freiheit” in the Berlin weekly *Die Nation* of August 25, 1906 (Vol. XXIII, No. 47).

¹³ Gustav Karpeles in his article “Heine und die Polen” in the *Pester Lloyd* for 1907, (quoted also in *Das literarische Echo*, IX, No. 21, col. 1599, Aug. 1, 1907), traces the antipathy of the Poles to Heine largely to a myth, which is widely spread in the Slavic world, to the effect that Heine was paid by the French government to vilify the Polish name.

and the poet's visit to his friend's home in Poland resulted in his memoir on Poland which shows his deep interest in the Polish land and people. His beautiful little poem beginning *Du bist wie eine Blume* is also said to have originated on the occasion of this visit to Poland. Heine is supposed to have addressed these lines to a little Polish girl in Gnesen whose beauty had captivated him.

One of the German poets, who as a young man gave expression to the national feeling of sympathy with downtrodden Poland, seems to have recanted later in life. What a contrast between two poems of Hebbel, written thirty years apart! On New Year's night of 1835 the twenty-two-year-old poet toasts the Poles with his poem *Die Polen sollen leben* ("Long Live the Poles"). Sympathy with the Polish refugees, who after the pitiful defeat of the uprising had been scattered all over Europe, also sank into the heart of this youthful poet and inspired his poem. But in 1861 on the occasion of the attempt on the life of King William of Prussia by Oskar Becker, Hebbel addresses a congratulatory poem to the monarch, in which without any provocation on the part of the Poles he gives vent to the deepest contempt for them. The following lines in this poem caused a storm of indignation in the whole Slavonic world:

"Auch die Bedientenvölker rütteln,
Am Bau, den Jeder todt geglaubt,
Die Czechen und Polacken schütteln
Ihr strupp'ges Karyatidenhaupt."

Hebbel defended himself as well as he could against the attacks which he had thus unnecessarily brought upon himself.

However, it would be unjust to impute Slavophobia to Hebbel. From his diary written during the second attempt of the Poles to throw off the foreign yoke we see that he still sympathized with them in their desire for national independence, but like so many other Germans of 1863 he saw that the uprising was doomed to a pitiful failure, and he called the attempt *unverantwortlichen Leichtsinns* (inexcusable levity).¹⁴ Ten years before this in his somewhat humorous poem *Polen ist noch nicht verloren* he held up to ridicule the class-antagonism in Poland which persisted even in the face of common danger. But this conviction of the inability of the Poles to regain their national independence did not prevent Hebbel from flaying Prussia for its contemptible role as Russia's henchman.¹⁵

¹⁴ Friedrich Hebbel, *Sämtliche Werke*. Edited by Richard Maria Werner. 24 vols. Berlin, 1901-1907. Tagebücher, IV, 285 (March 27, 1863).

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, IV, 270 (February, 1863). For Hebbel's attitude to the Poles see Merwin's article referred to in note 9.

Hebbel was as poor a statesman as Platen, Hartmann and all other pro-Polish enthusiasts of the thirties and forties. He lacked an understanding of the facts underlying the actions of Prussia. Prussia in the nineteenth century was little more than a vassal of Russia. She did the bidding of the Czar for fear that Poland's fate might be hers also. But of course we see in Prussia's vassalage to Russia the Nemesis of history. By his alliance with Czarina Catherine, which led to the partition of Poland, Frederick II of Prussia supported Russia in her schemes of conquest and helped her become a great power, a power which has since then been highly dangerous to the civilization and liberties of Europe. Prussia's fate was that of the fabled magician's apprentice, who could conjure up spirits but could not banish them. On no country in Europe lay the arrogance and ruthless domineering of the Czar of all the Russias so heavily as on Prussia and all other German states. In no country of Europe was the fear of Russia so great as in Prussia and all other German states. Prussia was afraid to throw off the shackles of Czar Alexander also, who, we must admit, did not oppress Europe with such a crippling domination as did his predecessor Czar Nicholas. It was for fear of Czardom that Frederick William IV, who was really kind to the Poles, humbled himself as did his father before him to such an extent as to render Russia "provost service," as Hebbel says.

The Polish revolutions of 1863 and 1905 found little echo in German poetry. There were few expressions of sympathy in the German literature of those days with these attempts of the Polish nation to regain independence. The horrors connected with the quelling of the Polish uprisings brought forth few expressions of sympathy in the poetry of Germany.¹⁶ In the school of hard facts the Germans have ceased to believe in political ethics. The poets of Germany no less than her statesmen have lost their naïveté in political matters. They have suddenly awakened to the bitter realization that among nations as well as among individuals might makes right. The restoration of Poland was now considered in Germany as a fantastic notion. The results of these attempts at a re-birth of the Polish state certainly justified the Germans in calling them an incomprehensible folly. The fallacy of the familiar saying *Polonia farà da sè* has been sufficiently proved by history. The independence of Poland, which was reestablished on November 29, 1916, is not

¹⁶ Poems on Poland are said to have appeared during the Polish revolt of 1863 in Adolf Strodtmann's journal *Orion* for that year. The present writer was unable, however, to verify this statement.

due to its own efforts, but is the result of foreign intervention. The liberation of Congress Poland by Germany and Austria-Hungary, finally brought to realization the dreams of their poets of almost a century ago. What Prussia could not and would not do in 1831, she did in 1916. What was refused to the subjects of a dreaded ally, was granted freely to the subjects of a defeated enemy.

The following prophetic words of Platen addressed to the patriots of Warsaw may serve as a fitting conclusion. The poem "The End of Poland" (*Finis Poloniae*), from which these lines are taken, was written on March 20, 1831, on the occasion of the false report that Warsaw had been taken on the 28th of the preceding month and Poland made a Russian province. It was first published in 1868 in the German periodical *Grenzboten*. After Warsaw had finally been taken by the Russians on September 8, 1831, Platen worked the poem over and renamed it "The Fall of Warsaw." Mr. Edmund W. Head, who rendered these verses into English for *Fraser's Magazine* on the occasion of the second Polish rebellion, calls attention in a prefatory note to the fact that the words *Finis Poloniae* were said to be those uttered by Kosciusko when he fell wounded in the battle of Malikowice in 1794, but were disclaimed by him in a letter to the Comte de Ségur:¹⁷

I.

"Ye noble hearts beneath the sod! grudge not the blood you've shed,
The time will come when pilgrim hands shall deck with flowers your bed:
The poet too will hither haste, and sing in fearless strain
This hecatomb to Liberty, round Warsaw's ramparts slain;
Nor shall your grave be hard to find by those who tread this ground,
A quaint form—great Nemesis—sits watching on its mound.

II.

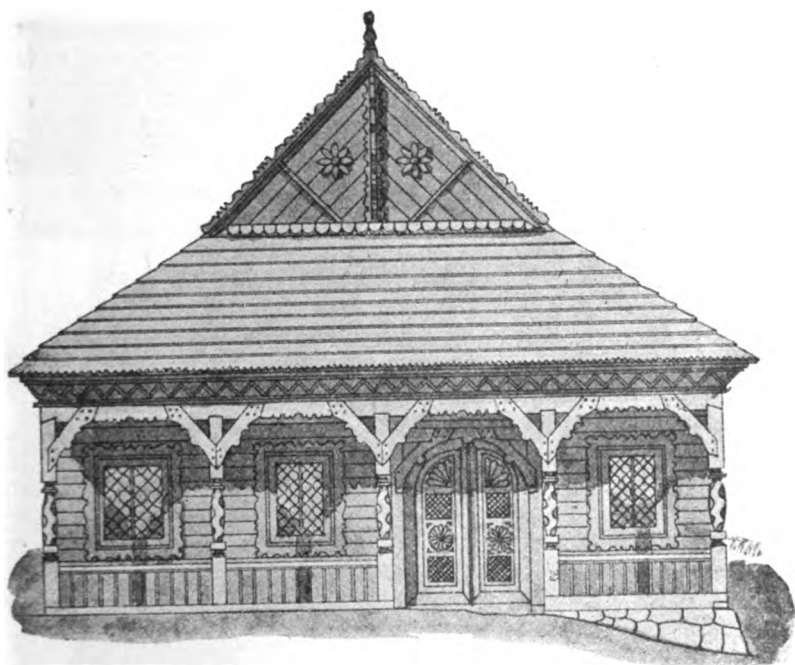
"What boots it that a thousand foes have fall'n beneath your sword?
The life-blood of a single Pole is worth a Cossack horde:
And though the tyrant's slaves may lie here, mingled in one grave
With those who lavished all, and then life for their country gave;
Fair Freedom's trophy on this spot your country yet shall see,
And your Simonides shall sing this new Thermopylae."

¹⁷ *Fraser's Magazine* for May, 1863 (Vol. LXVII, p. 612). This poem of Platen is the only *Polenlied* which has up to the present day been accessible to English readers. Of all the German poets who wrote *Polenlieder* Heinrich Heine is best known among the English-speaking peoples, and yet not one of his numerous translators has rendered his poem "Two Knights" into English. Not even Mr. Louis Untermeyer has included this lampoon among those poems of Heine which he has just done so well into English.

THE POLES AND THEIR GOTHIC DESCENT.

BY THE EDITOR.

POLAND is a country whose people are counted as the most intelligent of all the Slav races, but unfortunately it has not for centuries held a position worthy of its national advantages and intellectual talents. It was torn by internal strife and fell a prey to its three neighbors, Russia, Austria and Prussia. The real situa-



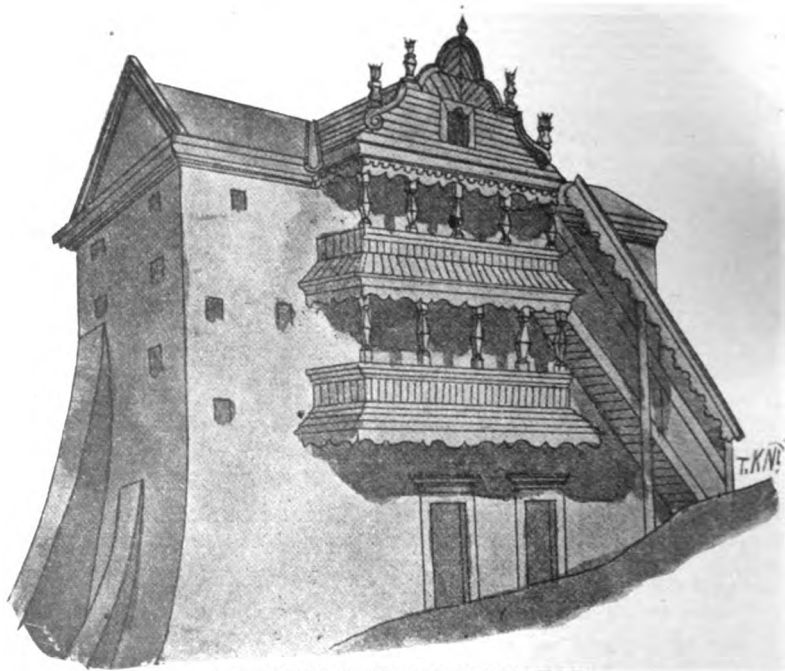
A POLISH COTTAGE.

An evidence that the Zakopianian style is a return to primitive Polish art.

tion at the end of the eighteenth century was that Russia would have appropriated Poland gradually piece by piece, had not Frederick the Great and the Austrian emperor anticipated this result and come to an understanding that they would participate in the division of Poland so as not to leave the whole territory to the Russian bear. The Poles who fell to the Central Powers were well



A BARN OF RURAL POLAND.
The open passageway with its constant draft provides the threshing floor.



A STATELY GRAIN ELEVATOR.

off in comparison to their brothers who fell under Russian rule; for though they were governed by strangers they were treated with justice and benevolence whereby their growing children received a fair education in their own language. This is especially true in Austria where every nationality possesses its own rights and builds its own schools and churches. In Prussia the Poles have also their own schools, including the higher schools such as gymnasia,



TYPICAL TOWN HALL AND MARKET-PLACE OF A SMALL CITY.

Note the artistic decorative style.

but for some time under Bismarck's régime an attempt was made to Germanize Polish-speaking districts. This was done by expropriating the Polish landowner by a law subsidizing German buyers whenever land was for sale. This means that whenever an estate was offered for sale a German bidder had official support by law which naturally gave him a great advantage over any Polish rival. The plan was to expropriate the country in this way,



HOUSE OF POLISH NOBLEMAN.
Note the Oriental influence.



MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE NEAR MINSK IN LITHUANIA.

for it was expected that, like master like man, the farm hands would thus begin to speak German. But the result was the very opposite. The new German landowners became Polonized and the Polish-speaking population only increased. Prussia's worst fault consists in the attitude of the government, for while the literary people of Germany sympathized with the Poles in their struggle for liberty against Russia, the Prussian government sided with Russia and went so far in abject submission to the then omnipotent Czar as to surrender to Russia the Polish fugitives who had sought an asylum in Prussian territory.



A VILLAGE CHURCH AND BELL-TOWER.

The fate of those Poles who were incorporated in the Russian empire was sad, for their portion was a systematic oppression and merciless impoverishment of the large masses of the people without any fair chance of procuring an adequate education for their children.

Poland attained her highest glory in history under King Sobieski when her possessions extended from the Baltic to the Black Sea, not only over the present Galicia but also over Ukraine in southern Russia, and in the north over Lithuania and Mazuria. She then held a high rank in the arts, poetry, music and architecture.

To-day Poles are known for their jovial mirth, artistic spirit, sociable temper and chivalrous generosity.



ORNATE ALTAR IN THE CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.
Designed by Stanislaw Witkiewicz.

Who are the Poles, and to what family do they belong? Their language no doubt is Slav, but it is strange that our anthropologists

have not solved the problem of their origin. One of the most recent theories (which possesses some probability) is that the Poles are not one homogeneous race but a mixture of two. A traveler whose object is to take note of the inhabitants of Poland will be



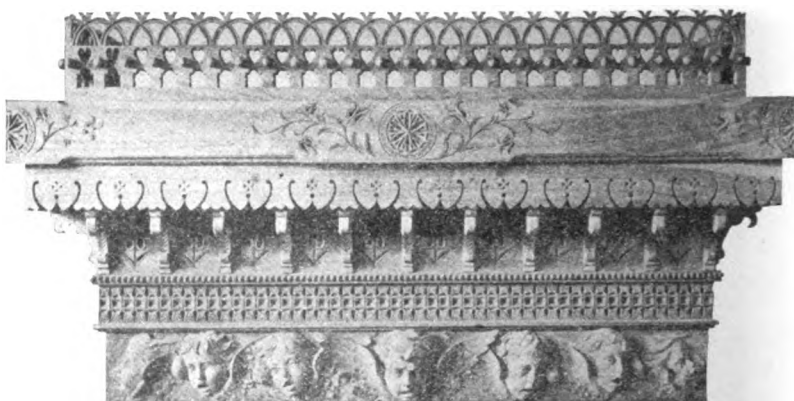
ALTAR-PIECE SHOWING VIRGIN AND CHRISTCHILD.

The kneeling saints are St. Dominic and St. Catharine of Siena. Also by Witkiewicz.

struck by the presence of two very different and quite distinct types which are prominent in the country. The large mass of the people are able-bodied and strong-boned muscular men and women, blond

haired and blue-eyed ; but the nobility are usually of a very different type. They are slim, agile, and in contrast to the mass of the people black haired and brown eyed. While the mass of the people are frugal in their habits, thrifty and industrious, the aristocracy is inclined to extravagance and even profligacy. This is the reason why so many of the noble families have become impoverished. They are apt to lose their possessions and bankruptcy is not uncommon among the owners of large estates. They love to spend their income in Paris, enjoying themselves in revelries, and are absolutely careless as to the result of their thoughtless lives. The two characters are as marked as their outer appearance ; and the question naturally presents itself, what is the cause of this difference?

There is a theory, which may be stated in a few words, that



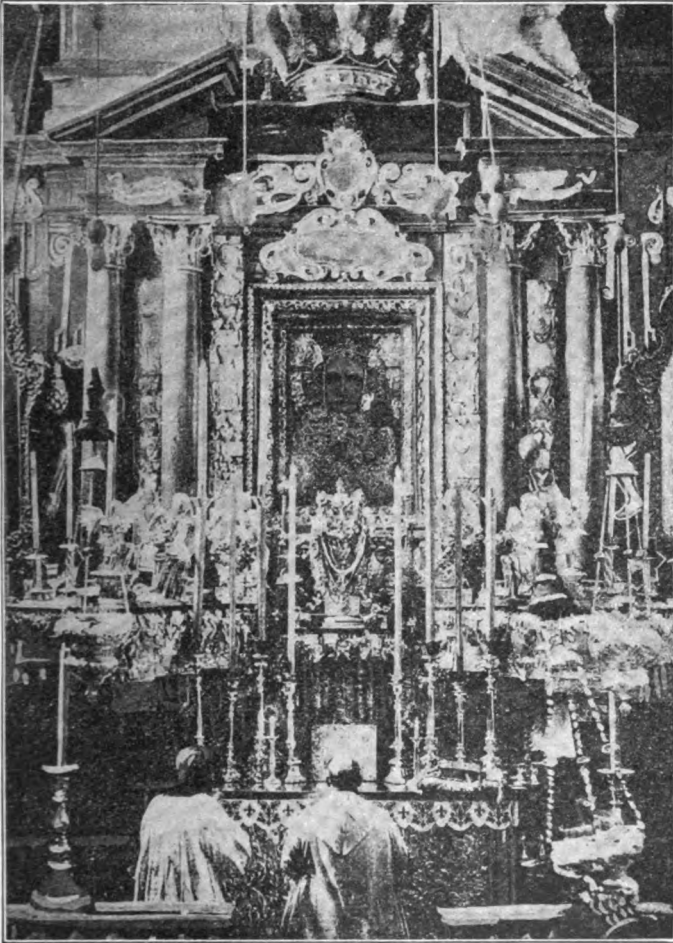
TOP OF THE FOREGOING ALTAR-PIECE.

Said to be a fine example of Zakopianian ornament, including six-rayed stars and vine motives.

the mass of the people are not Slavs but of Germanic descent, that they are the remnant of the Gothic inhabitants of the Vistula Valley who lived there before the Ostro- and Visigoths left on their venturesome expeditions southward to look for more prosperous lands in Italy, southern France and Spain.

The famous struggle of the Ostrogoths is well known and has been splendidly told by Felix Dahn in his historical novel *Der Kampf um Rom*, and the character of this race is well described in Charles Kingsley's book *The Roman and the Teuton*, which is well worth reading at the present time. It is instructive in considering the present struggle between the Entente and the Teutons, a struggle in which we again have the sad spectacle which carries

out the spirit of the principle uttered in former days by a Roman leader, that the essential way to dispose of Teuton superiority is



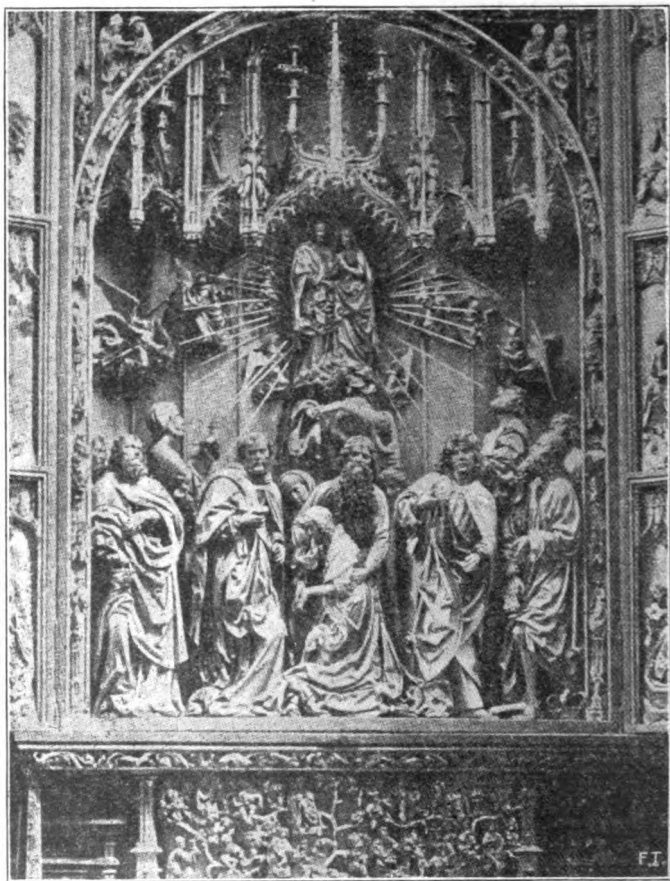
ALTAR AT CZENSTOCHAU IN RUSSIAN POLAND.

With picture of the Virgin credited with miraculous power and greatly venerated even by the Russians. It clearly belongs to the Byzantine period, and legend attributes it to St. Luke. It has been in this church since 1382.

to make Teuton fight Teuton, and so the Anglo-Saxon stands against the German. Eastern Rome succeeded in overcoming the Ostrogoths in Italy, but she succeeded because she enlisted in her

armies other German tribes, such as the Heruli, Gepids, some Franks and later on the Longobards also.

Concerning Poland we must state that a new view of migration is spreading at present, and the idea that in the middle ages emigrants left their homes behind them in desolate emptiness is



A FAMOUS MASTERPIECE IN THE CHURCH OF THE VIRGIN
MARY AT CRACOW.

By the Polish sculptor Wit Stwosz (d. 1533).

now subject to a new interpretation. The traditional conception speaks of the migration of the nations as if whole nations had left their countries either on account of enormous inundations that flooded their country or because famines are assumed to have spread, or because nations for some unknown reason deemed their

homes undesirable territory and came out in search of new fields to settle and a better soil to till. Large armies with their women and children reached the Roman Empire and took possession of the fertile lands that were badly defended. They came in uncounded numbers and so it naturally appeared to the Romans that whole nations had abandoned their old lands, and yet is it probable that people would leave their homes behind them and surrender their property to any one who would take it? Are the countries from which the Goths came such deserts as not to deserve the trouble of tillage? Certainly they are inhabited now, and so far as we know have always been inhabited; the soil was then as good as it ever has been afterward and it is not considerably improved now; there must be some mistake in our old traditional theory.

Suppose that here in America we knew nothing about Europe except that we saw large ships land in New York, in Boston, in Philadelphia or in other harbors, loaded with European immigrants, men, women and children, by thousands and thousands. We would know very well that in spite of their large numbers these immigrants do not leave their homes because they are driven away on account of famines and inundations, and that they do not leave their countries empty or desolate behind them. On the contrary they leave prosperous homes. They are the surplus of the large European population, and have sold their goods to brothers, cousins and relatives and have come here in the hope of improving their condition. Is it not probable that at the beginning of the Middle Ages the actual facts were similar?

We know that in Cæsar's time Ariovistus, a Swabian chief, led an army of many thousands of men over the Rhine and the Swabians intended to be followed by their women and children. The Cimbri and Teutones whom Marius beat first in southern Gaul at Aquæ Sextiæ in 102 B. C. and in the *Campis Raudiis* in 101 B. C. in northern Italy had come in heavy wagons with women and children in search for land and would have settled down peaceably if the Roman authorities had given them land for cultivation anywhere in Italy and Gaul. It was not an army of armed men, it was a tribe of men, women and children, and their request was for homesteads. They did not come with swords only, but were equipped with wagons in which their families lived, and after Marius had beaten the men he had to fight the women entrenched behind the heavy wheels, and the fight with the women was almost as hard as with the men, for they would rather be killed than surrender.

We may very well picture to ourselves the situation in those days. The country was relatively prosperous, yet the tillable soil was not sufficient to nourish the overpopulation, and some leader proclaimed his willingness to lead an expedition south to Italy in which all men who would join him would be welcome. The younger sons would sell their inheritance and with their young wives join him with the best equipment they could procure. But the main proportion of the population would remain behind.

We may imagine that among the Goths who lived in the valley of the Vistula, the enterprising spirit was so strong that all the vigorous men and women sold out their property, their acres and their cattle and houses, and left the country with the hope of great gains in the more fertile and prosperous countries of the Roman Empire. They settled first in southern Russia and in the valley of the Danube. In a similar way the Vandals had taken their course as far south as northern Africa, and the Roman Empire was overrun with such venturesome people who simply relied on their sword and were feared all over the civilized portions of the ancient world.

In his historical novel *Hypatia*, Charles Kingsley introduces to us such Germanic tribes on their expedition south into Egypt. They are in search of Asgard, the land of the gods, and the Roman governor informs them that they will probably find the happy land farther south in the upper parts of the Nile valley, hoping that they would go to wrack and ruin in the hot climate of Abyssinia.

Now let us consider what became of the Goths left in the Vistula valley. We cannot assume that all the Goths had gone. We must believe that the mass of the people remained behind, and that only the venturesome portion of the population went south into Italy, but the remainder were considerably weakened like a nation whose warfaring men have gone to the front—even more weakened by the fact that the emigrant Goths were accompanied by their brides and growing families. Further we know that there were other Goths besides the Ostro- and the Visigoths among whom the Tetraxitic Goths, a branch of the Ostrogoths, settled in the Crimea and preserved their language down into the sixteenth century. They are almost forgotten now.

Better known are the Goths of the Baltic Island Gotland, especially in its capital Wisby, and we may mention that in Sweden the Swedish tribe of the "Gauten" have also been identified with the Goths. This view has been (rightly or wrongly) refuted and is regarded as antiquated, but the existence of the Gotland

Goths as a Gothic branch is assured; and the Goths were known as the first explorers of the Baltic. We have documentary evidence that here German settlers and Goths lived in communities with separate churches, but as citizens of equal rights, each group using its own language and living according to its own laws; and there were two magistrates, a German *Vogt* for the Germans and a Gothic for the Goths. Besides, the two portions of the inhabitants possessed their own seals, that of the Germans bearing a lily and that of the Goths a lamb with Christ's banner of victory.

It can scarcely be denied that the Goths continued to exist in



SEAL OF THE GERMAN MERCHANTS IN GOTLAND (1280).



SEAL OF THE GOTH OF WISBY (1280).

eastern Europe after the emigration of the Ostrogoths and Visigoths from the Vistula. In fact we know that the reason of the Gothic emigration is reported to have been of a religious nature. Ulfilas had converted many to Christianity, but the pagan part of the population compelled them to leave their homes; but it would lead us too far here to enter into details.

An unlucky star seems to have hovered over all Gothic enterprises. We know of the tragic end of the Ostrogoths, and the city of Wisby where the Goths must have played the leading part still bears a monument in the shape of a cross standing in an open field

before the city gates. The inscription on it announces the defeat of the Goths at the hands of the Danish king Waldemar on July 27, 1361, and reads: *Ante portas Wisby in manibus Danorum ceciderunt Gutenses.*

These Goths are reported to have been very prosperous before their calamity overtook them as the Goths in Italy had been. We find evidence of this in a verse which tells that the women spun with golden spindles and their pigs fed from silver troughs:

"Nach Zentnern wogen die Goten das Gold,
Zum Spiel dienten die edelsten Steine,
Die Frauen spannen mit Spindeln von Gold.
Aus silbernen Trögen frassen die Schweine."

[The Goths weighed gold by hundred weight.
Most precious jewels were used for games,
With golden spindles spun Gothic dames,
Their pigs from troughs of silver ate.]

There is no report extant to explain how the original Gothic home in the Vistula valley changed into Poland. All we know is the fact that the most vigorous portion of the population of the Gothic nation had left their original homes on the Vistula, and we can easily understand that the remnant was not sufficiently protected against conquerors, with the result that a Slavic invasion could not be resisted.

This theory furnishes us with an explanation of the two different races in the Polish nation. Slavs did come in and they are the nucleus of the rulers of Poland, just as the Normans established themselves as the nobility of Anglo-Saxon England. While the original inhabitants, being Gothic, were blond-haired and blue-eyed like their German cousins and like other Germanic nations—the Norse, the Dutch and the Anglo-Saxons—the new race was typically Slavic, and they easily made themselves masters of the country, divided the estates among them, and left the burden of tilling the ground to the original population of Gothic descent. At the same time they impressed the Slavic character upon the country and introduced the Slavic language.

We know that the Goths were people who adapted themselves easily to conditions. When the Ostrogoths came to Italy they learned Latin with great facility, and we know that they ruled the country with a wisdom that carefully took into consideration the national characteristics of the Italian people. We know that Roman scholars were welcome at the court of Theoderic, the Gothic king,

and the famous philosopher Boethius was a teacher of his daughter Amalasuentha. When Boethius was accused of treason he enjoyed the privilege of being pardoned twice by the great Theodoric, and was executed only when the evidence grew overwhelming. Charles Kingsley is inclined to believe that even here Boethius was innocent, but while we grant that at the present time it is difficult to know the facts of the case there seems to be a great probability that Theodoric finally and hesitatingly came to the conclusion to condemn Boethius only because the evidence was too conclusive, and we must understand that a Roman like Boethius naturally cherished a deep prejudice against the foreign barbarians who had made themselves masters of his country.

But since the Goths adapted themselves so well in Italy we must assume that the remnant of the Goths in their old homes were as adaptable to the new conditions imposed upon them by Slavic invaders. When they were subjected to Slav barons they adopted their language just as the Ostrogoths in Italy finally adopted Latin. The same is true of their German cousins who emigrate to-day. Germans who settle in France become Gallo-Romans in the second generation, and in the United States they speak the English language as freely as if they were to the manner born.

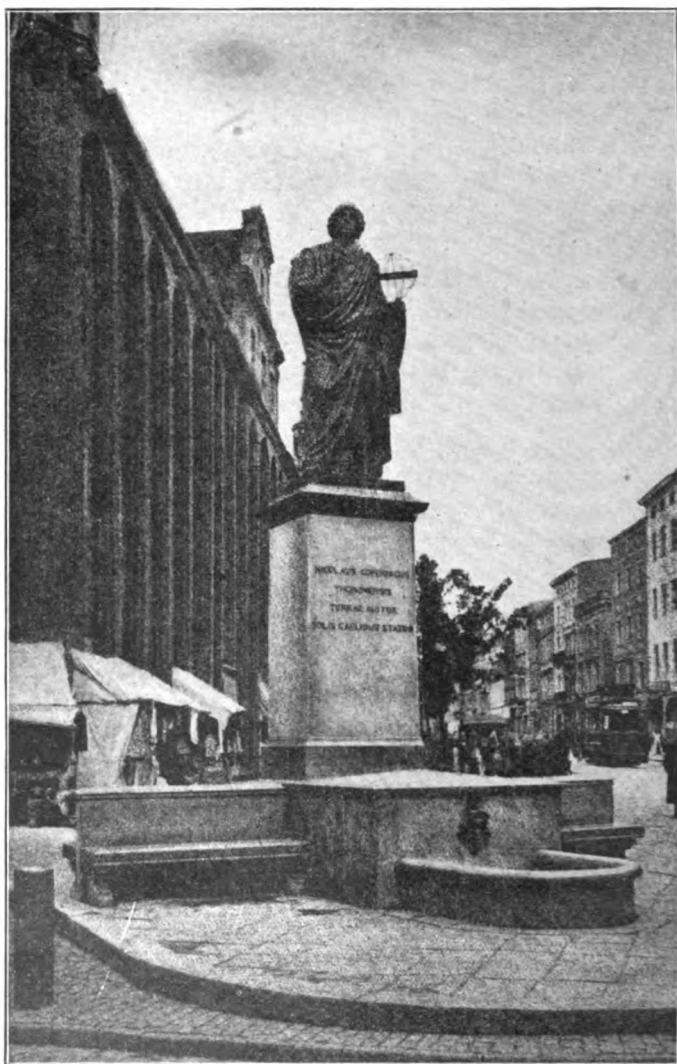
At any rate the truth remains that the Poles of to-day are divided into two different races, the agile and probably Slavic aristocracy, light-hearted, somewhat frivolous, and artistically inclined, and the large-boned blue-eyed farmer population of the masses with broad square heads which would invite the title of *têtes carrées* as much as the Alsacians who were given that name by the French.

The modern Pole learns German easily. He learns other languages, especially French, without great trouble, but so do all the Germans, and German comes so naturally to the Pole that most Poles who have occasion to learn German at all speak German as well as they do Polish.

The Slavic infusion into the originally Gothic country may not have been greater in numbers than the Norman invasion of Britain, but considering the fact that the Goths in the Vistula valley had not yet developed a Gothic literature, their language had less power of resistance than in Britain among the Saxons and was naturally replaced by the Slavic speech of the conquerors; and the old Gothic traditions were quickly forgotten when with the introduction of Christianity new ideals dawned upon the population which antiquated at once both the Slavic and the Gothic gods.

The new development of events has delivered Poland into the

hands of the Germans, and the German emperor has promised to restore the old kingdom of Poland. It is an act of diplomacy, not of generosity. It is to Germany's own interest to have Poland re-



STATUE OF COPERNICUS IN THORN.

stored; for Germany needs a buffer state against Russia and it would be a wise policy to have such a friendly buffer state in Poland. Therefore it stands to reason that Germany will deem it best to

bury the hatchet of old quarrels from the times when Russia still dictated the politics of Europe.

It is natural that a restored Poland will be a kingdom that in her future development will have to stand among the nations as an ally of Germany, but the main thing to be desired by the Poles will be the enjoyment of perfect home rule. They will either elect a king or accept one who will not be opposed to the Central Powers, the empires of Germany and Austria-Hungary. There is no expectation that the German or Austrian provinces of Poland are to be incorporated into the new Poland, for, so far as we can see, it is the Russian province, to be known under the name of the Kingdom of Poland, that is to constitute the new Poland; but we may assume that this new Poland will be benefitted by imitating German methods of government and of education. Schools will enable the people to acquire education in the same way and it will be possible for the people to develop their intellectual abilities in the Prussian provinces, and that alone will be an incalculable benefit for the population of Lettish and Polish extraction. Whether Lithuania will be an independent kingdom by the side of Poland or whether both will be combined in one kingdom under one and the same leadership is perhaps not yet decided, but we may be sure that the people's wishes will be respected, and we may hope that the new kingdom, or the two new kingdoms, will develop to advantage their innate talents and the possibility of their national character.

The Poles are a gifted race. It was a Pole, Kopernik of Thorn, who laid the basis of our modern world-conception by working out what is known as the Copernican world-system, and in modern music Chopin, a French Pole, ranges second to none but Mozart and Beethoven.

What Poles need is the schooling which both Copernicus and Chopin enjoyed, i. e., a German schooling, and the new Poland that is now rising under our eyes will have that fully. It will be administered in friendship without the ugly by-taste of oppression and on the sole condition of an inalienable national alliance with Germany.

THE POLISH LANGUAGE.

BY LEONARD BLOOMFIELD.

THE Polish language is spoken by some twenty millions of people in central Europe. Since the suspension, more than a century ago, of the political independence of the Poles, the Polish language has been the chief bond of Polish nationality.¹

So well has it fulfilled this function that the population of Poland is to-day as homogeneous as ever in the past. In German Poland the western neighbors of the Poles, the Germans, have as land-owners in small numbers encroached on Polish territory. In the Middle Ages large numbers of German Jews emigrated to Poland; while the upper class of these is now fairly well Polonized, the great mass still constitutes a foreign population. In compensation, the Poles have spread eastward and northward: in eastern Galicia, where the peasant population is Ukrainian ("Ruthenian" or "Little Russian"), the city-dwellers and land-owners are Polish, and in Lithuania, similarly, from two to sixteen per cent of the inhabitants—the proportion varies by districts—are Poles.

The popular speech of the Polish territory divides itself into a number of dialects, which, however, are not very divergent. The book-language, and with it that of the schools and of the educated class, is derived originally from the Great Polish dialect (spoken in the district of Posen); from an early time, however, it has been influenced by the Mazurian dialect (which centers round Warsaw) and by the Little Polish (Galician) dialect. Adam Mickiewicz (1798-1855), the most popular and perhaps the greatest of Polish poets, was a Lithuanian Pole; through him the Polish of Lithuania has influenced the literary language.

Although Latin was the chief written language up to the time of the Reformation, Polish possesses a number of vernacular documents from the medieval period. The Reformation, though in the end unsuccessful as a religious movement, succeeded in making Polish instead of Latin the language of books and polite intercourse.

¹ The boundaries of the Polish-speaking territory may be roughly drawn somewhat as follows. In Germany the line runs westward from the Russian border through Rastenburg, Allenstein, Graudenz, Bromberg, Birnbaum; thence southwest to Ratibor in Silesia; thence east to the Austrian border. In Austria Polish is spoken in all of West Galicia, as far as the river San. In Russia the boundary runs north from the Galician border through Brest, Bialystok, Grodno, and Suwalki; thence westward to the German border. In addition to this territory, a stretch of land on the west bank of the Vistula, northward to the shore of the Baltic Sea, is inhabited by the Cashubians, who speak a dialect of Polish.

By the end of the sixteenth century Polish was classed with Spanish and Italian as one of the three most elegant book-languages of Europe. The two following centuries were a period of decline in this respect, but at the end of the eighteenth century there came a revival; since this time there has been unbroken progress, and to-day Polish stands in the first rank as a literary medium.

In its general structure, and to some extent even in its native vocabulary, the Polish language will not seem utterly unfamiliar (as would, for instance, Chinese or Malay) to the English-speaking student.² The reason for this lies in the fact that Polish and the other Slavic languages (Bohemian, Wendish, Russian, Ukrainian, Slovene, Serbian, Bulgarian) form a branch of the great Indo-European family of languages, to which belong also the Germanic languages (English, Dutch, German, Scandinavian) and Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, Persian, and others. All these languages are divergent forms of a single prehistoric language, from which they have inherited many common features.

Among the Slavic languages Polish is distinguished by a number of features. The most striking of these is the use of nasalized vowels, that is, of vowels like those of the French words *pain* and *pont*. At one time all the Slavic languages possessed these, but Polish alone has retained them. Another feature peculiar to Polish is the almost universal rule that words of more than one syllable are accented on next to the last syllable. The accent in Polish does not involve (as in English or in Russian) a weakening or slurring of the vowels of less-stressed syllables; on the contrary, these latter are pronounced with their full value; the syllables are all brought out distinctly, as in French: "a string of pearls" is the metaphor that has been used to describe this manner of speaking.³

A striking feature, present to some extent in all the Slavic languages but most widespread in Polish, is the "palatalization" or "softening" of consonants. A "palatalized" consonant is pronounced with the middle of the tongue pressed against the front part of the palate.⁴ Almost every consonant has in Polish two forms, plain and

² Thus the "parts of speech," the cases, genders, numbers, persons, tenses, and the general syntactic structure are like those of English, German, or Latin; such word-stems as *sta-* "stand," *da-* "give," or the feminine ending *-a* will be familiar to the student of Latin.

³ Technically it is known as "open-syllable-stress without vowel-weakening."—Of the phonetic beauty of the Polish language the following story is told. A celebrated Polish actress was asked to recite in her native language to an American audience. She brought her hearers to tears by counting from one to a hundred.

⁴ In English *ch* and *j* are palatalized sounds; for *ch* is not the same as *t* plus *sh* (as in *it shall*), but differs from this combination by being palatalized.

palatalized. The extensive use of the latter gives the language a soft and rather graceful sound, for there is, even for the foreign ear, an endearing quality about these "softened" consonants.

Polish goes even farther than the other Slavic languages in the clearness and freedom with which words are derived by means of affixes of the most varied and delicate shades of meaning. Almost every syllable of a word contributes its distinct share to the significance of the whole. A single example may not be amiss: *pan* means "Mr., sir, master, gentleman," but there are also the derivatives, *panek* "lordling," *panicz* "young gentleman," *paniczek* "pretty little gentleman," *paniczuszek* "little dandy," *panisko* "poor dear master"; the feminine is *pani* "Mrs., madam, mistress, lady," with such derivatives as *panusia* "little lady" and *paniuncia* "dear little madam"; another derivative is *panna* "Miss, young lady," with its own further derivatives, such as *panienka* "little miss" and *panieneczka* "dear little miss,"—and so on, including adjectives, adverbs, and verbs, as well as nouns.

Other striking features of Polish are the six cases of the noun, the "aspects" or "manners" of the verb, and the peculiar gender-inflection of the preterite; they are, however, not peculiar to Polish and their description would take us far afield.

While all the Slavic languages have in common certain traces of the superior civilization of their German neighbors,⁵ yet Polish, more than any other Slavic language, has become in the course of centuries, a western European *Kultursprache*. Among the Slavic languages Polish is the torch-bearer of western European civilization. This is true of its syntactic and stylistic modes of expression, but is most striking in its vocabulary, which differs from that of the other Slavic languages by the great mass of western European words which it has adopted. Most of these are Latin, some are French and some German. Such terms as *determinacja*, *kombinacja*, *komunikacja*, *platform*, *balustrada*, *wagon* (railroad carriage), *lokomotiwa*, *dentysta*, *sens*, *ton*, etc., etc., are immediately intelligible to any European, and are as significant as, in the opposite sense, the many and common words which the Russian has taken from the speech of the Tartar.

Two other features less immediately bound up with the language itself, deserve mention in this connection. Polish employs the Latin alphabet, and uses it more wisely than English or French.

⁵ Most strikingly, for instance, the Slavic words for "bread" and probably "city" are loan-words from the old Germanic. The word for "hundred" is thought by some to be an ancient loan from the Iranian, but this is very doubtful.

for the spelling of a Polish word uniformly and precisely indicates its pronunciation.* The rhythm and cadence of Polish verse are entirely within the western European tradition, and, indeed, at the very forefront of it in beauty, dignity, and pathos,—as those will attest who have heard such masterpieces of poetic form as the "Sunset" of Mickiewicz or Kraszewski's "Youth."

If two Slavic peoples, the Russians and the Poles, are to emerge from these years of suffering with new liberty and hope, we shall perhaps do no injustice if we look to the Poles rather than to their eastern neighbors for the more immediate fecundation of our cultural life. The Russian will have to learn much before he becomes a European, and he may decide, wisely perhaps, to grow in a different direction; the Pole is already one of us, and needs but the opportunity to give of his best. From our national standpoint we may hope that the million Poles in America (Chicago has one of the largest Polish populations in the world) will receive a new encouragement toward the preservation of their inherited language and culture, for it is thus that the American who remembers his foreign birth or descent can best serve our country.

A WOMAN OF POLAND.

BY MAXIMILIANUS GERMANICUS.

AGAIN I dreamed of Vera. It is a long time since our paths have crossed: and yet for all these years, she, like an accusing spirit, has not ceased to haunt me day and night. Dear Vera, wilt thou pursue me forever? Will those appealing eyes of thine follow

* As people are often at a loss to pronounce Polish names, the following suggestions may not be amiss. They give a key for a very rough imitation or rather Anglicization; to acquire the native pronunciation would, of course, be a serious task.

Palatalized consonants are indicated either by an accent-mark over the consonant or by an *i* written after it; for English purposes a consonant plus *y* (as in *yes*) may be substituted for the Polish palatalized consonant, e. g., *miara*, really beginning with palatalized *m*, may be pronounced as *myara*.

Words are accented on next to the last syllable. The vowels are all short but distinct, and have the German or Italian (*continental*) values; *y* is roughly like *i*; *ó* with an accent-mark over it equals *u*; *a* and *e* with a small hook beneath are, respectively, like the vowels of French *bon* and *bain*.

c is pronounced *ts*; *cz* and palatalized *c* may be roughly represented by English *ch*; Polish *ch* is somewhat like the German sound in *ach*.

g is always "hard" as in English *get*; *j* is the English *y*-sound, as in *yes*; *l* is French or German *l*, the same letter with a cross-line through it may be roughly reproduced by American English *l*.

rz is English *z* in *azure*, except after *p* or *t*, where it is English *sh*; *s* is English *s* as in *so*; *sz* and palatalized *s* may be rendered by English *sh*.

w is English *v*.

z with a dot over it and palatalized *z* are, roughly, like English *z* in *azure*.

me everywhere? Will that sweet, soft voice forever sound faintly, plaintively in my ears? Will that pale, reproachful face be always present to my agitated mind?

I came to this hustling, bustling metropolis. I thought to find forgetfulness here: forgetfulness of her whom I once so dearly loved, but who later on, through no fault of hers, turned my life into gall. Oh, how eagerly I plunged myself into this stormy, all-absorbing American life! I wished to banish her memory from my mind by force. And all things in the new world seemed, as I had hoped, to put an end to the bitter dreams I had dreamed all these long weary years. But then last night, after the usual busy day and evening, I went to bed and dreamed of her again.

And now her image has pursued me the whole day long. Again she has become my constant companion, not leaving my side for a moment. She bids me to the theater of memory, where she played the leading part in a stirring tragedy.

I met her a number of years ago in my student days in the Fatherland. I was spending my vacation at a watering place mostly visited by the Polish aristocracy of Germany on the shores of the Baltic Sea. It was early in the morning, one of those beautiful, sweet summer mornings, with blue skies, soft breezes, and a very tender sun. I was taking an early stroll through the quiet streets of the quaint little town, when a woman's voice, falling upon the morning air, arrested my attention. It came through the open windows of a little cottage on the outskirts of the place, which was almost completely hidden from view by the broad-branched century-old linden trees standing guard in front of it. I stopped under the window, leaning on the low wooden fence which separated the little flower-garden in front of the house from the street, and recognized the Polish national hymn, which the woman was apparently singing to her own accompaniment on the piano. I was chained to the spot. Not only was the music beautiful and the voice captivating, but there was so much feeling in that song, so much soul in that voice, that it touched my heart deeply. It seemed to me that I had never before in my life heard so beautiful and inspiring a voice. Such soul-drawing music. The voice was so pure, so clear, so deep, so full of soft caressing tenderness, so strong to comfort, so gentle to soothe. It seemed like one of those harmonies of which musicians tell us they dream but can never chain to earth.

When the singer came to the refrain expressing the undying hope of the Polish people for national unity, I forgot that I was listening to the voice of a mere girl. With my mind's eye I saw

before me the Polish nation crying out in the anguish of her soul that she had not given up her hope of regeneration, and that, though a prey to the brutality of her mightier neighbors, though brought low and trodden under foot by the so-called civilized powers of Europe, her hope to which she had now so tenaciously clung for a century and a half of oppression, war and massacre, of depopulation and disaster, sooner or later would be realized; and once more would she take her place as a nation among nations, respected and honored as in her glorious days of old.

This song was not new to me; I had heard it long before. Years and years ago, when I was still in my little birthplace in the Polish provinces of Prussia, I used to sing it with my Polish play-mates. My dear mother died with the words of this hymn on her lips, words which were to her almost as sacred as the Lord's prayer. But years had passed since, and I had meanwhile given up my childhood dreams and ideals. I had severed all connections with my mother's people, among whom I was born; their hopes were no longer shared by me, their future was no longer identical with mine. I came to look upon everything Slavic as sordid. I had left the dark and gloomy walls of the little Polish town behind me, the town where I had first seen the light of day; I had freed myself from the stifling atmosphere of Slavic twilight to enter the brilliant midday light of Germanic civilization.

And now, while listening to this hymn sung with so much pathos, so much feeling, so much soul-stirring power, the old memories of childhood overpowered me, and I gave myself up to the recollections of a long-forgotten past. The thoughts which this song called forth in me had such an influence over me that I leaned against the fence and wept. I, the rationalist, who believed he had suppressed all feeling and divorced himself from his past and the history of the people among whom his cradle stood, cried like a child under the influence of a mere song from the lips of a young girl.

The song came to an end; the sounds died away on the morning air, and I still pressed my handkerchief to my moist eyes and burning cheeks. When I emerged from my reveries and was about to move on I saw a white girlish figure standing behind the narrow gate. My instinct told me that this girl was the owner of the voice which had so deeply stirred my soul but a few minutes ago, and this time, as on so many other occasions in my life, my instinct did not fail me. She must have come out to breathe the morning air, completely ignorant of the strange auditor she had had. I felt like

a naughty schoolboy who had been caught in a mischievous act, and as my way led past her I stopped and blurted forth something like an excuse.

My new acquaintance came tactfully to my rescue and said: "I did not know that I had an audience. Our national song is my morning prayer, just as my nationalism is my religion. If I do not begin the day with this song I am not myself all day long. Have you ever heard the melody before?"

I had recovered in the meanwhile; and after introducing myself I told her what memories this music brought to my mind. Her eyes lit up with a mysterious fire as she listened to the story of my childhood; and when she heard me tell of my mother, over whose memory there shone in my eyes a halo of martyrdom, of her infinite love for her people—a love which by its intensity and fire finally consumed her—the singer offered me her hand, a small marble hand, while tears like pearls gathered in her deep black eyes. It was a mark of deep compassion such as I had never received before.

One of your American authors confesses to have been bewitched by two women's voices in his life, and adds that both these voices belonged to German women. If ever a man did fall in love with a voice, he goes to say, he would find that it was the voice of a German woman, but alas! very frequently, of a homely-looking German woman, as an English actor comments on the American's statement. But this is not true of the Polish women. With them a beautiful voice is almost sure to belong to a beautiful woman. And so if I expected from the voice to see a beautiful girl my expectations were more than realized. Vera Lichnowsky, as she introduced herself to me, was one of those Polish women whose charms the German proverb says are unequalled. In vain would I attempt to portray the majesty of her form, or the grace of her movements. She was rather small of stature, and dark of complexion, like a true daughter of the land of Kasimir. But in elasticity of form and regularity of features she could well pass for a sister of Helen. Her abundance of raven black, glossy silken tresses, her deep, very deep eyes with a light "that never was on sea or land," and her sweet mouth, the triumph of all things divine, lent not a little to the charms of her personality. But the real mystery of her magnetic influence lay, I am quite sure, in her soul. Vera was possessed of a supernatural beauty of soul. This was visible in her eyes, in every one of her movements, but principally in her voice. Its sounds touched my ears like white velvet; and

whenever she opened her mouth, and parted those rosy lips of hers, it seemed to me as if all creation stopped to hang breathlessly upon her words. And even now, after years of endless suffering, the memory of the eloquence of her low musical voice sets my heart to beating; and it runs perfectly wild at the thought of that thrilling laugh of hers—a laugh as of silvery bells.

Vera and I soon became friends. At a summer resort, where every one is bent upon pleasure and eager to make friends, acquaintances quickly turn into friendships, and friendships of yesterday often turn into close attachments to-day. We were often together. Side by side we would stroll through the woods or walk up and down the beach, listening to the strains of music of an orchestra coming from a concert-stand not far away. In bad weather we would spend the afternoons in the reading room or on the verandah of the beautiful hotel which faced the sea, reading and discussing current happenings in the world of politics, with especial reference to their possible bearing upon the Polish question. How impatiently Vera would wait for the arrival of the periodicals of her nationalist party, and how she would reach for them! I have never in my life seen a girl in love wait so impatiently for a message from a far-away sweetheart. She identified herself with her cause to such an extent that she lost all consciousness of her individual self. How frequently did I notice that she read her party organ before she read the letter from home handed to her at the same time. The welfare of her people was nearer to her heart than her own happiness. I doubt whether the thought of her people and its future ever left her for one minute. I remember that once when coming on one of our usual rambles in the vicinity to a small hill all covered with vine terraces the scenery captivated my eyes, and I exultingly explained: "Oh, how beautiful!" No response came from my companion, and when I turned around I noticed tears in her eyes. After a few minutes she said:

"Pardon me, but I cannot share your joy at the sight of these vine-clad hills. My thoughts involuntarily turn to the hills in my native village. They, too, once looked like these, but now only thistles and briars grow there; and those who should cultivate them are toiling in the packing houses of Chicago."

Though outwardly calm and placid Vera was the most passionate woman I have ever known. In ordinary conversation she was as sweet and calm as an angel; but when the subject of Polish nationalism and Polish renaissance was broached, and some one in her presence dared to sneer at the idea of a rejuvenated Poland,

Vera at times reminded me of a prophetess of old. Her eyes, those large, shining orbs, would expand in a most miraculous manner, and would burn with a mysterious fire that terrified every one who came within her reach. Unmindful of her surroundings and defying all forms of conventionality she would burst into a bitter attack on the opponents of a reunited Poland.

It was after such a passionate outburst that she fell back into her chair completely exhausted and cried bitterly. Her disputants had left; there was no one about her but me, her constant companion. My sympathies were most strongly aroused. I could well understand how she felt. She stood all alone in her world of ideas. All the Polish young men at that resort had ceased to be Poles at heart. They had become more or less Germanized. They belonged to the usual run of the Polish young men and women in certain parts of Germany and Austria: indifferent to their past, unsympathetic with their present, and hostile to a possible better future for their people. She had no one at that resort to share her hopes for a glorious future, for a united Poland, for the restoration of the Polish nation.

For several minutes she sat thus, her face in her hands, and her whole body shaking with sobs. Then she turned her eyes upon me, those irresistible eyes of hers, and said:

"I am only a woman; a weak, helpless creature. Of what good can I be to my oppressed brethren? But you, you young men, you could be the true saviors of your persecuted and outlawed people in Russia. But you, whose lot has fallen in better places, have no sympathy with the sufferings of your brothers across the border, your own flesh and blood. You are looking out for your own interests only. You have stifled every national feeling within you. You have no Slavic fiber in you any more. What do you care whether we, your people and mine, are slaving under the Russian knout, cursed, despised, and persecuted; or once more a nation with a language, a culture, a civilization of our own; honored and respected among the nations of Europe, as it was in olden times, before the vultures swooped down upon us and tore us into pieces? Deborah could not save Israel without a Barak. Would to God, I, too, had a Barak. Together we might rescue our people from the claws of their oppressors."

What else could I do? Was I too rash in offering my services in the capacity of that biblical fighter? I was twenty; and Vera had captivated me long ago. I had been her devotee long before this

summons; and now I vowed to devote my life to the cause of which Vera was such an ardent champion.

In one of those sweet, calm, but very dark late summer evenings, while sitting close to the water and listening to the rippling of the waves that washed the sand at our feet, Vera initiated me into the secrets of her activities and outlined the plans of our work. I learned of the existence of a secret revolutionary organization, "La Nouvelle Pologne," which started in Geneva and was rapidly spreading to the other Swiss universities. I was to give up my work at the university and follow Vera on a propaganda tour to Russia. Was I too rash in sacrificing my own future for a phantom? Was I a fool to undertake such a dangerous mission? I knew all too well what awaited me in Russia if I were caught in my propaganda for a free Poland. But here I was given an opportunity to remain in her company, and Vera was dearer to me than my own life. For by that time I loved Vera passionately. I loved her with the love that knows no bounds. And could I help it? I was twenty; and she was so beautiful, so charming, and so good. Of course I could not talk to her of love. She would not listen to me. She had no time and no patience for such follies, she would say. Her people needed her full, unreserved, undivided love, sympathy and help. She must be free to carry on her work of salvation for her down-trodden people. But I did not give up the fight for her love, for I was twenty and sanguine. I hoped that sooner or later she would be able and willing to spare a little affection for me from her boundless love for her people. And why worry about to-morrow if to-day is so beautiful? Was I not constantly in her company? Had we not become almost inseparable? For from the moment I placed myself at the service of her cause, she took upon herself to infuse her love for her people into me. But if she had not been so engrossed in her ideal she would have noticed that the fire burning in my eyes was due to my love for her and not for her people. My passion for her, through constant intercourse, became like a consuming fire threatening to devour me should I give it no vent. Finally, in spite of all promises to the contrary, I did give it vent in such words of passion as only first love is capable of. But again she refused to hear of love. When our work has been crowned with success, and Poland has been resuscitated from the ashes, she said, there would be time enough to think of our individual happiness. And again she made me promise never more to mention or in any way show my love for her until our task had been completed. Then she alone would unseal my lips.

Family affairs did not permit me to leave the country as soon as I had expected, and Vera, who was burning with the desire of entering upon her work in Russia, decided to go ahead and not wait for me. I was to join her in Warsaw as soon as my personal affairs would permit me. Needless to say that I suffered bitterly from our separation; and it also goes without saying that I hurried on my personal affairs with all speed. But it seemed that Heaven decreed against me. I was never to look again upon the face of my adored Vera. My aged father suddenly took ill, and as his only son I could not leave his bedside. He feared that the end of his days had come, and wanted his only son, who was born to him in the evening of his life and on whom he had transferred all his love after the tragic death of his young wife, to close his eyes. Then, one fatal morning, when my father was on the road to recovery, and I had already made all preparations for the journey, I learned that Vera was dead. Her mother, who sent me this sad news, also wrote me that her daughter had often spoken to her of me; and what Vera would never tell me, she confided to her mother—that my love for her was not unreturned. She died bravely, the message ran, for she died a heroic death for her people. While she was alone in the land of the Czar, the revolution of 1905 suddenly broke out; and Vera, filled with the heroic spirit of her ancestors, inspired with the militant spirit of her national heroes and heroines, placed herself at the head of a small band of young men, who believed that the longed-for opportunity to throw off the yoke of their oppressor had finally come, took up arms and fought and fell. Vera fell in the battle for national liberty, and thus sealed her love for her people with her own life's blood.

Dear Reader! pardon me if I do not tell you what happened to me when this news reached me. I hardly know myself. All I can remember is that a terrible fever almost put an end to my life. I was ill for months, and fought a desperate fight for my life; and when against all expectations of father and physician I rose from my sick-bed, I was no longer the same man. I was only the shadow of my former self. Broken in body and spirit I wandered from place to place, and visited all those spots made dear to me through Vera's company. I went to Warsaw, and visited her grave. Here is another blank in my memory. I cannot remember what I did there, and how I got away from Vera's eternal resting-place.

Years have passed since. I have traversed lands and continents, but Vera has always been my phantom companion. She has followed me everywhere. In my thoughts by day, my dreams by night, she

always pursued me. I finally came to America. I hoped to find distraction and forgetfulness here. I expected that the hurried and restless life in the New World would down all thoughts of Vera in my mind. For a short time I thought I had succeeded in banishing her ghost from my memory, but last night, after I had spent a day in hard work and study, she again appeared in my dreams. Again those appealing eyes, that reproachful look, pierced my soul.

O Vera, beloved Vera, wilt thou never give me rest? Wouldst thou have me, on whom thy mantle fell, carry on thy life's mission? Dost thou not see that I am not the same man that sat by thy side, and drank in every inspiring word that passed thy dear lips? How can a man have confidence in the future of a people if he has no more confidence in his own future? How can a man ruined in body and spirit build upon the ruins of a country?

I am no more the man who pledged his life for thy people. That man has gone with thee to the grave. All that has remained of him is a mere shadow, a mere reflection of his former being. Oh, spare me, dear Vera, absolve me from my promise. Only men wishing to live, to live a free life, and not those satisfied to die for the cause, should take up arms to defend their national honor, thou wouldst often say. But I do not wish to live; I cannot live. Death would be to me the greatest blessing. I would then join thee: and together we would fall before the throne of the Almighty and pray for the restoration of thy people.

Oh, forgive me, Vera; say *Absolvo te*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

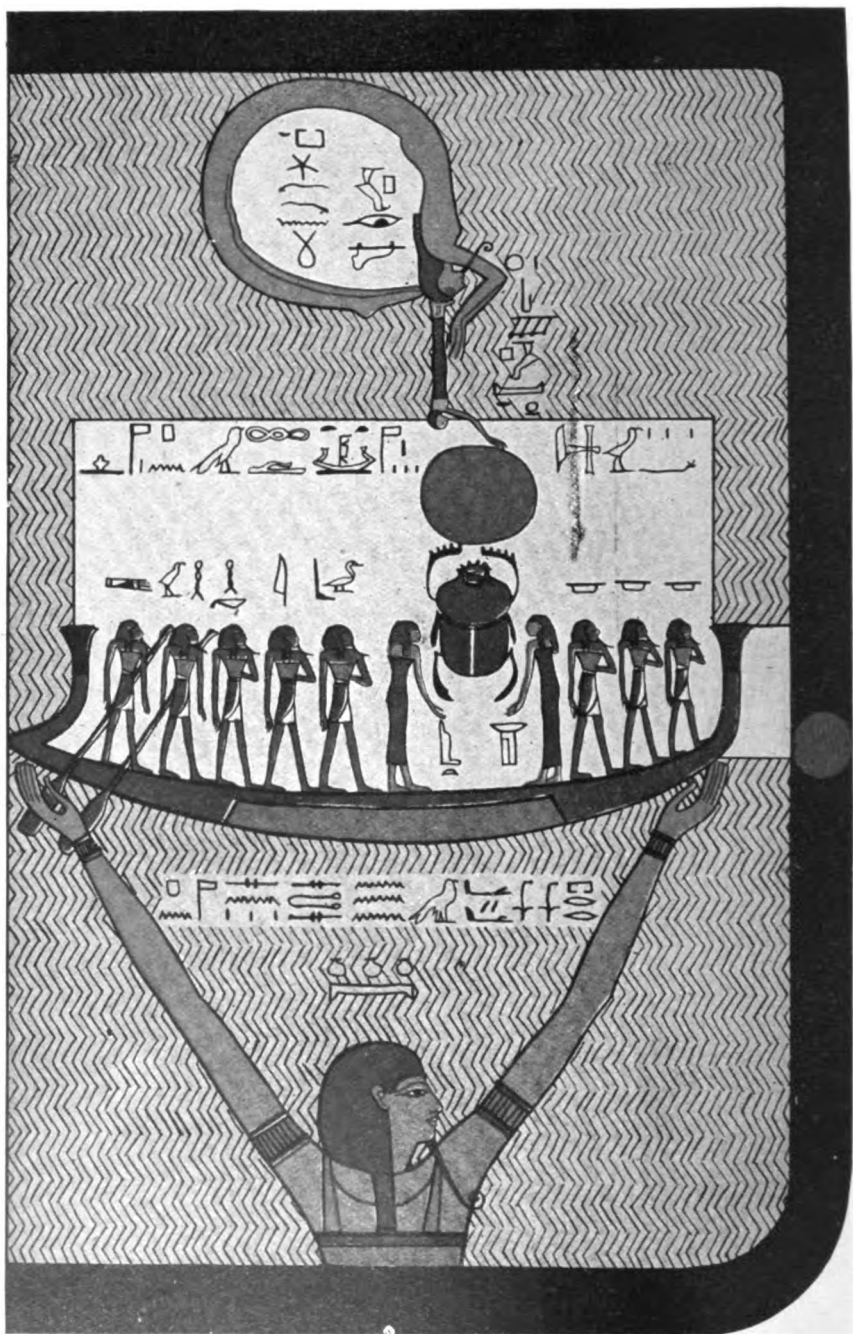
We are indebted for the illustrations of Polish art and architecture accompanying the editorial article on "The Poles and their Gothic Descent" to the Rev. P. L. Swiatkowski, C.R., of Chicago. The examples of architectural style are reproduced from K. Moklowski's *Sztuka Lodowa w Polsce*, and the altar pieces are taken from the periodical *Free Poland* and from Dr. Stanislaw E. Radzekowski's work on the Zakopianian style of Polish art entitled *Styl Zakopianski*. Zakopane is a large village of about 4500 inhabitants in Galicia and is famous as a health resort for consumptives. It is remarkable that these simple mountain folk should possess a native artistic taste. Everything that they use, says Stanislaw Witkiewicz, one of the prominent members of this school, "is characterized by delicacy of form and ornamentation" (*Styl Zakopianski*, 1904, No. 1). "The characteristic feature of the Zakopianian style," the same artist continues, "is its peculiar method of construction—the distinct evidence of synthesis and the attempt to emphasize it by corresponding orna-

mentation. He who does not possess a sense of construction, who does not feel the spirit of this conflict with the rigidity of matter, with gravity, with weight (and it is this conflict which is the essence of every construction) such a person is incapable of creating forms out of the material with which the art of the people has presented us. This style is also characterized by straight lines and right angles, and to this peculiarly characteristic form it is very rarely unfaithful. Not only the form but color also forms a constructive element of beauty." In fact, this style is distinguished by a luxuriant variety of color. Its ornamentation is fundamentally geometrical and rich in plant motives. Six-pointed stars are usually found as decorative motives on important parts of each work of art.

The artistic taste of Polish architecture is evidenced not only in residences and churches but even in barns and grain elevators. It is remarkable that Mohammedan mosques are not wanting, for Islam spread as far north as Poland in the later Middle Ages, though it has almost disappeared there in recent times.

The large majority of the Polish people are adherents of the Roman Catholic faith. Protestantism is not absent and predominates mainly among the Mazurs. The Poles seem to have a natural aversion to the Greek church which in Russian Poland has often been forced upon them. The artistic style of their Roman Catholic altars indicates the intensity of their Roman faith, and in spirit is not unlike the better known types of Italian religious art.

Our frontispiece represents Maryan Langiewicz, the Polish revolutionist, born August 5, 1827, at Krotoshin. He joined the revolution of 1863 as the leader of a band of 4000 volunteers, most of them peasants armed with scythe blades fastened to poles to serve as lances. In spite of the bravery of the Poles the Russian army proved too strong and overcame them in two engagements, on March 17 at Chrobrze and the next day at Busk and finally forced them across the Galician border where Langiewicz was interned by the Austrian government until February 1865, when he removed to Switzerland. Later he was employed by the government in the artillery service. He lived in Paris for some time under the name Langlé but returned to Constantinople, where he died in 1887. Our picture shows him in company with a Polish girl who had followed him into the dangers of the revolution and served him as *aide de camp*.



THE EGYPTIAN CONCEPTION OF CREATION.
From Budge's *Gods of the Egyptians*, Vol. I.

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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REGARDING CHRISTIAN ORIGINS.

BY FRANK R. WHITZEL.

OF late years there have been advanced to account for the origin of Christianity certain novel theories that either dispense wholly with a historical Jesus or reduce him to an insignificance which would render his real existence superfluous. Dr. A. Drews and Mr. J. M. Robertson regard Christianity as the development of a myth based upon a preexisting secret worship of a sun-god named Jesus or Joshua who annually died and came to life with the course of the seasons. Though the Jewish hierarchy from the High Priest down exemplified this worship in a secret ritual, the cult picked up from pagan sources, Greek, Roman, Egyptian, Persian, Babylonian, even Brahman and Buddhist, a heterogeneous collection of myths which it combined with the ancient though unknown Hebrew legend into the conglomerate which became historic Christianity. Prof. W. B. Smith is in fairly close agreement with these ideas but is a trifle more conservative in that he holds to the essentially Jewish origin of the cult. The Gospels are but the written text of the drama annually acted by the initiated priests at Jerusalem. Prof. Van Manen allows a shadowy existence to a real Jesus, but thinks Christianity arose from among a society of liberal Jews and their Gentile proselytes which in the early years of the second century, in order to break away from orthodox Judaism, put itself under the protection of the name of an earlier missionary, Paul, who had himself been led to believe that Jesus was the promised Messiah. This school had come by that time to look upon Jesus as the divine Son of God rather than a mere Messiah, and its adherents composed epistles, histories and apocalypses in the name of Paul, Luke, Matthew, or other worthies, in which they expounded their beliefs and controverted their opponents.

Van Manen's English interpreter, Thomas Whittaker, goes further and denies flatly the existence of an historical Jesus. Accepting the Christ-myth theory in great part, he insists Christianity did not originate until after the taking of Jerusalem in 70 A. D. Before that time it was represented by a body of "Messianic Jews" who merely hoped for the coming of the Christ. Paul was one of their preachers. After the fall of the Jewish capital, a rumor spread among this sect that the Messiah had already come and had been put to death by a Roman procurator, Pontius Pilate, whose administration was remembered as a harsh one. From this hint all had developed, the identification of the mythical Jesus with the mysterious sun-god, the betrayal, the crucifixion, the resurrection, the whole mystery drama as set forth in the Gospels. A liberalizing tendency eventually made its appearance from the representatives of which emanated writings of 125 to 150 A. D. under Paul's name urging doctrines to which the real Paul was a stranger.

Dr. P. Jensen writes a laborious tome to prove that Jesus is but the legendary Babylonian hero, Gilgamesh, in a Jewish disguise; and he draws up a long list of alleged similarities which he believes fully prove his thesis. Finally, an almost unnoticed theory is advanced by a Mr. George Solomon who thinks Jesus was born in the pages of Josephus and is the composite of an unnamed Samaritan zealot who was slain by the soldiers of Pontius Pilate, of Jesus son of Sapphias, a turbulent brigand who gave much trouble when Josephus was governor of Galilee, and of Jesus son of Ananus, a harmless monomaniac who went about predicting woe to Jerusalem and who was killed at the siege by a stone missile just as he added to his "ditty" a prophecy of his own destruction.

Dr. Jensen's theory, despite his undoubted learning, has never been seriously considered. The resemblances relied upon are too far fetched and the differences too fundamental to admit of accepting so thoroughgoing a transference of the Babylonian legend into Hebrew lore. Moreover Dr. Jensen applies his theory to the Old as well as the New Testament; and he is asking too much of our credulity when he expects us to believe that almost all the incidents related in the Bible are but variations of the Gilgamesh story. Even more improbable is Mr. Solomon's suggestion. That the Jesus of the New Testament could be compounded of three characters of Josephus, none of whom bear the faintest resemblance to him and all of whom show the strongest contrasts, is beyond any reasonable probability. As are so many other radical hypotheses, this of Mr. Solomon's is like a large sack containing but a single pebble, weighty

at one point but empty at all others. It leaves 99 per cent of the facts unexplained, and indeed it explains very imperfectly the remainder.

The Christ-myth theory has more to recommend it, and its proponents advance two arguments of undoubted merit which will be considered further on. Yet the theory has not gained general credence because of certain obvious weaknesses. Its advocates must perforce deny all the direct adverse evidence, internal and external; and this they do in part by asserting without sound critical justification that opposing texts are spurious, in part by drawing unwarranted conclusions from obscure or ambiguous passages, and in general by refusing to believe the contrary evidence. Their conclusions are frequently mere expressions of opinion masquerading as proven facts, and much too often they defend their opinions by casting reflections upon the intelligence of those who differ from them. But the chief objection lies in the improbability and inadequacy of the substitute they offer in place of the historic tradition. For a plain straightforward recital, in which are imbedded many narratives not without inconsistencies and which is full of course of the miracle stories inevitable in that superstitious age, they propose an inherently improbable tale far less fitted to explain the known facts and engendering many more problems than it solves. If we are solemnly told that the Jewish hierarchy, ready to perish for its single-hearted devotion to Jehovah, was secretly performing an annual ceremony in commemoration of an ever-dying ever-reviving sun-god Joshua, if we are required to believe that a church body made up of orthodox Jews, all so fanatically monotheistic that they characterized pagan gods as demons and died rather than do them honor, could yet select bits of legends pertaining to these same demons and construct therefrom a coherent story about a personage it is yet insisted had lived and died as a man, if we are called upon to assent to such improbabilities we should at least be given some direct evidence of their truth, some facts of unquestioned historical basis upon which to hang the hinges of the theory. But nothing of the kind is offered us. No channels of possible communication with pagan sources are exposed to our view, no relation between the flimsy coincidences they adduce is demonstrated, no adaptability in national life and thought for the borrowed rites is plausibly argued for our persuasion. We have only opinion and speculation. Nay, we are shortly told that such evidence does not exist, but that intelligent people have no difficulty in inferring these conclusions from certain equivocal or marginal readings in scripture

and certain obscurities in profane authors, which sometimes turn out to be mere errors. And at the same time the theory contradicts the facts of history so far as they are known, and violates the ethical spirit of the age. Who doubts the militant monotheism of the Jews, or can imagine the rise in Judea of a Christianity as a "protest against polytheism"? And if it were such a protest, how could it be wholly made up of fragments of polytheism? And if it were a composite of polytheistic fragments, how could its adherents entertain such a virulent hatred of all things polytheistic? Among the Jews the literary tendency of the period was apocalyptic, not mythical. Then convenient "redactors" who are responsible for the written documents of Christianity must be understood to have taken such liberties with their material that, however these theorists regard them, ordinary men are compelled to charge them with dishonesty. Yet so clumsy were they, or so intent on revealing the secret they were trying to conceal, or on concealing what they were trying to reveal, that in concocting a new document with the older document open before them they could not avoid perpetrating the most glaring inconsistencies.

What a tissue of contradictions this! But the end is not yet. The theorists seem quite oblivious to the difficulties which arise if their theories be accepted. The Jesus of Christianity, if he is not a historical personage, is a product of fancy and was from the first conceived of as a divine being. This the theorists stoutly aver. Yet he is shown as thirsting and hungering, as subject to weariness and pain, as lacking at times in power and as disclaiming the epithet "good." He makes false prophecies, reproves his relatives,—how can a god created in the fancy of his worshippers have brothers and sisters?—pays tribute to rulers, shrinks from his approaching fate and utters a final cry of accusing despair upon the cross. All other critics think they detect in the Gospels limitations put upon their authors by the memory of an actual Jesus, limitations that prevented the free idealization which is found in later ages and which would certainly have been exhibited from the beginning had there been no historical kernel to the story. Only Robertson and his confreres can discern no such restraining influence. Their theory offers no reasonable explanation of the purely human element in the Gospels nor of those passages incompatible with the conception of Jesus as an ever-existent God.

Van Manen and Whittaker accept the Drews-Robertson hypothesis, but devote their attention rather to Acts and Paul's epistles than to the Gospels. They too wave to one side the opposing evi-

dence and resort to the "interpretation" device of getting rid of inconvenient passages; and they translate the writers bodily into the second quarter of the second century. Their methods of proving the late date of authorship are worthy of notice. A prophecy of the destruction of Jerusalem is in itself conclusive evidence of its composition after that event. They forget that it is linked in every instance with a prophecy of the end of the world and the second coming of Christ; therefore those events must also have befallen. Paul's remark that Jerusalem is in bondage while the Jerusalem above is free, his words having very evidently a spiritual significance, they think also presupposes the fall of the city. Whereas the fact that Paul nowhere hints of such a catastrophe but everywhere assumes that Jerusalem is then standing as the center of the living Mosaic law, the likelihood that such a man would have referred unmistakably to the siege as a crowning argument had it taken place, and the practical certainty that a writer of the second century could not have refrained from adducing it to overwhelm his adversaries, all these considerations have no weight with them. They assume that no documents could have been written at an earlier time than immediately before they are mentioned by some other writer, and that the works of the earliest writer who did mention them have been preserved to us. By this baseless assumption, by free use of conjecture as to what a conjectural school of thought could or could not have said, and at bay by fiercely defying the positive evidence of earlier quotation, Van Manen and his disciples place the composition of Paul's epistles and canonical Acts subsequent to 125 A. D.

As already stated, these theorists distinguish Paul, an itinerant preacher representing a supposed association of Messianic Jews of the first century, to whose existence there is not a whisper of direct testimony, from Paulinism, a liberalizing movement arising within new-born Christianity in the last two decades of the century. Paulinism, they claim, seized upon this long dead Paul and elevated him to be its apostle. But about 125 A. D. there grew up inside the church a harmonizing school which put forth the epistles now ascribed to Paul and which finally succeeded in combining Paulinism and Judaic Christianity into the world-conquering Catholicism. This theory requires us to regard the documents of the New Testament as without exception pseudoepigraphic, and the most that it grants is that older fragments, such as the we-document of Acts, were incorporated into the new treatises after having been freely recast by the unknown editors. Hence it is incumbent on the

theorists to point out conclusive internal evidence of late authorship, of juncture and of polemical teaching. A glance at the pages of Whittaker's *Origins of Christianity* will show how he and Van Manen set about the task. A certain passage "probably" meant thus and so, such a "conjecture" is permissible, this "hints" at that or "suggests" the other thing. These are not cautious expressions of conservative criticism, far from it. They are put forward as offering indisputable proof of radical, nay even startling hypotheses. Speculation and surmise abound, and the guess of the present page becomes the proved fact on the next.

No one denies that many of the documents of the New Testament have passed through the hands of one or more redactors, but the redactors no less than the original author must have been governed by certain principles, or else we might as well give up all study of the books and dismiss them as mere fiction unworthy of notice. He must have intended to tell the truth. He must have respected the document before him and have been unwilling to change it except to make it conform to what he felt assured, either from texts or from oral tradition, was a superior version. While he might, without "agen-bite of in-wit," put out his own production as the work of another of greater authority, he could not narrate incidents he knew never happened nor, regarding spiritual revelations, make claims he knew to be false. But these theorists assume that the redactor will use any method or make or suppress any statement with utter disregard of truth simply to further a "tendency" or "purpose" in his own mind. Nor have they any system of dissecting the work of the redactor. What fits their theory stands. What opposes is "imperfect redaction," has "the appearance of an interpolation." The author "consciously manipulates his data" in a given direction, he "now freely recasts the materials in his own manner, now holds himself bound by the words of his document." Such a view would not only make of the redactor-author a fundamentally dishonest writer but it would permit a present-day critic to sustain any theory he might fancy. What cannot be proven if we may accept or reject whatever we like and "manipulate our data" to suit our theory?

And what wonderful things the theorists are able to find! From the most trivial expressions of no apparent ulterior significance, Whittaker can draw inferences of remarkable import and discover purposes and antecedents heretofore hidden from the keenest critical study. He sees evidence of two distinct documents in the use of "Jesus Christ" and "Christ Jesus"; discerns two incom-

pletely fused conceptions in "preach Jesus" and preach that Jesus "is the Son of God"; begets a numerous community at Jerusalem called "sons of Jesus" out of a single individual of Paphos named Bar-Jesus; detects Gnosticism in the opposition of God to Satan and similar expressions; finds a contradiction in the eucharist as commemorating the death of the Lord and as partaking of his body and blood, and in many other double expressions of one idea; and seemingly looks upon the use of "the Jews" as evidence that the user could not be a Jew himself, thus excluding even Josephus from that nationality. His discussion contains most of the fallacies known to false argumentation, such as suppressions, assumptions, conjectures, false inferences, perversions, special pleadings, and in more than one instance matter that falls little short of downright falsification. For example, he argues that there are Gnostic elements in the Pauline writings, a contention which few deny. Then he avers that this fact is fatal to their authenticity, as Christian Gnosticism cannot be carried back to Paul's lifetime. It is hard to see in this aught save deliberate deception, as it is evident he hopes his reader will overlook the very real difference between Gnosticism and Christian Gnosticism.

There seems to be no question that the school of thought called Gnosticism did really in essence precede Christianity. But during its early stages it had few of the characteristics which made of it in the second century a dangerous heresy in the eyes of the church. The indications of it in Paul's writings are merely incidental, such as could hardly be avoided by a religious writer of his epoch. He uses many of the expressions which later became catchwords of the Gnostics, such as wisdom, spirit, pleroma etc., but he not only does not discuss, he does not even mention the disputes so hotly contested between Gnostics and orthodox Christians in the second century. Both parties appealed to Paul's letters, thus evidencing their priority and at the same time proving that their composition had no reference whatever to the Gnostic controversies. On the contrary the Pauline letters are spirited polemics of the Judaizing question, which was a living question only until the destruction of Jerusalem in 70 A. D. A forger could have had no object in putting forth epistles save to support his own contention regarding an existent dispute. How absurd to imagine a second-century writer forging a document to establish his own position, putting it in Paul's mouth to give it authority, and yet making no mention whatever of the living controversy while taking vehement part in a controversy long since settled and forgotten!

There are certain things that no man of common sense writing after 125 A.D. could possibly do, let alone a man of the ability possessed by the author of the Pauline epistles. He would not fight forgotten battles or ignore present ones. He would not advertise apostolic quarrels such as those of Paul with Peter and with Barnabas. He would not, writing two epistles, permit patent inconsistencies to stand, such as the discrepant mention of the sinner in 1 and 2 Corinthians, and the description in the latter of an earlier letter which does not fit the first epistle as we have it. Of the same kind is the account of the apostolic council given in Acts and in Galatians. A forger would certainly make the later document agree with the earlier. He would not tolerate contradictions within the same epistle, as that women should and should not speak in the church and that men are and are not saved by the law. These are easily explainable on the theory of a writer viewing the same thing under two aspects,—a woman would better be silent, at least until she had something to say; a man born under the law might be saved through its observance, though it was not a real essential. Such a forger could not put in the apostle's mouth false prophecies of the impending end of the world, of his own safety from the Jews, and so on, nor could he permit the great miracle worker to confess his inability to restore to health his dearly beloved disciples, Trophimus and Epaphroditus. Above all he could not, would not dare, censure violently and unjustly existing communities. The churches of Galatia and Corinth were flourishing bodies from long before until long after the time the epistles are supposed by Van Manen's school to have been written. Imagine the wrath of the Galatians upon hearing of a letter of Paul's, which being addressed to themselves they would know to be fictitious, containing such expressions as "O foolish Galatians," "I stand in doubt of you." How quickly and how furiously they would denounce the forgery! That these chiding letters were accepted without protest by the churches to which they were addressed can only be explained by admitting that those churches believed in their authenticity.

These things a forger could not do. Nor could he well avoid making a plain reference to the fall of Jerusalem. Nor could he insert obscurities which are obscure merely because they relate to prior stages in the development of church dogma. Nor could he have omitted all reference to the virgin birth of Christ, so outstanding a belief in the second century. When we add to these considerations the intimate and unimportant details, the numerous complex and undesigned conformities of the epistles with each

other and with Acts—and the theorists might condescend to read Paley on this subject even though he is nowadays regarded as a back number—we can hardly withhold our assent from the proposition that the principal Pauline epistles are really from the hand of the Apostle to the Gentiles.

Nevertheless the theorists make two points of first rate importance which it behooves us to examine most carefully. But let this examination be prefaced by a general statement of axiomatic force. If two opposing theories are each supported by an apparently unanswerable argument, then we must determine which theory to accept by the weight of the other considerations. If the one theory is confirmed by a multitude of secondary proofs and the other by none save the single one of major importance, then this major argument is not really unanswerable but must be susceptible of a reasonable explanation. Now for the authenticity of the Pauline epistles involving of course the real existence of Jesus, many of the arguments, notably the first and the last in the second paragraph preceding, are as strong as any that has ever been urged against it, and in addition there are the many other affirmative arguments briefly outlined. Let us then examine the two strong points made against the historical basis of Christianity in accordance with the principle just enunciated.

The first of these points relates to the silence of contemporaries, a silence which the critics justly claim is well-nigh perfect. Save for a cursory word there is no reference to the Gospel story in any profane author of the first century, and almost none in the first half of the second century, whereas the events narrated are so astounding that we should expect them to be blazoned in every writing and language of the Roman Empire. The second argument is that, leading from the primitive Judaic Christianity of Jesus and his disciples to Christianity as preached by Paul, there is no indication of a process. "The zealot (Paul) for orthodox Judaism has no sooner been brought to see in Jesus of Nazareth the promised Messiah than he goes on to regard him as the Son of God sent down to earth for the sake of men, preaches deliverance from the Law, and appeals for his new conviction to a revelation of the Spirit. . . . It is simply unthinkable that Paul the Jew, who had persecuted the Christian community out of religious conviction, should almost immediately introduce this colossal reform of a belief which he had only just begun to share."

The first argument has been answered in part fairly well. The silence is not so absolute as the critics would have us believe.

Suetonius in 120 A. D., Tacitus in 115 and Pliny in 112, approximate dates, all make unmistakable reference to the Gospel story, while Clement of Rome gives ample Christian evidence in 95 A. D. The passages in Josephus referring to John the Baptist and to James, "brother of the so-called Christ," have withstood all attacks upon their genuineness. It has been pointed out that but the tiniest remnant of the literature of those times has been preserved, hence that it is fallacious to argue that these are all the references to Christianity which ever existed. Nevertheless we cannot but admit that matter pertaining to Christianity is, and doubtless would be were all preserved, far more meager than is thinkable considering the stupendous nature of the events described in the Gospels. Critics are therefore compelled, aside from other considerations, to reject the more wondrous stories told of Jesus, his stilling the storm and his walking on the waves, the raising of Lazarus and his own resurrection, and reduce the narrative to that of an obscure Jewish reformer gifted with uncommon healing power who went about preaching the near coming of the Kingdom of God until he was seized and executed by the authorities.

But there is a reason deeper than the mere unimportance of the events for the silence of contemporaries regarding them, and this is to be found in the nature of the new religion and the character of its adherents. Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the fact that Christianity is a Greek religion, having it is true a Jewish background but appealing really to Greeks. Its documents were written in Greek by Greeks for Greeks, and its speculations are Greek to the core. Almost nothing of pure Judaism was permitted to stand, and aside from Hebrews and Revelations nearly every document is saturated with Greek thought and Greek ideals. The Jewish origin is distilled through the Greek interpretation until the characters act and talk far more like Greeks than like Jews. In a great many passages the general contempt for the Jews finds expression and they are held up as bigoted, hostile, violent and incredibly stupid. The Greek infusion colors the entire medium, and the basic Jewish element is to be found only by diligent analysis. It is a Greek religion, not a Jewish.

Now from the beginning the message of Christianity was addressed exclusively to the humble and oppressed of the world, publicans, sinners, slaves, all that labor and are heavy laden. The rich are explicitly and almost wholly excluded, they can at best enter the Kingdom only because all things are possible to God. The Kingdom is a topsy-turvy world wherein the last shall be first, and the poor

and meek and merciful are blessed beyond all others. Indeed a prospective disciple must give away all his possessions before he is accepted. But in the Kingdom these lowest of the lower classes shall rest in Abraham's bosom and shall judge all the people of the earth.

Such a kingdom could appeal with power to none save the lowly for whom alone it seemed prepared. As a result we find that in no age of the world have the educated and intelligent accepted Christianity or as a class believed its doctrines except with emendations and reservations which made of them something quite different from what the priesthood inculcated or the commonalty received. This is so obvious a fact that it has hardly been given proper consideration. The growth of the new religion was almost altogether among the ignorant and uncritical, peasants, rabble, soldiers, slaves. Not until its numbers gave it strength did ambitious politicians seize upon the church as an instrument of advancement, and then they used it with the same unscrupulousness that they had formerly used other and secular associations of the people. So it has been throughout the centuries. So it is to-day. Not a politician but professes unswerving attachment to orthodoxy, though intimates know that often his professions are purest hypocrisy. But there is to-day this great difference in practice. All things pertaining to the common people, their thoughts, beliefs, wishes, their condition and their welfare, are matters of intense interest to the educated class, whereas in antiquity they were matters of the most supreme indifference. So long as the proletariat remained quiet no one cared what its individual members thought or how they spent their time. It is with the utmost difficulty that we can learn anything at all about them, forced as we are to rely wholly upon mere chance allusions. It never occurred to Herodotus or Thucydides or Livy or Cicero or any other ancient writer, who indeed wrote for his own class exclusively, that any one could be interested in the ordinary affairs of the lower orders; they simply did not count.

This attitude of antiquity has often been mentioned, but it has seldom been properly insisted upon or justly comprehended. Indeed it is almost impossible thoroughly to realize the utter unconcern of the educated man of ancient times for the common herd. The latter might have been on the planet Mars for all he cared. He wrote of "freemen," of "all mankind," of "human rights," but in every case he must be understood to refer only to fellow members of the upper class; just as to-day when we say that in our country the people choose their rulers we mean not the people but the male

voters. Hence a religious belief practically confined to the humble would as a matter of course be quite ignored by ancient authors who would at the same time give full details of any philosophic system which numbered educated men among its professors. Only when something extraordinary occurred, as the orgies of Bacchus or the persecution by Nero, would the matter be mentioned, and at such times the chances are that events would be distorted and wrongly described in accordance with the misunderstandings in the minds of those who had at most only a passing interest. Not until Christianity became a political force would it receive any consideration from the writers of the period, and it is not to be wondered at that this "religion of the gutter" passed unnoticed during the first century of its existence.

The absence of any appearance of process of change from the preaching of Jesus to the preaching of Paul is a more difficult matter to understand. The fact is indisputable, though it would seem better to call Paul's doctrine a development rather than a reform of Judaic Christianity. There is no doubt that all that distinguished Jesus and his immediate disciples from other Jews was that while the latter still expected a Messiah the former believed that the Messiah had come and that Jesus was he. Paul, however, taught from first to last that this Messiah, whom Jews thought about as in all respects human, was the Son of God, divine in essence, existent from the beginning of time, offering, through faith in his resurrection alone and without regard to observance of the Mosaic law, salvation to all men, Jew and Gentile. There is an enormous difference between these presentations. The first is exclusively Jewish and looks upon people of other nationalities as "dogs." The second is universal in application and claims for the Jews no advantage beyond a prior opportunity. That such a teaching could be promulgated by a born Jew, educated in the Mosaic law and an adherent of the strict sect of the Pharisees, is so surprising a circumstance, that it calls for the most careful scrutiny.

One consideration is apparent. Since Paul was the first to advance the new idea and since it was fully developed in his earliest utterances, the process of change must have begun and been fulfilled in his mind between his conversion and the commencement of his apostolic labors. There can be no such thing as a gradual development through different thinkers and with successive additions to the original idea. And if such a change in Paul's attitude cannot be shown to be possible, we will have to reject the Pauline authorship of the epistles and will probably have to follow Smith,

Robertson, Van Manen et al., into a denial of all historical basis for Christianity.

Who was this man Paul who was responsible for so radical a change in primitive belief? He himself tells he was a native of Tarsus, a Jew by birth of the tribe of Benjamin, a pupil of Gamaliel and a strict Pharisee. By implication he informs us he was Greek speaking, as were so many of the Dispersion. The nature of the claims enhance the probability of their truth; for to any one having knowledge of the prejudices of that age it is almost inconceivable that a Greek or Roman would pretend to be a member of the despised Jewish race. Perhaps for this very reason Luke asserts, or causes Paul to assert, that the latter was a free-born Roman citizen. He was as a matter of course a member of the working class, by trade a tentmaker.

Paul's character is perhaps the most clearly marked of all the New Testament personages. He was disputatious, quick to anger but quickly appeased, jealous of his rights and certain of his divine mission. He was impulsive to a fault, praising and blaming in alternate breaths, prone to make digressions and helter skelter in his argumentation, intolerant of opposition and personally stubborn beyond measure, as he had great need to be, considering the persecution he braved and the opposition he encountered from both within and without the church. Most important of all, he was a born visionary, guided and governed throughout his life by influences which he took to be direct revelations of the Spirit and which it never occurred to him to doubt or question. As a Greek Jew he was naturally far more open to Gentile ideas than could have been a native of Jerusalem, and he was impregnated more perhaps than he himself realized with Hellenic philosophy and modes of thought.

In the two particulars last mentioned, his supposed spiritual guidance and his Grecian open-mindedness, is to be found the key to his character. So long as he held to the orthodox Jewish faith he followed his convictions to their logical extreme and did not hesitate to attack those he deemed enemies of his religion. Converted by some subjective experience to the faith he had been persecuting and accepting his inward monitor as infallible, he went unfalteringly to the farthest limit of the implications of his new belief. His was no halfway nature. Given a proposition from God, as he doubted not, he accepted its uttermost deduction without hint of evasion, and if it conflicted with another deduction, he scrupled

not to accept both, leaving to his Master to reconcile the apparent contradiction.

Let us try to follow the course of his reasoning, beginning with the primary proposition that ruled his thought. Jesus rose from the dead. Paul was firmly convinced of this because he believed he had seen the risen Jesus. An ordinary human being cannot rise from the dead. Therefore Jesus was not an ordinary human being. His deeds and teachings were good, hence he could not have been a demon. If he was divine he was the Son of God as he had claimed, and was such in a different sense from that in which all the righteous are deemed sons of God. A divinity would not visit mankind except upon a mission of transcendent importance, and this mission Jesus had himself announced. He was sent by his Father to offer salvation to those whom the Father loved. But God was a universal Father, was the one and only God, had created all men and loved all men. Therefore salvation was to be offered to all who would accept it; that is, to all who would accept the Son. As Jesus was in life a Jew, salvation came by the Jews and was offered to them first, Jews were the chosen vessels of the new dispensation, witness himself; but after the Jews the Gentiles might also accept salvation. By doing so they became adopted brothers of the Lord Jesus and joint heirs to the Kingdom. But it was plainly impossible for all the Gentiles to put themselves under the Mosaic law, which not even the strictest of Jews could fully and faithfully observe. What portion of the law, then, was it essential for them to accept? Circumcision? Nay, men were saved before that rite was instituted. It was after all but a symbol and availed nothing since salvation was the result of a mental state. The sabbath? The moons? The festivals? But the whole public ministry of Jesus was a protest against over scrupulous outward observance of these Mosaic legalities; they could not be indispensable requisites. On mature thought no ceremonies beyond those established by the Lord himself could be essential. The Lord certainly would not offer salvation to all mankind and yet impose a condition which would restrict its acceptance to a handful of orthodox Jews whom he had consistently opposed and who had been responsible for his own execution as a malefactor. It was therefore plain that the whole Mosaic law was now abrogated, and salvation was free to all who would confess that Jesus was the Lord and that God raised him from the dead.

Such a course of reasoning is hardly possible in a Palestinian Jew, but it is not inconceivable in a Jew of Tarsus. While there is

no record of Tarsus having at that time received the Roman franchise, it was at all events Greek. Its inhabitants would therefore be free thinkers, open to new conceptions and accustomed through the influx of oriental ideas to the deification of human beings. Even the Jewish residents must have become if not prone to entertain at least somewhat familiar with such notions and far less mentally indurated than their kindred of Judea. If Paul was really a Roman citizen, a thing rendered doubtful by his own failure to make such a claim, he would be all the more susceptible to such influences. But at all events, with a nature such as his, and starting from the premise accepted without reservation that Jesus rose from the dead, he could very conceivably arrive at the conclusion indicated. And having reached that conviction, he would assuredly have thrown himself headlong into the battle and ardently pressed his belief upon all whom he could induce to listen.

So simple a deduction could have taken but a brief period to complete. A few days, not the three years of preparation he mentions, would have been amply sufficient. And once convinced, Paul most certainly ascribed the teaching to his ever present guide, the holy Spirit with whom he tells us he took counsel, and not creature in human form, be he disciple or apostle or pillar of the church, could shake him one hair from his firm foundation. God gave him the shining truth, no man could add aught to him, no whit was he behind any apostle, and he would preach his doctrine to the world in the face of Peter and James themselves, who of a surety represented the Lord no better and no more effectively than he did.

Thus there should be and could be no evidence of a process so far as Paul himself was concerned, and the epistles quite correctly give evidence of none. But outside of Paul the indications of process are plainly apparent. The other apostles oppose him, he quarrels with them violently, his own churches show a strong tendency to lag behind and he scolds them sharply for listening to the Judaizers. He is even constrained to relent in so far as to grant that those born under the law might maintain their allegiance. But he holds fast to the proposition that salvation without the law is for all, and he forces his doctrine upon the growing church. Nevertheless it gained no full acceptance during his lifetime; in fact not until the Jewish hierarchy was overthrown and the temple worship extinguished did Paul's Christianity ride triumphant.

Another objection to the Paul of the epistles deserves a word. It is urged that the references to church organization, to deacons, readers etc., and the allusions to Old Testament texts evidence a

late date when the churches had had time to develop, and to acquire both a tradition and an acquaintance with scripture. These objections seem trivial. Christianity was preached upon a basis of Old Testament prophecy, and it would be impossible that Gentile churches should not have had from the beginning sufficient acquaintance with the Septuagint to understand easily all the allusions in Paul's epistles. Paul possessed much executive ability if his letters are any criterion, sufficient at least for the primitive organization of the church. That a new religious association can be, and tends inevitably to be thoroughly organized, particularly if it meets with opposition, is plainly to be seen in our own time in the Salvation Army and the Mormon church, both of which are far more elaborately organized than were the early Christian societies. Similar examples will occur to any reader.

The course of early Christianity may now be outlined from a critical standpoint with fair assurance of certainty. Jesus was a traveling Galilean preacher announcing the speedy coming of the Kingdom of God and calling on his hearers to prepare for it through repentance and righteous action. He addressed the Jews exclusively, having no message for any others. But his natural benevolence and love of humanity were such that he could not resist doing a good deed to any Gentile who chanced to cross his path, and this kind-heartedness had important doctrinal consequences later on. He found himself possessed of surprising healing powers, and because of this and of the following which his lovable character drew about him, he came to believe himself to be the promised Messiah of the Jews. But his opposition to the burdensome formality of rabbinical Judaism aroused the enmity of the ruling hierarchy which seized him when he went up to Jerusalem to observe a Passover and executed him for sedition and blasphemy. A resurrection story quickly arose, perhaps because of the disappearance of his corpse, and soon it was confidently believed by his disciples that God had raised him from the dead. Paul now entered on the scene, and by a course of reasoning perhaps like that suggested, arrived at the conclusion that salvation was offered to all men on easy terms, if they would but hasten to accept it before the destruction of the earth which would shortly take place. The Greek world, familiar with apotheosis and ripe for such a preachment since it was without any real religious belief, caught eagerly at Paul's announcement, and through the lower classes the new religion ran like a conflagration. Educated men held aloof; indeed they probably heard of the "superstition" but seldom, as when some outbreak of fanaticism called it to their

attention. Sometimes there was a persecution when thriving industries were threatened or when a scapegoat was needed, but on the whole the religion progressed unnoticed through the underworld, a great part of which was on fire with a fervid zeal before the upper classes had any inkling of what was going on. When the ruling aristocracy did find it out, they sought to extirpate the superstition as dangerous to the existing order, but by then the number of believers had become too great to be so overwhelmed. At length a military leader saw in the new religion a powerful weapon to further his ambition, and by setting up as its champion won his way to the empire of the world. At once the politicians flocked to the faith militant just as they had scorned the faith submissive, and by their influence the "pernicious superstition" of the first century, not without great absorption of pagan ideas and pagan ceremonies, became the Roman Church Triumphant of the fourth, which has endured the storms of all succeeding ages.

A NEW HISTORY OF THE EARLY WORLD.

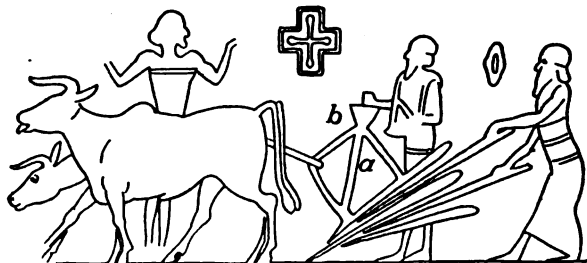
BY THE EDITOR.

ONE book has been needed for a long time more than any other by teachers and professors of general history as well as by the reading public for their general information, and a recent work from the pen of Prof. James H. Breasted of the University of Chicago entitled *Ancient Times, a History of the Early World*¹ fills the demand admirably. It not only accomplishes the task with the authority of a writer well equipped for the work by his historical and philological education, but the subject is presented with the skill of a fascinating narrator who holds the reader's attention in showing the growth of man's intellectuality from crude beginnings through the development of the earliest civilization down to the establishment of the Christian church.

In the last half century our historical outlook has been considerably widened. Formerly our history lessons in school began with Greece, and ancient history consisted mainly of a tale of Rome's development. Egypt was known only as the mysterious land of pyramids, and to Babylon there were some interesting references in Herodotus and the Bible. Since then expeditions have been sent

¹ Published by Ginn and Co. of Boston. Pp. xx, 742; 8 colored plates and numerous maps and illustrations. Price, \$1.60.

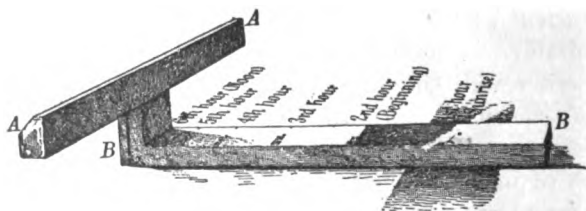
to the Orient, to the banks of the Nile and to Mesopotamia, and great treasures of information have been unearthed. By good luck and with ingenious skill the old long-forgotten languages were deciphered, the hieroglyphs by Champollion and the cuneiform script by Grotefend, and so we groped our way into unknown periods of history from which Greece and Rome are comparatively modern developments. We know now that the history of Rome is an



ANCIENT BABYLONIAN SEEDER.

orientalization of the west in social, political and religious conditions.

We have thus become familiar with some of the results of the new sciences which have so recently arisen under our eyes; we know their importance and many of us have also familiarized ourselves with some translations of the Babylonian creation story, or the old epic of the deluge, etc. But a coherent account of this part of man's development did not as yet exist in a comprehensive form so as to



AN EGYPTIAN SHADOW CLOCK.

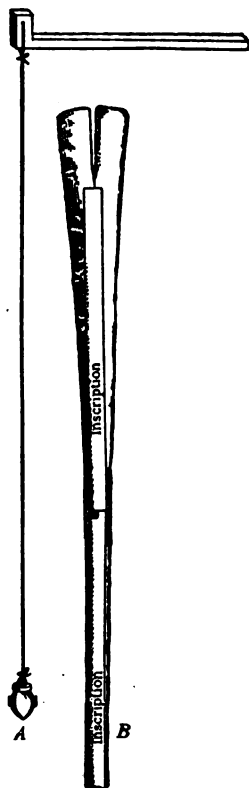
fill the gap of this most important chapter of ancient history without which the story of Greece and Rome can really not be fully understood. This is the task which Professor Breasted has set himself and he has accomplished it well. Eduard Meyer, the noted historian of Berlin, has covered the same ground in his new edition of the *Geschichte des Alterthums*, but the work is voluminous and practically inaccessible to the average English reader, while here we

have in small compass a pretty concise outline of the development of man from the times of savagery to the rise of Christianity.

There is one peculiarity about the ancient times of Babylon which strikes one as strange. It would seem to us that information of a period so far back would be more uncertain than our knowledge concerning the later Greece and Rome, but just the reverse is true; for on tablets of baked clay we have before us the very originals of our historical informations while the history of Greece and Rome is extant only in manuscripts copied and recopied in corrupt and sometimes even falsified and interpolated editions. In Babylon, we have the text as it was written in ancient days, and so we have the very documents themselves on which our knowledge is based written by contemporaneous scribes.

The famous lawbook of Hammurabi is preserved in its original shape, and we have innumerable letters of business firms containing orders and various transactions in detail, so as plainly to indicate the methods of great concerns in attending to their business and showing the state of civilization in which the people lived in that age. Similar direct reports concerning Roman or Greek antiquity are very rare, in fact hardly exist at all.

Professor Breasted's book, however, is not limited to the history of Egypt and Babylon, but it is enlarged by an elaborate study of anthropology, furnishing us with the main facts of prehistoric times before written documents originated either in Egypt or in Babylon. Thus the work is complete in adding the recent results of archeology to this primitive period of history, but it is helpful also for readers who wish to gain a general view of the facts of ancient history, such for instance as Babylonian art which, especially in its reliefs, is as perfect as Greek art later on; and the collection of illustrations is very useful in helping us to understand the significance of ancient art and history.



THE OLDEST ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENT.

Now in the Berlin Museum.

The book is a textbook meant to be within the range of high-school children. Indeed the subject matter is set forth in a very clear and lucid way, always illustrated by pictures and diagrams, and we are struck impressively with the modern character of ancient civilization at its very beginnings. The arts are developed and agriculture is carried on with machinery almost as in modern times. On page 108 we have the illustration of a seeding plough. The divinity that rules over the tilling of the ground appears above in the shape of a cross.

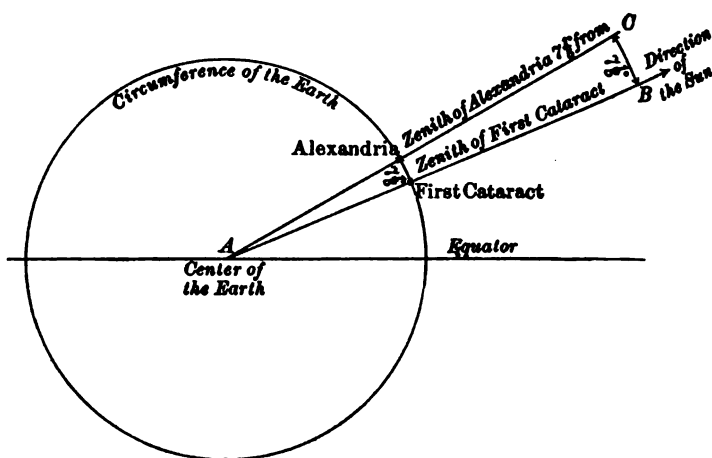


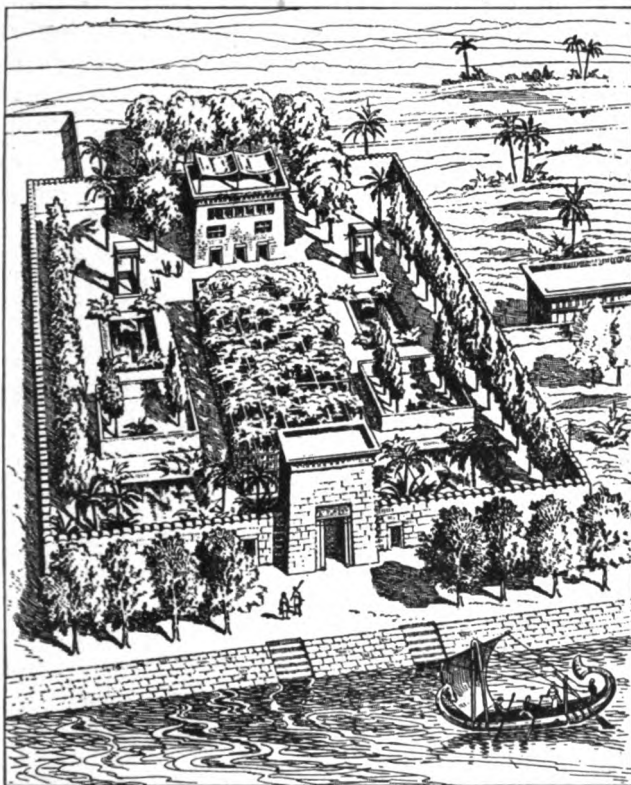
DIAGRAM SHOWING ERATOSTHENES'S METHOD.

The oldest clock in the world of which we have any knowledge is preserved in the Berlin Museum and is reproduced on page 91. It differs somewhat from modern sun dials, but was nevertheless serviceable in Egypt and showed the progress of time very nicely.

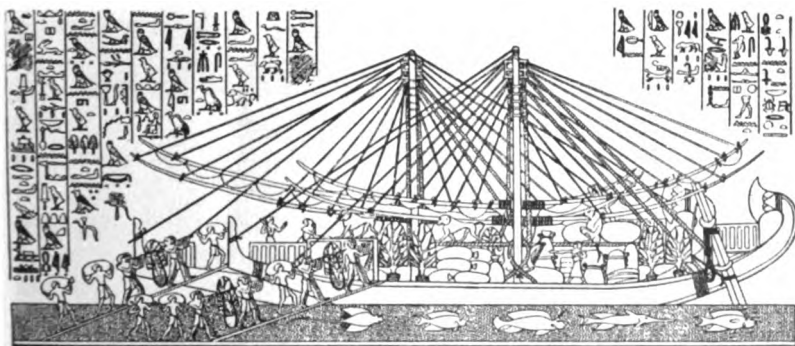
On page 78 we see a primitive instrument for measuring the azimuth of stars, and in later days the Egyptian-Greek astronomer Eratosthenes was one of the first who suspected the earth to be a sphere. He measured its size pretty approximately by a method which Professor Breasted shows on page 470 in a diagram representing the argument of the Greco-Egyptian astronomer very plainly.

We receive an insight into the life of ancient Egypt in a restoration of the house of a nobleman (page 69) which shows the usual entrance in the shape of an Egyptian pylon, the garden and in the background the residence of the owner.

It is well known that one of the greatest rulers of Egypt was



THE VILLA OF AN EGYPTIAN NOBLE.



QUEEN HATSHEPSUT'S SHIPS LOADING IN THE LAND OF PUNT.

Queen Hatshepsut, an ancient Queen Bess, famous for her expedition to the ancient holy land of Egypt, the land of Punt, and for having two enormous obelisks erected in the temple of Karnak. Professor Breasted reproduces a scene restored from an ancient Egyptian wall illustration showing Queen Hatshepsut's obelisks being transported from the granite quarries at the first cataract down to their place of erection at Thebes in lower Egypt, and we



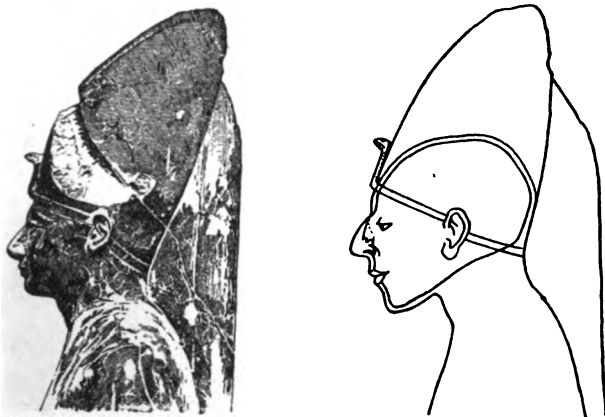
HEAD OF KING IKHNATON.

Found at Amarna.

here repeat another illustration showing the mechanical devices used in loading the queen's fleet in the land of Punt (page 84).

A most beautiful head wrought in limestone is left us and has been recently discovered by Borchardt at Amarna. It is a portrait of the heretic king Ikhnoton (Amenhotep IV) known in Egyptian history as the first monotheist. The beauty of the chiselling reminds us of the best ages of Greek art.

One instance to show how careful the ancient sculptors were in modeling the faces of their subjects is seen on page 85, where the



PORTRAIT OF THUTMOSE III COMPARED WITH HIS MUMMY.



EARLY CRETAN STATUETTE.

mummy of a king may be compared with his statue as worked out from life by the ancient artist.

In later art a lady of Crete, possibly representing a goddess or a priestess or a queen or even a court snake-charmer, is dressed in a closely fitting bodice and flounces—as modern a costume as that of a lady of the nineteenth century in evening dress. The statuette is carved in ivory, and the bands of trimming and the snakes are of gold (facing page 235).

We are naturally interested in the history of Israel, and on this subject too we find plenty of information in Professor Breasted's



ASIATIC CAPTIVES IN AN EGYPTIAN BRICKYARD.
Painting of the 15th century.

book. The Israelites were employed in Egypt as brick makers and we find on page 198 the reproduction of an ancient wall painting where Asiatic captives like the ancient Israelites are seen at work making bricks. The power of Egypt spread over the isles in the sea and over Hither Asia until it finally broke down and the

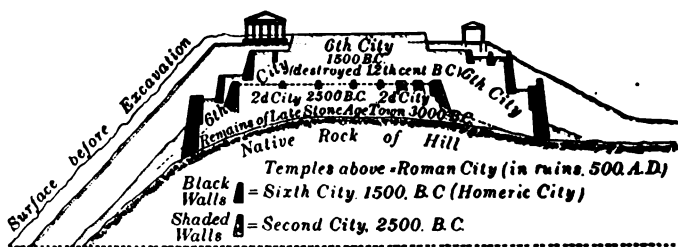
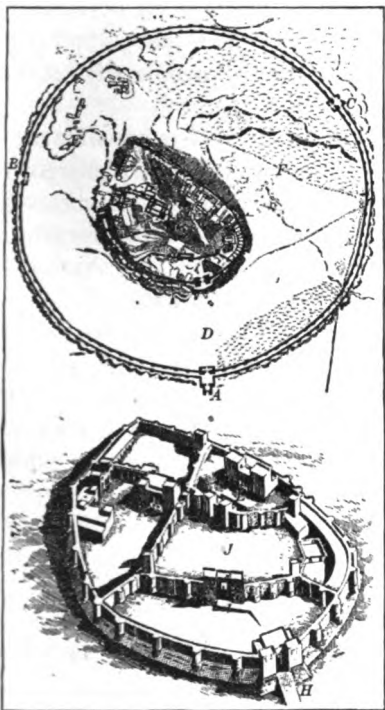


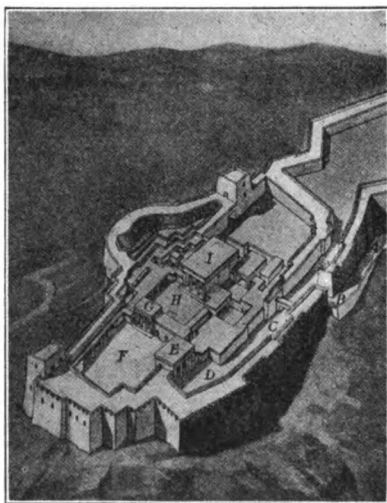
DIAGRAM OF TROY SHOWING THE SECOND AND SIXTH CITIES.

Egyptians ceased to be able to enforce their rule over the countries which they held in subjection. Thus Professor Breasted reproduces a letter of the Egyptian governor of Jerusalem telling of the Hebrews invading and conquering the country (page 204). It characterizes the time of the Judges so well described in the Old Testament. Jerusalem became the capital of the southern Israelitic country Judea and led an independent existence for some time, but the

Babylonians and the Assyrians rose in power. We see on page 211 a Hebrew ambassador sent with gifts and a declaration of submission to the Assyrian king Shalmaneser. This is one of the reliefs from the famous black obelisk of King Shalmaneser, and for an outline picture of the whole and details of its slabs we can refer our readers to an editorial article on "The Semites" which appeared in *The Open Court* of April, 1909. This is only the prelude to more serious contact of Assyria with Judea. We find a bas relief on a



THE ARAMEAN CITY OF
SAMAL.



THE FORTIFIED CASTLE OF
TIRYNS.

black stone of King Sennacherib receiving Hebrew captives of Lachish (page 212).

Many problems are solved and presented in Professor Breasted's book in a very concise and clear way. Who for instance is not interested in the story of Troy in the northwestern part of Asia Minor which arose and fell not once but several times? It flourished and was destroyed again and again. Homer's story of the conquest of Troy shows there to have been a city in that place of a definite character which can be identified in its ruins to-day, but

there were other cities that met a similar fate in the same place. Here in the adjoined illustration we have in a diagrammatic form the results of excavations as known to us now in addition to the first achievements of Schliemann. We see before us the outlines of the second, sixth and ninth cities, the others having been omitted solely in order to render the outlined picture clearer (page 246).

The "tower of the winds" in Athens is well known and the reliefs on its frieze are frequently reproduced (page 468) but it is not so well known that this tower was the town clock of Athens. It consisted of a water clock run by water-works that supplied it with a constant flow of water and showed the people of Athens the exact hour of the day.

The material collected in this book is in fact exhaustive and thoroughly covers the period of the world's history which it describes. We can see here for instance not only the development of writing in Egypt and Babylon but also the beginning of fortifications. Probably the first and oldest fortified city is the Aramean Samal, but it is surpassed by the Greeks in the fortress of Tiryns which was built in Argos near Mycenae approximately in the Homeric period (page 237). It is a stately castle prepared for defense with consummate skill and strategic considerations, and it is the earliest one in Europe with outer walls of stone. A restoration of it is shown on page 237, and the two are here reproduced in reduced size side by side for comparison.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF WAR-FEELING.

BY ALICE EDGERTON.

NOTHING is easier than to make people want war. Some people believe in fighting; but even the more peaceable respond warmly to the stimulus of activity, of something doing in a grey and steady world. Men were never made for this fat, office-going life; at heart they want to be sinewy. They like to feel themselves brave, and in dull peace times this primordial desire has small chance of expression. Men like to be male, and women glory in seeing them male. In no way can the sharp distinction of sex be made more pleasingly than in war. Nowhere else is man so aggressive and so protective; nowhere else can women experience on so vast a scale the sense of being protected and at the same time of ministering to the protector. Though civilization and personal fear may have

taught us to shudder at war, society has only to exercise a bit of discrimination and people will find nothing so inevitable, and nothing so gay.

Group action is always brought about by suggestion tactfully applied to instinct and ideal. Whether you are a missionary society raising money, or a nation about to make war, you must bring your people to feel and desire together. By one set of suggestions, impulse and ideal will be fired with the nobility of war; with another the same impulses and the same ideals may be aflame with the nobility of peace. If people are to want war they must be physically and emotionally excited. Primitive Australians dance, yell, and brandish spears in preparation for an avenging expedition; a spear is thrown at an imaginary foe, with a look of intense fury; blood is sprinkled; there is a constant rhythmic rush and a rattling of spears; the mourners of the vanquished foe are pictured; and the warriors "start off in the very best of spirits, just as if they were going on a pleasure trip."

We are doing the same thing in America to-day. We are talking ourselves strong. From moment to moment there is the clatter of war news. We have war drill, war relief, the constant and universal presence of the war idea, until we speak of war as easily as of the moving pictures. We propose an expeditionary force to France to-day, the gift of a billion dollars to-morrow. Everything is big. The preparedness movement, like the old ready, set, go of childhood games, has us tingling for the race; it has done much to stiffen the spring that will send us buoyantly into war. Even the horrors of war, if they are kept sufficiently large and abstract, have exciting value. There is an elemental fascination in horror, in the primitive eventfulness of it.

In our advanced civilization, suggestion is not confined to the cruder instincts that grow strong with shouting. We can play also on high moral qualities. Many of these have an emotional radiance of the greatest social effect, and at the same time draw vitality from deep roots in instinct. In rousing enthusiasm for any social action, it matters little whether people actually possess a given virtue, or only wish to feel that they possess it. There is nothing more thrilling than to feel that one is noble. It is virility on a moral plane and induces the sense of swelling strength characteristic of maleness. We do wisely, therefore, when we represent our ideals as splendid women imploring protection. Our country lies desecrated; her rights are outraged; Democracy, Liberty, Justice are on the altar. The spirits of national ancestors move us to a religious fervor;

Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln are kept much before us and we feel that in our blood runs their strength and their devotion to great causes: their country, and ours, we are called upon to defend. One national ancestor we have in common with France: through the spirit of Lafayette the French cause is ours. The invocation of symbols also is effective in rousing us to nobility. The clean flag floating in the sun is fire to the blood; battle-torn, it stirs the chivalrous to pity. The vast gregarious signing of a pledge to "support the President," though it calls for no specific conduct from the signer, elevates him with that patriotism which is meat and drink to the primitive fighting instinct.

Like the Australian avenging party, we hurl spears at the enemy, with looks of fury. We are stirred to good old-fashioned hate by the suggestion that he despises us, that he thinks us weaklings and cowards, and laughingly disregards our rights. But civilization has so strong a hold on us that the unadorned hate-motive is comparatively ineffective; it must be raised to the level of moral indignation. The enemy represents militarism, oppression, all that our ancestors died to save us from. He is in all ways alien to us. Whether one be American, or Irish, or German, it is civilization demands war on the foe. Comparison with him makes us the more conscious of our own righteousness and strong in the strength of a righteous cause. Of similar effect is our treatment of the non-conformist to the war-fervor. As the proponent of war is brave, so the peace-seeker is a coward. There is no sharper way of bringing the non-conformist into line, and at the same time there is no more heady stimulant to the virtuous than calling names. The blacker the opponent, the more glowing shine one's own qualities, and the more anxious one is not to be like him. Mentally the pacifist is a "tortoise," an "ostrich," a "bankrupt in ideas," an "opponent of progress." Morally he is "disloyal," "traitorous," "below the standard of manhood"; he tramples the flag in the dust, he is the friend of the enemy. We take his sex-glory from him. A girls' school in the West has gone so far as to pledge itself not to marry pacifists; but the pledge is unnecessary, for if suggestion be deftly manipulated, mere sexual selection will eliminate the man who has no sense of honor, who puts care for his poor skin above loyalty to country, who does not preen the bright feathers of bravery. A woman wants a man who is a *man*.

When an avenging party is formed among Australian natives, a kinsman of the man whose death is to be avenged rubs the thighs of the warriors with a girdle made from the hair of the dead man:

magic power passes into the warriors and they become strong to fight. A like magic strength and animus we derive from focussing our attention upon the sufferings of war. Pity is a profound war-motive. The American Ambulance Service in France and the Red Cross agitation have done much to insinuate war into our minds. They have roused pity for the sufferings of the Allies and indignation at the cause of these sufferings. The idea of pain produces an immediate need to do something for its relief. We like to see ourselves bringing comfort to the oppressed and suffering, sacrificing ourselves for humanity's sake; and giving a dollar and hurrying from telephone to telephone to raise other dollars, goes far to induce that picture. The Red Cross has given women an occupation at once picturesque and satisfying to them as women; it is at once an opportunity to minister and to feel protected. But it has been a stimulant to men also: Here is suffering; we women are the tender, we can minister to it; we men are the brave, we can fight its cause.

• But the appeals of high abstractions would be far less effective without dressing for the part. One's chest is never so high, one's soul never so brave, as in a uniform; and women never so warmly admire one. Correspondingly with a nurse's costume. It carries the suggesting of relief to suffering; the wearer feels the joy of martyrdom; and manly bosoms are manlier for this vision of womanly tenderness. There are dances to raise money for ambulance units; men come in military, naval or hospital uniforms, women as Red Cross nurses; and the ball room, with tents over the boxes, is made to "resemble as near as possible a Field Service Station." We are busy and gay with the idea of war. War has got into the spring fashions, and this helps too. "Preparedness" is the key-note of the clothing advertisements just now: "preparedness for summer." A great New York firm is advertising "Somme Trench Coat": "a model that is doing its little bit in the trenches right now: on a hundred battlefields it has fought and bled and died, and it is still fighting in the new battalions." So war is not dreadful; it is thrilling; it is as common as the daily papers, and as little to be feared.

LETTERS OF AN ITALIAN OFFICER TO HIS SISTER IN AMERICA.¹

BY RICCARDO CIPRIANI.

NAPLES, April, 1915.

....With a good knowledge of languages and some "pull" to give access to the official documents published by the warring and neutral nations, it ought to be possible to write something worth while concerning the war, its causes, as well as the evil and good effects it is likely to have....

At the proper time it will be necessary to point out the ineptitude of the men who were governing when the war broke out. It will be necessary to emphasize that the vital interests of nations, the world economy, as well as the life and welfare of hundreds of thousands of men, cannot be safely entrusted to small minds that treat war and what may and may not be done according to the rights of nations as they would a boy's quarrel in school.

The bankruptcy of international law is not a thing of to-day. The war in Manchuria between the Russians and Japanese with China's declaration of neutrality; the cruise of the fleet of Admiral Rojesvenski abetted by Germany, England and France; the sale by Italy to Japan of two warships; the contraband of arms carried on in Abyssinia from French Tobruk (?), in Lybia from Egypt and Tunis, have been too frequent and important instances to leave any hope that in the present war international law may inhibit any act that any of the belligerent nations may consider to their advantage....

Let us leave aside the legality of the communications of the English government when it declared the North Sea a military zone, and forced the shipping of neutral nations (Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway) to follow established routes. Still one cannot help feeling some surprise that after such communications the declaration of blockade by Germany should be declared an act of piracy. Thus the great conflict between nations sinks to the level of a squabble between schoolchildren. And this seems so much more the case when one considers the littleness of the

¹ Translated from the Italian by Carlotta G. Cipriani. For some account of the author of these letters see page 439.

arguments used to saddle the responsibility of the war on one country rather than on the other. When the war is over . . . a long and painstaking investigation will be needed to prove that the people who are responsible for it are exactly those who did not want it. "Arm yourself in time of peace if you wish to avoid war," has once more proved true. . . .

No one in Italy would be able to say at the present moment with any degree of certainty if, when, and against whom we are to go to war. England seems to have lost a great part of her popularity, even in America. Unfortunately the position of England and France in the Mediterranean is more of an obstacle to the development of Italy than the position of Austria on the Alps and the Adriatic.

In order to attain to a world-position, Italy needs the control of the Mediterranean, and this she cannot have without the possession of Tunis and Biserta, and perhaps Malta. We are now paying the penalty for former errors, and evidently the position of Italy in this war is not what it should have been according to her traditions and sympathies. Long years of a mistaken policy have produced a hybrid war with alliances that are nothing less than monstrous, to wit the alliance of France and England with Russian czarism.

The men who have governed Italy in the past are greatly to blame for this. Even more to blame, especially with regard to the consequences, are the English statesmen who have allowed a decadence of the national production and commerce that have made possible the gigantic commercial development of Germany. Thus they rendered inevitable the present war, which is primarily due to Anglo-German rivalry. England's responsibility for the war becomes every day more apparent, and the consequences for her will be exceedingly grave when it is proven that she has attempted to stifle a peaceful development by violence and bloodshed, and that to competition she has preferred the clash of arms.

On the other hand, war had become a necessity for her principally on account of the high cost of production that prevails in England. This high cost of production is due to the agitation of the labor unions that have handicapped in every conceivable way the rational development of England's industries.

Here in Italy we feel with especial keenness that the apparent struggle of races and national interests is in reality a struggle of internal policy. The splendid proof of German solidarity and the failure of international socialism prove once again how much more

honorable and stable is a government based on the efficiency of men than a government based on the sympathy of the masses captured by vain promises. The United States should take this lesson to heart, and I hope Italy will do so too.

* * *

TURIN, May 28, 1915.

I have not written to you for some time, but it was not my fault. I have passed through a period of distressing uncertainty, because I had to find a solution in accord with my tastes and my just pride; one that would moreover honor the name I bear, which has never been sullied by any one, at least on the firing-line.

I have found a solution of which, I believe, almost all our relatives and friends approve. I could not return to the navy because any satisfactory command given to me would entail an injustice to my companions. I have always had an aversion for sedentary posts on shore, so I have decided to volunteer as military observer in the aviation corps. I have been successful, and I enrolled yesterday. They have been very courteous, and have enrolled me with my former rank. I think I shall soon start for the front.....

* * *

June 10, 1915.

Good luck to you, dear sister, and let us hope that everything will go well with me.

I did not want war with Austria, but the Green Book and the publication of some of the articles of the treaty of the Triple Alliance reveal in what little esteem we were held by our allies. War is therefore a question of national dignity. I do not understand the Austrian diplomacy, nor do I understand why the Germans in their press and by the speech of Bethmann-Hollweg should attempt to arouse a hostility against Germany that did not previously exist. They feel conscious of their strength, and they are very strong. They are worthy of admiration, but I believe they are mistaken when they despise the Italian soldier. The country is united and enthusiastic, and if it proves to possess the endurance and cohesion needed for a long and difficult war, the qualities of our soldiers are such that they will surprise Europe.

And I am glad that we shall face a powerful adversary. Our race will be tempered anew by a struggle worthy of our wars of

independence. Have you seen the proclamation of the king? It is concise, moderate and strong.

Viva l'Italia, dear sister,....

* * *

[From the Front, June 11, 1915.]

....I am pretty well satisfied, and would be even more so if I could manage to weigh some twenty kilos less than my actual weight. Lightness is a great advantage in aviation. Yet I am considerably underweight for my age and height. I have already made two flights over the enemy's lines, and I am more and more convinced that if aviation is intelligently used it will render the greatest possible service. You cannot imagine how like a game of hide-and-seek modern warfare is—and how well the enemy succeeds in hiding. There is no more effective means of finding him than flying over his lines. The amusing part of it is that you play the hero more for others than for yourself. The noise of the motor covers the bursting of the shells aimed at you, and your attention is generally so engrossed that you do not even see them.

We are making slow but steady progress. The slowness is due to the nature of the country, since war in a mountainous district is necessarily slow. A rapid advance would necessitate great sacrifices of men, which in many cases would moreover prove useless. Our little soldiers still keep all the good old qualities that they have always been known to possess. They are full of dash and good humor. The Alpine troops and *bersaglieri* (sharpshooters) have thus far distinguished themselves most of all, but as soon as they are given a chance I doubt not that our infantry, cavalry and artillery will do equally well. I fear the navy will have to resign itself patiently for the present to play a waiting game, but wherever they have had the opportunity, they have shown dash and valor.

* * *

[From the Front] June 14, 1915.

....I am well, and on the whole, I am satisfied with the way things are going....I cannot predict the conditions of peace for this war, because, as is always the case when conflicts are very vast, definite and clear claims are lacking. This war has evidently been brought about by the industrial and economical development of Germany. But one of the principal underlying causes is also the

economic discomfort caused even to the richest and oldest nations by their permanent armaments. Whatever be the outcome of this war, the problem will remain unsolved. I am firmly convinced that Italy will gain on the East at least enough to constitute what we call "a military frontier," but I do not know whether the Adriatic, and even less the Mediterranean, problem can be solved.

What I feel sure of is that the war will not serve to strengthen that poor international law that should have been the forerunner of universal peace and arbitration. Never before have all available means been resorted to as is being done to-day. Even in the Boer war England refrained from using colored troops, while to-day, irrespective of the minor colonial wars, all the races of the world are to be found on the French battlefields.

And while Europe is exhausting herself and tearing herself to pieces, Japan is gaining the upper hand in China, and imposing whatever conditions she chooses. Contrary to my expectations, the United States shows no concern in the matter. I foresee that at the close of the war, whenever that may be, the victors, whoever they are, will find it hard to agree.

It appears that with the exception of Russia every one is very careful not to make too great sacrifices of men and of material on any of the European fronts. Yet thus far Germany gives no sign of weakening. England is making enormous efforts, and should perhaps make the supreme effort of "conscription." But I have little faith in improvised armies, especially because it is impossible to improvise officers and non-commissioned officers, and I do not know whether the country would be willing to submit to a sacrifice that appears to be repugnant to its habits of thought. Although our newspapers copy only the accounts of the optimistic press, I cannot forget the English papers I used to read at Naples.

It is true that the resources of Germany cannot be inexhaustible, especially hemmed in as she now is. But to carry the war into a country that has fought and is fighting with the strength and cohesion Germany has shown, and the preparation she has revealed, would prove no easy task. I believe that if the Germans were driven from all the conquered territory they now occupy, the Entente Allies would make peace. But it is hard to foresee the basis for this peace. Can England demand the mastery of the sea? She has neither sufficient strength nor sufficient men to maintain it, and in due time it would be claimed by all the nations that are allied to-day, and by all those that have remained benevolently neutral. Can England impose on Germany an industrial and economical servi-

tude? Such a course would offend too many interests that would ill brook such a monopoly.

On the other hand the imposing spectacle of strength that Germany is actually displaying, the value a long and patient preparation has in modern warfare, are so striking at the present moment that I scarcely believe peace will bring either the abolition or even a reduction of armaments. I hold that the conditions and factors of peace have to be sought rather in the social and economical conditions of the world than in the immediate results of the war. Should these factors prove to be rational and righteous, peace will be enduring; otherwise we shall have what we call "a lull in the storm," and the tempest will break out with greater violence after a short interval.

The present political alignment is not sound. England fighting side by side with France and Russia gives little promise of good, even for the near future.

On the other hand, I do not know to what extent Germany is disposed to back Austria, who is revealing once more all her natural and acquired weaknesses. I believe that Austria and Turkey will be the ones to pay the price of the war, but the situation in the Balkans is too complicated to foreshadow any possible settlement. Still this settlement is indispensable for the future tranquillity of Europe.

I hope that the strength of the race and the military qualities of the Italian people will enable us to acquire the place in the world that is our due. At any rate, for our country this war has had the great merit of revealing the harmfulness of a government that endures only by dint of temporary makeshifts, as was the case with Giolitti's....

* * *

[From the Front], June 20, 1915.

....Yes—let us hope that Massimo d'Azeglio's² wish may be fulfilled. May this war make the Italians. Unfortunately long

² Note of Miss Cipriani: "While my father knew and admired Cavour, he did not like him; on the other hand he was devoted to Massimo d'Azeglio. Soon after the birth of my second brother, Alexander, Massimo d'Azeglio came to call on my mother, who sent for us, my two brothers and myself. It was then that, holding the baby, he said to my mother: 'Your husband and I have helped to make Italy, but the greatest task remains for you to perform: *make the Italians.*' This is a sentence that d'Azeglio often repeated in his writings, and that has become classic in Italy, but which undoubtedly had a greater significance for us than it had for many others—as, I think, the whole trend of my brother's letters shows."

years of a mean foreign policy and a dishonest internal one had created an unendurable condition of things.

For the time being, war has united all parties, the country is strong and stands shoulder to shoulder, our soldiers still possess their ancient good qualities, and faith in ourselves will grow as necessity calls for it.

Many of those who in the long years past have kept Italy from preparing as she should have done, must at last have changed their minds. They are now at the front, and if death spares them, they will go home with the knowledge that a modern war must be patiently and secretly prepared a long time ahead, if disasters and useless sacrifices are to be avoided....

The hugeness of the masses and the extension of the battle-front preclude the possibility of a decisive battle. But the effectiveness of the artillery and of infantry attacks remains, and I think that the latter will become more and more effective. The unforeseen development of the war, the lack of preparation of the strongest nations, have now given us a year of preparation. But if things continue to go as they are going now, there will be no solution, unless there is some truth in the report that the internal resources of Germany are beginning to show signs of exhaustion. It is evident that Germany cannot attack all of her enemies at once, and is obliged to defend the new boundaries which she has conquered and fortified. If within these boundaries Germany can be considered a besieged stronghold that must eventually surrender on account of famine, then victory may be obtained by a passive resistance.

But the losses and economical discomfort of the war must weigh on the Entente Allies in the same way and with the same pressure they do on Germany, in which case a violent and decisive action will at some time become imperative.

When we come to that pass, you may rest assured that our good little soldiers will prove themselves second to none.

I consider even the country better than it is generally supposed to be. The countries that were least prepared were England first and France next, Russia is the military delusion she always has been. Austria is doing her level best, but the only country that had a serious, far-reaching, orderly preparation was Germany.

We have done miracles: we are at war, and have had to improvise almost our entire armament. If Austria had believed that we were able to do this she would probably have avoided a break with us. But she considered us weak and inefficient. We actually were weak, and we appeared inefficient. A pervading, quickening

breath has enabled the country to place in the field forces that Austria did not realize were at our disposal, while England, that promised to place in the field two million men, only got meagre results from volunteer recruiting.

The very war makes us conscious of the necessity of the war. We are slowly conquering the military frontier which we asked for. We cannot compare our gains with those first made and then lost by the Russians in Galicia, nor with the astounding German successes of the first days of the war. From the very first our war has been a difficult mountain war, rendered more difficult by the thorough preparation of Austria along her Italian boundary. But each slow step we take is a sure step; each advantage we gain will entail on our adversaries an equal if not a greater effort than ours, if they ever attempt to regain what they have lost. Our frontier was entirely open to invasion; now we have already conquered positions that constitute a strong defense.

The press does wrong in making the country believe that our enemies are weak and do not fight well. To-day for the first time I have read in the *Corriere della Sera* something that approaches the truth. The prisoners we have taken are all young, strong, well armed and well nourished. The passage of the King's proclamation that pleased me immensely was the one that said: "You will find an adversary worthy of you." And the strength of our adversary "will make the Italians." An easy, quick, sure victory would have been our undoing. It is imperative to eradicate completely from our minds our former faith in being always able to provide at the last moment, the faith in *colpi di mano* (sudden expedients), as we call them in the navy.

The whole of Europe rebelled at the masterly, industrious, persevering manner in which Germany had carried on her military, industrial, economic and civil preparation. But when calm is restored, it will be necessary not only to admire this preparation, but to imitate it. I am pleased that there exists in Italy a profound respect and great admiration for the Germans. This respect and admiration inspire me with confidence in our own power of resistance. I have never felt any doubt concerning the enthusiasm and the spirit of the Italians, but I did not have complete confidence in Italy's power of resistance. In my opinion it was civil more than military preparation that was lacking. Well—Italy has taken the war with a seriousness, a calm, a determination that are really admirable. I saw the first outbursts of enthusiasm, not at Naples, Rome or Turin, but on the military trains that were carrying the reserves

to the front. The first places where I saw any celebrations were on the frontier. The rest of the country was quiet, severe, but completely calm and serene. All this inspires me with a great hope. After the declaration of war all discussions ceased, every one felt the necessity of winning. No one is better able to perform miracles than the Italian who is thoroughly convinced that it is up to him to do something. Yes, dear sister, I hope with you that this war will make the Italians. If when they are made, they are conscious of it, if they use all the uncommon gifts of their race for the purpose of organizing and remaining united, then Italy may look forward to a future of power and respect....

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF PLEASURE AND PAIN.

BY R. E. BOYNS.

HERBERT SPENCER says that "pleasures are the correlatives of actions that lead to welfare." That is doubtless true as a general statement, for it is the pursuit of pleasure that has made us what we are. Every organism, in its struggle to survive, has naturally been guided by its inclination toward the most pleasant feeling. Hence survival has been held to imply the building up of structure, or anabolism, and so anabolism and pleasure have been associated in the orthodox view of organic action. Many observers however refuse to see any connection between the two, for it is not difficult to point out instances where the association is not apparent. The graceful curve of a flourishing *embonpoint* doubtless recalls the pleasures of the table, but it can scarcely be said that growth in general, which inevitably implies excess of anabolism over catabolism, is accompanied by any conscious pleasure. On the contrary, do we not hear of "growing-pains"? There is however a third view which no one has as yet maintained, but which we believe to be the correct one: anabolism is pain, and it is catabolism which is the real pleasure—not merely that which accompanies pleasure, but that which is actually felt in the brain as such.

This seems paradoxical, but a slight consideration of the proofs will demonstrate its truth.

In the first place, no injury is painful. It is the repair which is so. It is not at all painful to cut your finger, as you may have proved by unexpectedly doing so when wiping a razor; but if you have an opportunity to anticipate what is coming, as in the case of

a mere hypodermic injection, you are quite likely to import into the operation some appropriate feelings. It is not, however, until after an appreciable interval that the pain begins and a throbbing announces that repair has started with the celerity which distinguishes an ant community when an invader has worked destruction in its midst.

That we have made the proper association is sufficiently evident in this: if the cutting were the cause of the pain, when it ceased the pain would cease. On the contrary, it begins with the process of repair and continues during the whole time that repair is in progress.

It is common knowledge that soldiers in battle do not feel bullet-wounds, and that fact has been attributed to the excitement of combat being so great as to divert their attention even from severe physical suffering, but that this is an error has been many times pointed out. Kipling, for instance, in his well-known story, *Without Benefit of Clergy*, says that it is not until fifteen or sixteen seconds have elapsed that the sting of a bullet is felt. It is, one might say, nature's command, "Fall in!" to the forces of repair, and when they have got well into action the pain becomes so great as to incapacitate the soldier for further effort, the incapacity and pain being precisely synchronous, no more and no less, with the repair.

In the second place, all catabolism that we can observe is pleasurable, the simplest example being physical exercise, the pure joy of living. There are few pleasures that surpass the vigorous use of the muscles by a healthy young man, while the lassitude and soreness of the succeeding day proceed from the necessary anabolism of repair. In contrast with the pleasure of activity is the *ennui*, the disgust, produced by idleness, when anabolism is triumphant.

Normally our condition is a state of equilibrium between pleasure and pain, but a slight stimulus, either to muscular or merely nervous action, means an expenditure of nervous energy, or catabolic action, in the nervous tract, and this is pleasurable. Long continuance, or sudden and great increase of the stimulation, which means such as to necessitate immediate repair, becomes painful.

Most of these feelings of pleasure and pain come to us normally through the action of several senses, and in any case can only be cognized through the medium of nervous action, but it is to be understood that feelings may be experienced apart from that conscious local association implied in a sensation due to a definite sense organ. The glow experienced from exercise in the open air comes

from a diffuse catabolism over the whole anatomy. We may point however to certain sensations proper as affording ready concrete examples of the association of catabolism with pleasure and anabolism with pain.

The pleasure derived from a beautiful landscape implies that catabolism has taken place in the optic nerve, but the stimulus is so slight that the slower process of the consequent anabolism will be unnoticed. On the other hand direct gazing at the sun is painful, as the excitation is too great for the nerve and the exhaustive catabolism calls for immediate and extensive anabolism.

It is, as all psychologists know, an ascertained fact that a pleasurable stimulus long continued becomes painful just as surely as does an excessive stimulus. The application to sight however is not immediately apparent from the fact that the view, or even the picture, is not continuously the same. A view is in a constant state of change, while the chiaroscuro of a picture varies with the light by which it is seen. The applicability appears more clearly in the case of sound, for a tune is always the same. At first it is enjoyable, but by the twentieth repetition it has probably become distasteful. The gentle rhythm accords with the natural catabolic action of the auditory nerve, but after a time repair fails to keep pace with the waste, and irritation, which is the forerunner of pain, is the result. In the sense of sound too we easily interpret the action of a sudden unperiodic attack of discord or noise, which, as it were, tears the nerve and calls for immediate repair and the accompanying pain.

It is scarcely necessary to follow the implication in the sense of taste by means of honey and quinine, and the same may be said of smell, illustrated by *eau de Cologne* and hydric sulphite.

To some it might appear at first sight difficult to reconcile this theory with the pains of disease, but a moment's consideration will show that here, in fact, is its chief stronghold. The pangs of gout and rheumatism, no doubt, proceed from the necessity for the repair of tiny bloodvessels ruptured by the circulation endeavoring to force its way through them when clogged by the deposits characteristic of those diseases. In the same way colic accompanies repair to the intestines consequent on injuries caused by distension, and all the other pains are similarly explained; but there are two diseases which are especially illuminating: cancer, which is essentially anabolic in its nature and therefore the most painful of all; and tuberculosis, which is typically catabolic, and none are so contented and happy as those who are said to "suffer" from it, espe-

cially in their dreams, which take place during the passage from sleep to consciousness, when catabolism is gradually getting control.

Apparently the only feelings left for consideration are those of hunger and thirst. The satisfaction of these desires consists of course in the catabolic action of the sense of taste and the other buccal and alimentary needs appertaining thereto, and, in analogy with the other cases we have considered, over-indulgence of these pleasures would no doubt proceed to pain, but in actual experience we seldom get beyond that amount of anabolism which implies satisfaction or a sufficiency. The pains we commonly associate with hunger and thirst are however of quite a different character and belong in the same category with the others caused by disturbances of the digestive tract. The pain of hunger is accompanied by a contracted stomach, and the pain of thirst by a swollen tongue, both of which must imply rupturing of small bloodvessels and tissues, and consequent efforts at repair. No doubt many other lesions occur, but it is satisfactory to think that subjects for their study have not been plentiful enough, apart from the difficulty of the investigation, to furnish any accurate knowledge on the subject. Let us hope it may continue so.

It would probably be hazardous and premature to attempt to account for that peculiar *yearning* which accompanies hunger and thirst, but it may be merely the appropriate sensation, like the *ennui* or disgust which precedes the transition from pleasure to pain in the case of over-stimulation of any one of the senses.

Perhaps it might be as well to guard against an almost impossible misconception by pointing out that though anabolism implies pain, it does not follow that destruction or injury implies pleasure, for catabolism is something quite different. It is nervous action within the body, not physical rupture from without.

To psychologists I might also say that I have been at no pains to distinguish between sensation and feeling, or between pain and mere absence of pleasure. Such distinctions are for them. I am merely dealing with their physical basis. It is no concern of mine whether pleasure be regarded as a sensation or a feeling, an emotion, a cognition, or, if you please, a palpitation, a vibration, or a thrill. My sole thesis is that it is something in the brain which corresponds to catabolism, just as sound corresponds to vibration. We have long since had vibrations of air and ether translated into the pleasures of sound and sight by the catabolic action of the auditory and optic nerves, but these are merely special cases of pleasure. This theory extends the idea to the whole framework

of the body. Wherever in tissue of any kind we have catabolic action we have pleasure, until the catabolism becomes so great as to demand anabolism, and pain supervenes. Some day, no doubt, we shall be able to treat the emotions, and even cognition, in a similar way, and these will naturally be found to be special cases like sound and sight, the feelings remaining the all-embracing states of consciousness not limited to any part of the anatomy.

Before closing I should like to draw attention to what the adherents of the orthodox doctrine that pleasure is associated with anabolism commit themselves to. They have to assert that they believe it possible for a nerve or a cell to function by renewing itself, which makes the theory of spontaneous generation a mere trifle in comparison. All observant persons are aware that no machine, whether natural or artificial, can function without a waste of substance. No nerve or cell can act except by catabolism, and if this action had not been pleasurable it never would have taken place at all. It was the pursuit of pleasure which originally called us into existence and which has kept us in activity ever since. If anabolism is pleasure, then, before the development of reason, an animal must be supposed to act as though willing to submit to the present catabolic pain for the sake of the consequent anabolic pleasure, which we know to be beyond the power of even a reflecting person to do.

The whole theory may be expressed and its rationality vouched for according to Mill's method of agreement without waste of words. Wherever we have pleasure we have catabolism, as in the excitation of the nerve of taste; and wherever we have pain we have anabolism, as in the healing of a wound. Or, conversely, wherever we have warmth—functioning, catabolism—we have pleasure; and wherever we have cold—conservation, repair, anabolism—we have pain.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

This article of Mr. R. E. Boyns is interesting because he criticizes the current opinion that pleasure is anabolism, and pain catabolism; or, in other words, that pleasure is felt in a condition of growth, while pain is decay. He reverses the statement and identifies anabolism with pain and catabolism with pleasure. We expressed our view some years ago in *The Monist*, Vol. VI, and we believe that the theory is a little more complicated than either the current view or Mr. Boyns assumes. We believe that pain is a

disturbance of any kind, be it by anabolism or catabolism. The growing-pain is a disturbance in the tissues and bones of a growing child, and it is the disturbance which is painful, not the growth itself. The same is true of growing and of decaying teeth; both processes are painful. This law is not limited to bodily pain. It is true also of society as a whole, disturbances either of a rapid development or degeneration producing social conditions which involve important experiences. The disturbances themselves may be due either to a rapid growth of society or to the reverse, a degeneration or dissolution, or to any cause that interferes with conditions to which people are accustomed and that demands adjustment to new situations.

Pleasure is different. Pleasure is the satisfaction of a want; the more intense the want has become the greater will be the pleasure accompanying its satisfaction. This theory explains also why pleasures are so different. One may take delight in stimulating drinks while another man abhors alcohol in any form. One may enjoy tobacco, another may be disgusted with its use, or even the very smell of a cigar or a pipe may be repulsive to him. If, however, any person has become accustomed to the use of stimulants he will enjoy them, and the memory of former satisfactions will make the expectation of pleasures more and more desirable.

A correct interpretation of the nature of pleasure and pain is important in reference to ethics. The utilitarian ethics proposed by Bentham and upheld by Herbert Spencer defines the nature of moral goodness as a realization of the highest amount of pleasure among the greatest number of people; that is, pleasure is made the standard of measuring goodness. But if the nature of pleasure depends so greatly upon habits, whether developed in a natural or in an abnormal way, we shall have to turn the tables and make the main question of ethics rather the problem: to what wants shall the masses of the people be educated in order to find their greatest pleasure in the satisfaction of the most desirable functions of their activity? It seems that the simple reverse of the definition of pleasure and pain, as proposed by Mr. Boyns, would not offer a definite and correct solution of the problem, for it will not be difficult to find pleasures that are catabolic and pains that are anabolic. In a word, it would appear that neither anabolism nor catabolism itself can decide whether we have to deal with pleasure or pain, and that their relations to pleasure and pain are, for our purpose, accidental.

P. C.

THE TELEPATHIC BULLET.

AN EXPERIENCE OF A PSYCHIC RESEARCHER.

BY P. C.

WHEN I was young and vigorous the question, "If a man die shall he live again?" weighed heavily upon my soul, but since I have grown old and have experienced life and become acquainted with many of the terrors which fate, blindly as it often seems, doles out to mortals, I have become reconciled to the thought of death and have come to the conclusion that, whatever may be the truth regarding personal immortality, the final discontinuance of life should be regarded as a blessing. However it takes a deeper wisdom than youth possesses to understand this; and so in my youth, while lacking insight into the beauty of existence and into the depth of the law of compensation according to which life is balanced by death, I was anxious to have the question answered, "What is our destiny hereafter?" Before the tribunal of science there is no evidence in favor of a continuance of life beyond the grave, but is there not a realm of mystery inaccessible to science?

In those days the Society for Psychical Research was founded. The object of this society seemed to me a worthy one, so I joined the movement and devoted much of my time to the study of its problems. But I saw at once that there were many other questions connected with the main problem of my concern, and that the problem whether the soul of man lived on was only a side issue in the greater problem of spirit life. Are the manifestations of mysterious powers genuine, such as telepathy and other occult phenomena? Is there any veritable *actio in distans*? How far is the soul influenced by the body, and does it have an independent existence?

For years I had searched and investigated with the members of the Society for Psychical Research, but still remained unsatisfied, when one day the postman brought me a letter from the home of my father in the wooded mountains of central Germany, telling me of strange phenomena that had occurred through the agency of a mysterious forester. They were veritable marvels. Some people positively thought that the man was in league with the devil and had sold his soul to his Satanic Majesty in exchange for the

art of making magic bullets. I had never even heard of magic bullets before, but now I learned that they look very much like other bullets but that they never miss their aim, no matter what direction the man who handles the rifle may turn it. The superstitious say that a bullet must be blessed by the devil in order to become a magic bullet, but others declare that apparently the devil has nothing to do with it, and that the power that guides the magic bullet in its course is simply a spiritual mystery which may be good or evil according to the use to which it is put.

Here was a case worthy of investigation, and although my fortune amounted to but a few thousand dollars and I had to earn my own livelihood, I resolved to go to Germany and endeavor to find out at all costs the truth of the matter and submit the facts to the Society for Psychical Research. Accordingly I took leave of absence for a year and set out at once for the Fatherland.

Scarcely a fortnight had elapsed when I arrived in a little town in central Germany where tourists used to come in summertime to enjoy the beautiful scenery of the mountains and the ruined medieval castles. One of these castles, "Hohenstein," was situated near the village, and close by the castle stood the home of the mysterious forester. Our forester bore the appropriate name of Schütz, and the people used to call him *Der Freischütz* after the hero of Weber's famous opera of the hunter who procured magic bullets with the help of the Evil One.

The mysterious forester was said to be an excellent man. He was described as a friend of the poor and was universally beloved in the district where he lived. But there was something uncanny about him; he could do things which no one else could accomplish. It had been the passion of my life to find out the truth about spirit phenomena, and here at last I had a case which was represented to me by my relatives as truly genuine.

The landlord of the inn where I first established my headquarters said to me: "If you can stay with the Schütz family you will have the time of your life. He is the most popular man in these parts, but I give you fair warning that the old castle near by is haunted." I smiled and answered: "There aren't any ghosts these days." The innkeeper became serious. "I am not superstitious," he said, "but things happen in Hohenstein which are strange and difficult to explain unless you believe in ghosts. Once I had two guests from Berlin who sat on the very sofa where you are sitting now. They were absolute infidels. You know these metropolitan scoffers, frivolous and flippant, with cocksure bravado: We here

have no use for Berliners; to them everything in Berlin is great and famous, and they have a contempt for everything outside of their city. I told them they could find things here that they didn't have in Berlin, especially the beauty of the forests, the pleasant mountains and the romantic castle with its medieval traditions. They laughed and one of them replied: 'Yes, these wooded mountains are not in Berlin, but if they were they would be more wonderful.' But these young dudes found something here they had never met before.

"Well, the next day they strolled up to the castle, but they soon came down in a hurry, pale and with their clothes all torn. They would have been glad to conceal their plight but they had been through brambles and thorns and were very much excited. One of them was sick and I had to send for a physician. He said that the young fellow had a high fever and must have experienced a dreadful fright. By and by the facts leaked out. They had gone to visit Castle Hohenstein and had rambled through the ruins. On coming to a cave leading down to a mysterious door under the foundations of the keep they entered it, and one of them—the one whose bluster had been the loudest on the previous day—pushed open the door and called out to the knight who had inhabited the castle in former days: 'Sir Knight,' he shouted, 'I challenge you to combat with straight steel swords'; whereupon a deep bass voice was heard to speak from the depths of the underground recesses: 'Come, my good page, hand me helmet, shield and sword, and I will teach these modern fools better manners.' The hearts of the two swaggerers leaped into their throats. They were terribly frightened and tried to sneak out of the cave, but still the voice followed them. It shouted in the same *basso profundo*: 'It is damnable to disturb a ghost's rest. Stand, fellows, and fight!' But our Berlin travelers ran, and while breaking through the underbrush and the thorns of the thicket a loud ghostly laughter from the castle pursued them as if in mockery at their cowardice."

The landlord of the inn thus concluded his story: "Now, sir, you may believe in ghosts or not, but what I have said is positively true. These two lads from Berlin stayed here several days. I have their addresses and you can look into the matter. Every word of the story is true. The fellows were sick for several days and swore they would never again scoff at ghosts."

"Well," said I, "it is very difficult to believe that such things happen; but I understand that the forester, Herr Schütz, is a very mysterious personage. Can you tell me anything about him?"

"Yes indeed," replied the innkeeper, "he is a mysterious man, but if you meet him you will scarcely see anything remarkable in him except that he is a jolly good fellow, very good-natured and of fine appearance with his long grizzled beard. And though he is actually known to use magic bullets no one here believes that he is in league with the devil."

"Why do you say that he actually uses magic bullets?" I asked. "I suppose the explanation is simply that he is a good shot."

"Yes," nodded the innkeeper in reply, "of course he is a good shot—he is easily the best shot in the country; but there is no denying that he uses magic bullets. Listen! I will tell you of an event in his life that is known all over the country, for it led up to his marriage with the old forester's daughter.

"Herr Schütz came here to be the assistant of old Herr Möller, his predecessor, a fine old gentleman." The innkeeper sat silent for a little. "Yes," he mused, as if living again in the scenes of the past, "I see young Schütz still before me—a fine youth, but a little wild and always on the lookout for some adventure. He was full of pranks, and the girls—well, the girls were all in love with him. Herr Möller liked him too, but when the young man asked him for the hand of his daughter the old man objected. He liked the boy well enough but he was too wild to suit him and he bluntly refused. 'Marry anybody else,' he said, 'but not my daughter.' This was a great disappointment to the young forester, but he knew that Anna Möller secretly loved him.

"One Friday night rain was falling heavily and a very severe thunderstorm came up. Old Herr Möller was sitting in the lodge, his daughter Anna was reading aloud to him and young Schütz was there listening to the story when a messenger came from his Royal Highness, the Duke, saying that for the following Sunday, the next day but one, fresh venison was wanted for supper because his Royal Highness was expecting to entertain royalty, indeed no less than members of the family of the King of Prussia, and the Duke wished to serve the best that his dukedom could afford. 'That is impossible,' said old Möller, 'does he think I can go out hunting in this infernal storm? Go tell his Highness that I cannot shoot a stag in time. I cannot go out to-night, and probably not to-morrow either.'

"At this young Schütz jumped up and exclaimed: 'Herr Oberförster, I will go and bring you a stag for the Duke's table. I will have one here within two or three hours.'

"The old forester turned toward him with a smile of incredulity, and said sarcastically, 'Do not make yourself ridiculous.'

"Then the messenger of the Duke urged, 'His Royal Highness is in earnest. He wants a stag for Sunday night, and if you do not furnish it you risk his personal displeasure. You know the Duke.' With these words he left the forester's lodge.

"Herr Möller became serious, and young Schütz repeated, 'Let me go.'

"'Oh, no!' interrupted Anna, 'please don't go. You would risk your life in this terrible weather, and you cannot hunt, for the stags won't come out.'

"'Well,' said young Schütz, 'I won't go out of the house if you don't want me to, but I'll shoot the stag anyhow.'

"With these words Schütz took a rifle from the rifle cabinet, loaded it before the eyes of the old forester and his daughter and went out into the kitchen. The whole family, who had watched him with intense curiosity, followed, and the servants in the kitchen also wondered what was going to happen. There the young assistant stood, looking up into the chimney above the hearth. He waited a moment, then raised his rifle, muttering: 'There he comes! A fine stag, with at least eight branches to his antlers. Oh, if I could get him!'—and bang! off went the gun.

"'Now, Herr Oberförster,' he said, 'that's all. Will you send Hans to bring in the quarry? It would not be good for the stag to lie out so long in this rain. Hans can take my raincoat, but he must take the cart along for he couldn't carry such a large animal so far.'

"Then said Oberförster Möller, who had been watching his assistant in silence: 'What kind of a theatrical performance is this? What is your fooling all about?'

"The young assistant answered: 'There is no fooling about it. Send Hans to bring in the stag and you will find that I am not fooling.'

"Schütz then called Hans, the boy who ran errands for the lodge, chopped wood and tended the garden, and young Schütz explained to him where the stag lay. 'You must leave the highroad to Ratenhausen at the mileage-stone, turn to the right, and walk across the meadow till you reach the brook. Along the brook runs a footpath; follow this to the right and you will see before you a small thicket. Search it carefully. When I hit the stag I saw him crawl into the thicket, and there he fell and breathed his last. You cannot miss him.'

"The forester said to the boy, 'Hans, don't go, Herr Schütz is fooling us.'

"Schütz looked earnestly at his superior and answered: 'Herr Oberförster, as truly as I stand here, and as truly as I love your daughter, and as truly as I mean to marry her, the stag lies there and I know that Hans will find him. With my own eyes I saw him fall!' And turning to Hans he added: 'If I am deceiving you you may proclaim me publicly as a humbug. Go, Hans, and trust me; you will not come home empty-handed.'

"The boy went off with his cart, and in three hours—it was a little after midnight—he came back bringing the stag—a real stag—and the Duke had venison for his Sunday banquet where the royal guests feasted on the stag that was shot with a magic bullet."

"Is that all true?" I gasped in astonishment as the innkeeper finished his story. "What more can you tell me about it?"

"Well," said the innkeeper, "ask Herr Oberförster Schütz; he is the man who did it. Later he married Fräulein Anna Möller, and a merry wedding it was. Soon afterward he was appointed forester over a neighboring district. It was a neglected place, but he did his duty well and the territory improved greatly; and when Herr Möller grew old he asked the Duke to have his son-in-law appointed Oberförster in his place. This was granted, and a few years later the old man died.

"You look incredulous," continued the innkeeper, "you probably suspect me of telling you untruths."

"Indeed," said I, "I do find it difficult to believe you. I have heard of telepathic communication between sensitives, and also between the living and the dead, but I have never heard of telepathic bullets. If the German Kaiser knew of it he would certainly have some member of the Society for Psychical Research invent telepathic artillery to bombard any armies that might dare to invade the Fatherland."

"I shouldn't wonder," replied the innkeeper, "if some such invention has been made before this and is now preserved among the secrets of the War Office."

I wish I could cut this story short and end it here, but I have a streak of honesty in me and must tell the whole truth; for an opportunity now presented itself to look farther into the matter, and what I found was really astonishing.

The landlord had given me Herr Schütz's address soon after my arrival, and I had written to him asking him whether and on what terms I could take up my abode for a few weeks in his home. The next morning after my discussion with the innkeeper I received a letter from the forester bidding me welcome to his home

in the solitude of the forest. I cannot describe the joy I felt at meeting this wonderful man, and I had indeed the most delightful time of my life. He was the most congenial man I ever met. No suspicion of a pact with the devil ever entered my mind; he was too good, too honest and too kind-hearted. I did my best to gain his confidence and he soon took a fancy to me. People in the Fatherland like to hear about America, and I told him as much as I thought would please him about the great west, the Rocky Mountains, the National Park and the bears that came up to the hotel there to be fed by the travelers; and he enjoyed my descriptions greatly. He took me out hunting with him, and soon we became fast friends.

One evening after the forester's wife had retired I told him of the stories I had heard about him, and he chuckled. I looked at him, hoping to interpret his laugh, but in vain; and then he said: "I will tell you, but you must promise not to repeat it to anybody until forty years have elapsed, for in all probability no one concerned in the story will then be alive. And if you ever write the story down do not give the real name of our village or of the duchy where it happened; people might find out, and if I were still alive I should be an object of ridicule. I hold a prominent position here at court, and you understand that I do not wish to lose it."

I gave Herr Schütz a solemn promise to fulfil the condition under which alone I might divulge what he was about to tell, and he told his story.

"I had always been a wild boy and liked nothing better than poaching. While still attending the gymnasium I had a rifle of my own and often roamed with it through the woods, from time to time bringing home rabbits or a deer for the kitchen. Later I decided to become a forester and went to the forestry academy in Eberswalde. When I began here as assistant forester I loved to roam the woods and always carried my rifle with me as my faithful companion. But first let me tell you what happened to me one day in the beer-cellar of my late father-in-law. It was a queer circumstance!

"The day was hot. I felt thirsty and longed for a drink. The cellar lies over there below the rock in a cave under the keep of the old castle. I went into it, sat down on a stone, emptied a bottle of beer and leaned back to cool off. I was so comfortable after the oppressive heat of outdoors that I fell asleep. Now listen to what happened. The cellar-door was suddenly flung open and I could see two figures against the light that shone in. I was sitting in the

shadow and was invisible. The intruders were strangers, and one of them shouted into the cellar, addressing the ghost whom he assumed to be haunting the old castle. 'Sir Knight,' he shouted, 'I challenge you to combat!' or some words to that effect. He added some comments of boastful self-praise, contemptuously saying that he was not afraid of ghosts and would dare a legion of them and all the devils too. I recognized from his dialect that he was a Berlin dude, and on the spur of the moment I took up the challenge. I imagined myself the ghost of the dead lord of the castle, accompanied by an armor-bearing page. I spoke in a hollow voice, pretending to ask my page to bring me my sword, helmet and shield; and then I rose to my feet. I do not know whether the intruders saw me, or whether my voice frightened them; I only saw them turn and make away as hastily as they could. I burst into loud laughter, and even then they did not stop but ran down into the valley. Yes, they did run, and their adventure became known in town. The result was that a rumor started that the castle was haunted.

"I have never before told my side of the story, but in forty years you may tell the truth and say that I was the ghost who haunted Hohenstein Castle.

"Well, you understand that that was one of my jokes, but the story of the telepathic bullet was an important incident in my life, for it made such an impression on the old forester that he consented to my marriage with his daughter Anna whom I loved devotedly, although it was difficult for me to convince the old gentleman that in spite of my wild pranks I would be sufficiently tame to make a good husband.

"It happened this way. One Thursday I had been out in Ratenhausen, a city on Prussian territory, to call for my rifle which I was having repaired. On my return through the forest I came upon the track of a stag and decided to follow the game. It took me hours to get a clear range. The wind was not favorable and I had to break through the thicket in a roundabout way. To my chagrin the stag ran onto Prussian ground, and in following up my chance I had to trespass on foreign land; but I could not resist the temptation. Finally by good luck I gained a clear range. When I pulled the trigger the stag happened to be right on the Prussian line. I saw him jump and run a few steps to a thick clump of bushes as if he wanted to seek refuge there, and then he fell. I felt like shouting, when suddenly I heard some one else give the hunter's halloo. I was perplexed for I was a few steps within the Prussian

territory and therefore on forbidden ground and liable to be convicted of poaching. Moreover Prussian foresters are very punctilious in their duties; if necessary they would surrender even their best friend to justice. And if the stag had been found the evidence against me would have been complete. So I hastened away from the spot into the Duke's preserve where I belonged, and then shouted my own halloo in reply. It was answered by repeated calls, and the voice drew nearer and nearer until we finally met, and of course at quite a little distance from foreign ground, in those portions of the forest where I had a perfect right to shoot. My plan succeeded better than I had hoped, although the danger was as great as it could possibly have been. The man who had been greeting, or rather challenging, me was the the most inopportune person I could have met at this critical moment—my Prussian colleague. But when we met it was not on Prussian ground, and happily he had no suspicion whatsoever of me. He was very curious as to who had fired a gun in the forest, but when I at once confessed that I had my rifle repaired that very day in Ratenhausen, that I was looking over its mechanism and that it had gone off by accident he took everything for granted, especially as I had the bill of repairs in my possession. He made no further ado, being satisfied that he had not come on the track of poachers. He walked home with me and I treated him at the first inn we came to.

"I had now but one problem to solve, and that was how to secure the booty. This did not seem an easy matter.

"On the following day a thunderstorm broke and I could not go out, but by a happy chance the Duke sent a special messenger that very evening to demand a stag for the Sunday banquet to feast some guests of the royal family of Prussia. I am sure they never knew that the venison was a Prussian stag poached by a Thuringian forester. Now you know all. But remember; don't reveal my secret for forty years—when I expect I shall have departed to the happy hunting grounds where poaching is not forbidden."

I had seriously contemplated sending the story told me by the friendly innkeeper to the publication of the Society for Psychical Research, but it had now lost all value for them in view of the explanation. When Herr Schütz told me his side of the story I was at first greatly disappointed, but after all, reflection on the incidents related only served to bring into clearer light the nature of spirit and the reality of the truth that the soul is the purpose-endowed center of a living being and thus becomes the guiding principle in the world of reality. I had formerly believed in a

peculiar distinct soul-being that could flit about and exercise a miraculous activity by telepathic means; but through physiological inquiry and philosophical study I lost that belief, and a great disillusionment it was when the beautiful dream dissolved. But gradually I have recovered from the shock I then suffered.

And now that the forty years have elapsed the story has acquired a new interest. And while I no longer believe in spirits, I believe in spirit more than ever before, and in telepathy which means the action of mind at a distance. And I find that, after all, the main truth remains unshaken, namely, the supremacy of mind and its sovereignty in the universe of our experience.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE EGYPTIAN ACCOUNT OF THE CREATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

The story of the origin of the world begins among the Egyptians as among the Babylonians with the existence of a watery abyss from which, according to the lore of the Heliopolis priests, came forth Nu and Nut. These deities are the male and female attributes of the inert primeval mass, in contrast to Khepera and Ra, the active principle, who like the spirit of Elohim hovers over the waters. The essential feature of this world, however, is the sun, and we see in the Egyptian presentation reproduced as our frontispiece the god Nu with outstretched arms lifting up the boat of the sun-god. The beetle Khepera (the dung beetle) emblem of spontaneous generation, rolls before him the sun, an oblong red disk which is received by a little figure representing the goddess Nut, who (in our picture inverted) stands upon the head of Osiris.

The body of Osiris is bent around in such a way that his toes touch his occiput thus forming a kind of circle which surrounds the realm of the Tuat, the domain of the dead. The Tuat is not limited to the human dead, but comprises also the place for gods where they retire from active work. Chief among them is Ra, the sun-god; he is swallowed up by the mouth of the goddess of Heaven, passes through her body and is born again the next morning. The entrance is pictured as the mouth of a lion and the exit of Ra's resurrection is another lion's mouth, the former being called "To-day," the other "To-morrow."

If we consider the significance of the abode of the dead we shall not be surprised to find Tuat an essential part of the world in a picture representing the Egyptian cosmology whose center is Ra, the sun, with his daily migration over the earth and his return through Tuat.

There is an ancient Egyptian book entitled the "Book of Knowing the Evolutions of Ra and of Overthrowing Apepi." It is frequently found in Egyptian tombs in two distinct versions, and Prof. E. A. Wallis Budge makes the following comment on it (*Gods of the Egyptians*, I, 294-5):

"The words here rendered by 'Evolutions' is *kheperu*, being derived from the root *keper* which means 'to make, to fashion, to produce, to form, to become,' and in a derived sense 'to roll,' so that the title might be translated the 'Book of Knowing the Becomings of Ra,' i. e., the things which were made, or created, or came into being through Ra. In the text the words are placed in the mouth of the god Neb-er-tcher, the lord of the universe and a form of the sun-god Ra, who says, 'I am he who came into being in the form of the god Khepera, and I was the creator of that which came into being, that is to say, I was the creator of everything that came into being; now when I had come into being myself, the things which I created and which came forth from out of my mouth were very many.' In these words Neb-er-tcher, or Ra, says that he took upon himself the form of Khepera, i. e., that he was the god who was most intimately connected with the creation of things of every kind. Khepera was symbolized by a beetle which belonged to the class of *Coprophagi* or 'dung-eaters' which, having laid its eggs in masses of dung, rolled them about until they became spherical in form. These balls, though made of dead, inert matter, contained the germs of life, which, under the influence of warmth, grew, and in due course developed into living creatures which could move about and seek their food. At a very early period in their history the Egyptians associated the sun's disk with the dung ball of the beetle, partly on account of its shape, and partly because it was the source of heat and light and life to man, even as the dung ball was to the young beetles. Having once got the idea that the disk of the sun was like the ball of the beetle, they went a step farther, and imagined that it must be pushed across the sky by a gigantic beetle just as the dung ball was rolled over the ground by a beetle on earth, and in pictures of the sunrise we actually see the disk being pushed up or forward into the sky by a beetle. Gradually the ideas of new life, resurrection, life in a new form, and the like, became attached to the beetle, and the god with the attributes of the beetle, among which in later days was included the idea of self-production, became one of the most important of the forms of Ra, and the creator of heaven, and earth, and the Tuat and all that is in them.

"Having declared under what form he had come into being Khepera goes on to say that his power was not exhausted by one creative act, but that he continued to create new things out of those which he had already made, and he says that they went forth from his mouth. The word 'mouth' may be here a figurative expression, but judging from other parts of the text we are probably intended to understand it literally. The god continues his narrative thus: 'Heaven did not exist, and earth had not come into being, and the things of the earth (plants?) and creeping things had not come into existence in that place (or, at that time), and I raised (or, built up) them from out of Nu from a state of inactivity.' Thus it is clear that Khepera himself was the one thing besides the watery abyss of Nu which was then in existence, and it is evident that we are to understand that he performed the various acts of creation without the help of any female principle, and that Nu had nothing to do with them except to supply the primeval matter, the *Urstoff* of Brugsch, from which all things were made."

Khepera (or as the Greeks called him, the scarab) remained sacred in the eyes of the Egyptians even after the breakdown of their ancient mythological conceptions of the world. So in early Christian times the scarab was used

also as a symbol of Christ as Mr. Isaac Myer says in his monograph on *Scarabs*, pages 63-64:

"After the Christian era the influence of the cult of the scarab was still left. St. Ambrose, archbishop of Milan, calls Jesus 'the good Scarabaeus, who rolled up before him the hitherto unshapen mud of our bodies.' St. Epiphanius has been quoted as saying of Christ: 'He is the scarabaeus of God,' and indeed it appears likely that what may be called Christian forms of the scarab yet exist. One has been described as representing the crucifixion of Jesus; it is white and the engraving is in green, on the back are two palm branches; many others have been found apparently engraved with the Latin cross."

AN ITALIAN WAR HERO.

Captain Riccardo Cipriani, some of whose letters from the Italian front we are publishing on another page, had been an officer in the Italian navy for twenty years but left the navy about six years ago. When war was declared he joined the aviation corps, as his letters explain, and died in action. The King of Italy awarded him a medal "for military valor" which was delivered to one of his sisters at the Naval Academy in his native city Leghorn. At the time of the award the King made the following statement: "Free from any kind of military obligation he enrolled as a simple military observer in the aviation service. In this capacity he made many daring and fruitful observations of the enemy's fire. Flying almost always under fire of the enemy, he finally fell when the enemy's shrapnel set fire to his aeroplane."

The Leghorn Gazette wrote on the same occasion: "He had a brilliant career, which he voluntarily abandoned when access to the highest grades in the navy could be considered practically a sure thing for him. But last May, when Italy declared war against Austria, Cipriani, eager to give his services to his country, although he was entitled to reenter the navy with the rank of *capitano di fregata*, chose to enroll as simple military observer in the aviation corps. He made many important flights, rendering great service, and showing at all times reckless courage.... Our brave fellow-citizen Riccardo Cipriani was the third son of Giuseppe Cipriani, brave patriot, who stopping the flight of the Tuscans at Curtatone (May 29, 1848) prolonged the fight which enabled the Piedmontese to win the battle of Goito. His uncle was Leonetto Cipriani, hero of Ceresara and governor of the Romagna."

With regard to the reference to Cipriani's father, his sister, Carlotta J. Cipriani of Chicago, to whom we are indebted for the letters, gives the following information:

"The signal service rendered by my father and uncle to the cause of Italy, was not, however, performed on the battlefield. They, and not really Cavour, were the originators of the alliance which brought Napoleon III to the aid of Piedmont in 1859 and 'made Italy.' Mrs. Browning, who was remarkably *au courant*, refers to this fact in her poem 'Summing up in Italy,' in the lines,

'Pepoli, too, and Cipriani
Imperial cousins and cozeners.'

"They had been able to perform this service, because, like the Buonaparte, the Cipriani had lived in Corsica for a number of centuries. Being quite

wealthy and very independent they had, unlike many other Corsicans, never asked any favors from the Napoleons, but had rather been in a position to render them service at different times, a thing that Napoleon III, who seems to have been very grateful, had not forgotten. In 1851 (?), returning from the first London exhibition at the Crystal Palace, my father and uncle took lunch with Napoleon at St. Cloud, on September 23, memorable and unknown date. After this lunch took place the conversation which changed the whole policy of Napoleon toward Piedmont and 'Italy in the Making,' and led to the French armed intervention of 1859."

Though written over two years ago, these letters are of interest as representing the opinion of an intelligent and loyal Italian (and, we may add, of half-German parentage). Our readers will note that the first letter quoted was written in April, 1915, before Italy entered the war.

THE ANGELS AT MONS.

Sir Oliver Lodge is not the only man in old England who believes in supernatural phenomena and ghosts. There are more in the common spheres of life, and this faith has produced a pamphlet which is being circulated in England through the office of the *Christian Globe*, 185 Fleet Street, London, E. C. It is a little two-pence edition of Pearson's *Rationale of the Angel Warriors at Mons*, and describes the appearance of angels in the German retreat from Mons and at the battle of the Marne and the Aisne in France. A report and discussion of these phenomena appeared some time ago in the *Christian Globe*, and according to the author of the pamphlet, John J. Pearson, there can be no doubt of the truth of the stories because they are vouched for by many credible witnesses, including Germans whose testimony consists in complaints that the bodies of dead Germans covering the fields of battle seemed to show no wounds or effect of weapons.

Poor Germany! She not only has to fight the innumerable armies of the Allies, but in addition to all these human enemies there appears a heavenly host, and the good Lord himself sends down a spiritual leader on a white horse commanding the countless squadrons of angels! It is a miracle that Germany still holds out and that in spite of all the Allies have not yet crushed her.

The main attack with which we are dealing here is the battle on the Marne.

"Humanly speaking, no earthly power could have arrested the Teutonic flood that swept through Belgium and over northeastern France; and it seemed to those of us who remembered the campaigns of 1870 that history would again repeat itself, and that the whole of northern France and the capital would have quickly succumbed to the might of the German power."

Only the intercession of the heavenly hosts could stop them, and it was "an angelic intervention on behalf of the Allies at and during the retreat from Mons, and in the tremendous conflicts on the Marne and Aisne, whereby the German hosts were hurled back just as it appeared Paris was about to fall into their hands."

Of course there may be infidels who do not believe the stories of the angel warriors, but that view is to be abandoned as Mr. Pearson quotes from the *Christian Globe*:

"To minds which can admit nothing but what can be explained and demonstrated on mathematical and physical grounds, a consideration of anything

savoring of the supernatural must appear perfectly idle: for while the most acute intellect or the most powerful logic can throw but little light on the subject, it is, at the same time (though I entertain a confident hope that this will not always be the case) equally irreducible within the bounds of science. Meanwhile experience, observation, intuition, and, above all the teachings of the Book of Books, must be our principal, if not, indeed, our only guides. Because in the seventeenth century, credulity outran reason, discretion, and the warranty of Scripture, the eighteenth century, by a natural reaction, sank into the opposite extreme of apathy, to be followed by the censorious criticism and infidelity of the past century, and the blasphemous atheism and contemptuous scorn of to-day. But whoever closely observes the "signs of the times," must be aware that another change is impending, of which the mixed reception of the story of the "Angels at Mons" is highly suggestive. The supercilious scepticism of the past and present age is yielding to a more humble and reverent spirit of inquiry, and there is a large and growing class of well-informed people among the most enlightened and unprejudiced of the present day who are beginning to consider that much which they had been hitherto taught to reject as fabulous has been, in reality, ill- or misunderstood truth."

Further on we read:

"All accounts agree that the Leader of these angelic warriors was mounted on a *white* horse, and that He and His celestial followers were clad in glistening clothing. It matters not what the names bestowed on this Leader, by the many spectators of these visions—whether St. George by the English, St. Andrew by the Scots, St. Patrick by the Irish, or St. David by the Welsh, St. Denis or Joan d'Arc (who, be it remembered, always affected masculine garb, and for the resumption of which she was burned to death in the market-place of Rouen, through the machinations of that very Church which has lately canonised her) by the French, St. Michael by the Belgians, or St. Nicholas or General Scobeleff by the Russians—as the various beholders would naturally give Him the name that, from patriotism or religious training, was uppermost in their thoughts at the time."

We are assured that "the number of persons in the British, French, Belgian, and Russian armies who have declared that they were eye-witnesses of these strange and unearthly manifestations, is very great and comprises men of every rank and temperament—from the highly-educated officer down to the humble and often illiterate private."

When one of the ministering nurses, Miss Campbell, doubted such a story, a wounded man sitting near chimed in and said: "It's true, Sister! We all saw it. First there was a sort of yellow mist, sort of rising out before the Germans as they came on to the top of the hill; come on like a solid wall they did—springing out of the earth, just solid; no end of them. I just gave up. It's no use fighting the whole German race, thinks I. It's all up with us! The next minute up comes this funny cloud of light, and when it clears off there's a tall man with yellow hair, in golden armor, on a *white* horse, holding his sword up, and his mouth open as if he was saying, 'Come on, boys'.... Then, before you could say 'Knife,' the Germans had turned, and we were after them, fighting like ninety. We had a few scores to settle, Sister, and we fairly settled them."

"One of these stories told to the sister of a gentleman who had generously

given up his house as a convalescent home for wounded soldiers, was to the effect that on an occasion when the British were hard pressed, the figure of a gigantic angel with outstretched wings hovered in a luminous cloud between the English and the advancing German lines; and that the latter, paused for an instant, and then retired in confusion. This lady, happening to speak on the subject in the presence of some officers, and in the course of her remarks implying that she discredited the story, was addressed by a colonel with the assurance, "Young lady, the thing really happened. You need not be incredulous. I saw it myself!"

"A similar batch of stories comes from the Eastern theatre of war. Many of the Russian sentinels have stoutly maintained that they have seen Scobelev, the hero of Plevna, in his conspicuous white uniform and mounted on his famous white charger, galloping in front of their lines and pointing westward. This favorable omen to the cause of Russia is stated only to appear when the armies of the 'Little Father' are in extraordinary straits, and it is confidently believed that the appearance of the ghost of the dashing general always means victory for the Russian armies, and confusion to her enemies."

These stories of the white leader are interpreted in the light of Revelations, and the reports of the band of angel warriors are further confirmed by quotations from the Bible showing that similar instances of divine intervention happened to the Israelites in ancient history. K

A MINISTER ON WAR.

Mr. John Haynes Holmes, minister of the Church of the Messiah in New York City, preached a remarkable sermon to his congregation on April 1, the day before the present special session of Congress was to open. His address has been published in leaflet form by the Free Religious Association and can be had of them (120 Boylston Street, Boston) for ten cents a copy. In anticipation of legislative action which would bring our country into war he felt impelled to express to his people his earnest protest against war in general and his insistence that this war is not an exception. But he made it clear that although he is a pacifist he is none the less a loyal American: "Nothing that America can do can quench my passion for her beauty or divert my loyalty from her service. She is the only country I have, or shall ever have, and I propose that she shall be mine forever, in war or peace, in storm or calm, in evil or good. In this impending crisis with Germany I believe that she is wrong. She seems to me to be faithless to her own supreme calling among the nations of the earth, disloyal to high interests of humanity long since committed to her care, guilty for a selfish motive of a grievous fault." He had nothing but praise for those who differ from him and feel impelled to follow the flag. He said: "I salute the devotion of every man who proposes to sustain it with his money or his blood. But I say to you that when, years hence, the whole of this story has been told, it will be found that we have been tragically deceived, and all our sacrifices have been made in vain." War and democracy are incompatible, Mr. Holmes maintains. "When war comes, democracy goes. England, fighting nobly to conquer Prussianism, is herself in process of being conquered by the Prussian spirit. Already in our own country, before the beginning of war, the dread work of militarism is under way. Already freedom of thought is being denied, and liberty of conscience challenged. Already we are in the midst of such an orgy of bigotry, intolerance and persecution for

opinions' sake, as America has not seen since the days of the Salem witches. The whole fabric of democracy is threatened, the priceless heritage of our fathers in peril of loss. America has never been in such danger as she is to-day—and the source of the danger is at home and not abroad. Hence my resolve to serve that America which I love so well that I would not have her made over into the likeness of the militarism which she clamors to destroy. I will do what I can to safeguard free thought and free speech, by practising both at any cost. I will do what I can to preserve liberty of conscience, by exercising that liberty without flinching. I will do what I can to guarantee to posterity the democratic ideals and institutions of America, by resisting to the death every assault upon their bulwarks. One such assault is now being made in the movement for universal military training. So long as I have breath to speak, or hand to lift a pen, I will oppose this monstrous thing. By conscription the autocracies of Europe have stood thus long. By conscription this war, perfectly prepared for, inevitably came. By conscription the minds of men are 'cribbed, cabined and confined' to the bounds of that narrow nationalism which is the fiercest foe of brotherhood. By conscription the consciences of men are enslaved to the mastery of those who can command the sinking of the 'Lusitania' and the shooting of Nurse Cavell. By conscription, more effectually than by the attack of German legions, this country can be destroyed, and the fairest experiment of democracy the world has ever seen brought to an untimely end. Therefore will I fight it, and all other devices of militaristic tyranny, and thereby again exalt truly the best interests of my native land.... This struggle, into which now we are about to plunge, cannot go on forever. Some day bugles must sing truce across the fields of battle, tired warriors ground arms, and statesmen sit in guarded council halls to make an end of strife.... To discover terms of reconciliation, to work out methods of cooperation, to soften hate and dispel suspicion, to spread abroad sweet influences of confidence and healing—this is a task as beneficent as it is prodigious. Before she herself became a belligerent, this was the task appointed as by the fiat of God for America. But now that she has cast away this sacred charge, it remains for us who cannot take up arms at her behest, to keep it in her stead. How better can we serve our country than by restoring to her, or fulfilling for her, that high mission of peace-making, which is so uniquely and divinely hers!"

MORE PARSEES NEEDED IN WAR-TIME.

BY HESTER D. JENKINS.

This April, 1917, when one of our great patriotic duties is to raise food-stuffs, it is very interesting to study the practical agricultural belief of the Indian Parsees.

"Good thoughts, good words, good deeds," is the Parsee slogan, and in explanation of the "good deeds" we find the following interesting and pertinent explanation in the catechism.

"Q.—What is meant by saying that Ahura-Mazda (God) expects us to promote the growth and development of His creation?".....

"A.—For instance, a man promotes the work of growth and development when he brings about the growth of two ears of corn where formerly grew only one. In this way he pleases Ahura-Mazda. Though he may have enough for himself, he must increase the growth of corn so that others can buy it cheaply and readily."

The faithful Parsee receives his reward on this earth by becoming a rich merchant, for the eleven hundred Parsees in India, mostly in Bombay, are a shrewd and successful set of business men, wiling many a rupee from the pockets of the dreamy Hindus.

But are not we Americans adopting this fine Parsee ideal of "two blades of corn" this year?

Says the head of a sanitarium: "We are going to start a farm this season." Says a New Yorker: "We are going early into the country this spring to start a garden." Says a small property owner: "I must offer my three empty lots for the town to use for vegetables." Says every farmer: "I must raise just the largest crops I can to feed our soldiers."

The ideal has been placed before us by the government, and we are showing ourselves true Parsees and patriots in attempting to produce enough corn "so that others can buy it cheaply and readily."

DR. BERNHARD PICK.

It is with deep regret that we chronicle the fact that Dr. Bernhard Pick died in the early spring. Readers of *The Open Court* are familiar with the painstaking character of his scholarship and research. Beside numerous magazine articles on critical subjects relating to the history of Judaism and the early Christian church the Open Court Publishing Company has published his *Paralipomena* (Remains of Uncanonical Gospels and Sayings of Christ); *The Apocryphal Acts of Peter, Paul, John, Andrew and Thomas*; *The Cabala*; *Jesus in the Talmud* and a collection in German and English of *The Devotional Songs of Novalis*.

Dr. Pick's most recent publication was a pamphlet *Luther's Battle Song* in commemoration of the quadricentennial of the beginning of the Reformation in 1517. It is a historical investigation as to the year and occasion on which Luther wrote the song, and Dr. Pick came to the conclusion that it is most probable that he wrote it in Oppenheim in 1521 on his way to the diet at Worms. The original script of the hymn set to music is signed by Luther in facsimile.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

DER TEUFEL IN DEN DEUTSCHEN GEISTLICHEN SPIELEN DES MITTELALTERS UND DER REFORMATIONSZEIT. Ein Beitrag zur Literatur-, Kultur- und Kirchengeschichte Deutschlands von Dr. phil. Maximilian Josef Rudwin. *Hesperia: Schriften zur germanischen Philologie*, herausgegeben von Hermann Collitz, No. 6. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck und Ruprecht; Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. Pp. xii+194. Price \$1.75.

Dr. Rudwin, the author of this *Dissertatio de rebus diabolicis*, who is instructor of Germanic languages and literatures in the University of Illinois, is not a stranger to the readers of *The Open Court*. Nor is he an amateur in the study of the religious drama, as he is already the author of studies on the prophet-scenes of the medieval religious drama (*Die Prophetensprüche und -sitze im religiösen Drama des deutschen Mittelalters*, Leipsic and Dresden, 1913); on the relation of the medieval religious drama to the liturgy of the church, and to the theology and mythology of the Middle Ages ("Zum Verhältnis des religiösen Dramas zur Liturgie der Kirche," *Modern Language Notes*,

XXIX, 108-109; "The Religious Drama of the German Middle Ages," *Ibid.*, XXX, 151-155; "The Origin of the Legend of *Bos et Asinus*," *The Open Court*, XXIX, 57, 191-192; and on modern passion plays ("Modern Passion Plays," *The Open Court*, XXX, 278-300, May, 1916); and of a bibliography of present-day German passion plays ("Passion Play Literature," *Bulletin of Bibliography*, IX, 66-67, 90-93, July and October, 1916). In this monograph, which is composed of two almost equal parts, Dr. Rudwin has given a study, on very broad lines, of the role the devil played in the medieval religious drama, which continued to flourish in some Catholic parts of Germany to the end of the sixteenth century, and of the creator of this role, the German people of the Middle Ages. This book concerns itself with the devil only in so far as he is portrayed in the German medieval mystery and miracle plays. Within these limits, however, the book is a mine of exact and exhaustive information. A very large amount of the dramatic literature of these epochs has been carefully read, and every allusion to the devil excerpted and the mass of material thus gained classified.

Dr. Rudwin correctly points out that the devil in the religious plays is a character borrowed from the Bible and the Apocrypha, and rests mainly on Christian tradition. He is not, however, the scriptural Satan. Commingled with this Oriental personage is the ancient Germanic Loki and a swarm of spirits, goblins, elves and fairies. In other words, the medieval devil is a complex being, a creature of a hybrid nature.

The devil first appeared on the stage in the scene of the Descent into Hell in the Easter play. With the growth of the Easter play into the passion play is analogous the growth of the devil's role, developing from a passive secondary character into an active character of the first rank. The development of the role is traced in this book as the different scenes are added to the cycle of the passion play until, with the inclusion of the episodes of the Fall of Man and of the Last Judgment, the devil appears as the Alpha and Omega of the Christian world system.

A careful study is made in the first part of the book, which bears the title "Die Teufelsszenen im mittelalterlich-religiösen Drama," of the role of the devil in all of the scenes in the medieval German religious plays in which he appears. In each case, the theological or biblical foundations for the part are given; the source of the role is indicated and its development is traced; the contents of the scene are fully described, in which process the different, at times contradictory, versions of the same scene are harmonized, the number of verses in each scene in which the devil plays a part, and the different names applied to the devil in different plays are tabulated; the professions and social status of the damned souls and the punishments meted out to them are given in the Hell scenes. The fifth and last chapter of the first part deals with the *mise en scène* of the devil-scenes.

The second part of the book, which has as title "Der deutsche Teufel in Mittelalter" is devoted to a study of the medieval German devil and of all his activities as reflected by the religious plays. This is the most original and valuable part of this interesting book. The Hebrew Satan, who is largely derived from Parseism, develops, subdivides, and, one is tempted to say, propagates himself in the Christian Middle Ages until there is a whole infernal hierarchy of evil spirits with Lucifer, the Fallen God, in command, Satan as Lucifer's lieutenant and viceroy of Hell, and a host of lesser devils in attend-

ance. Nor are these devils all of one kind. A keen analysis shows the difference in character between Lucifer, Satan, and the lesser demons. The author also traces the relations of the fiends with each other (not forgetting those of the devil and his mother), their dwelling-places in Hell and on earth, their implements and weapons, their food and drink (not forgetting the hellish beer), their songs and dances, their qualities and their relations with heavenly and earthly powers, God and man and woman and priest, their triumphs and their final fate.

The chapter on the devil as *simia Dei*, the direct antitype of God, will be of great value to the student of folklore. Much of the character of the devil, the author shows, can be explained by the fact that the role of Lucifer develops as contrast to and as the reverse side of the role of the Christian Deity, that the devil is conceived to be the ape of God.

The bibliography is very extensive. It contains not only a great number of references to the literature on the medieval German religious drama and on demonology, but also an alphabetical list of medieval German mystery and miracle plays with their text-editions, or synopses, or historical references.

N&p.

THE BASIS OF DURABLE PEACE. Written at the invitation of the New York *Times* by *Cosmos*. New York: Scribner, 1917. Pp. 144.

This book is an impossible solution of the problems of the war based upon the most abominable distortion of facts. The author takes the pro-British standpoint and would not allow an inkling of justice to Germany. "A durable peace," we are told in the last chapter, "depends upon the victory of the Allies." France must receive back the territory now invaded and Alsace-Lorraine; Russia, Constantinople and the Dardanelles, and German militarism must be crushed. In Germany the wise magistrates of Nuremberg once decided that they would not hang a thief before he was caught, and that principle is in force still: so long as Germany remains undefeated there is absolutely no use of talking peace or of a "basis of durable peace" on the basis of crushing Germany, even if she were as wrong as the author assumes her to be.

For instance, to make of Alsace a French country with French sympathies is simply an error. I lived for two years in Strassburg as a student and know the city thoroughly and also the Alsacian country, but with the exception of Mühlhausen, there is not a French spot in Alsace. In Lorraine people speak French, but I have not found a French sympathizer among them. The only French sympathizers I know in Alsace-Lorraine were M. Schneegans and the painter Hansi.

Our author "*Cosmos*" grants that Alsace was German in the Middle Ages. But he adds: "When at the close of the Thirty Years' War Alsace sought protection from a more powerful state than the Holy Roman Empire had shown itself to be, it came under the protection of France at the request of its own people." The Strassburg people are assumed to have invited Louis XIV to take possession of the city! Is that the author's ignorance or is it intentional distortion?

Nothing German is left in Alsace, and Erwin von Steinbach, a native of the duchy of Baden, is unknown to *Cosmos*. He says: "It is probably the case that the Gothic artists who built the cathedral of Strassburg either came from the Ile-de-France or had gained their inspiration there."

The author writes under the pseudonym "Cosmos" and the unsigned Introduction blows the trumpet for him and calls him "a source the competence and authority of which would be recognized in both hemispheres."

The articles appeared in the *New York Times*, and the same anonymous writer of the Introduction declares that "the public perceived the candor, the impartial fairness, the breadth of view, and the profound understanding of political principles."

If "Cosmos" had been fair, he would have shown that the present submarine campaign is provoked by Great Britain and Great Britain alone is to blame for it. Prussia-Germany and the United States have always advocated the principle of the inviolability of private property on the high seas, but it was Great Britain, in the assured belief in the superiority of her navy, that was firmly opposed to it. If private property had been respected by Great Britain and if goods on neutral ships had been free Germany could have received canned milk for her babies from America, and the U-boat warfare would not have developed. Shall we blame the Germans if they retaliate and sink boats that carry food or ammunition or contraband to Great Britain? The *Lusitania* carried a heavy cargo of ammunition, but she also carried passengers, and we learn that to sink a passenger boat is murder. Therefore the Germans ought to be blamed. Now, it is against United States laws to put passengers and explosives on the same boat or train, but any mention of the gross neglect of duty of our own officers and inspectors is ruled out of order. Nor is it sufficiently known that while American passengers, among them women and children, were encouraged to take passage on the endangered boat, English people were secretly warned to keep off by the agent who sold the tickets. Further it is not sufficiently known that all the passengers of the *Lusitania* could have been saved, because a great number of English torpedoboat destroyers were close by in Queenstown harbor and had received the wireless S. O. S. call for help, but they were held back and not sent out to the rescue of the passengers. Even so, more passengers could have been saved if the internal explosion of the forbidden cargo of picric acid and stannic chloride had not overcome many with the odor of poisonous gases—intended by the American manufacturers for the German soldiers in the trenches and now prematurely set off on the passengers of an English boat.

The condemnation of the Germans for the destruction of the *Lusitania* reminds me of the condemnation of a Russian Jew who was accused of having caused the breaking of a great show window and was condemned to pay for the window and the costs of the court. The fact was that some person had thrown a stone at the Jew, but the Jew evaded the stone and the stone crashed into the window. When the offender was taken to court by the owner of the store he claimed absolute innocence of having smashed the window, because he had intended to hit the Jew and not the window; so the Jew was considered guilty because he dodged the stone and caused the smashing of the expensive pane, and the court in the truly Russian spirit which condemns a Jew under all circumstances made the poor Jew pay.

The explosives were not intended for the passengers on the boat but for the German soldiers in the trenches, so our manufacturers are innocent of the catastrophe, but the Germans are the guilty ones that should be blamed and hated as Huns the world over.

Now is Germany truly to be blamed for the catastrophe, or is not Great

Britain first of all responsible for having insisted on refusing to protect private property on the high seas, and secondly Americans who first did not insist on their right to trade with Germany and then did not obey their own laws but loaded the dangerous cargo on a passenger liner? Our Chicago cartoonist is right when he declares that England has always favored "the freedom of the seize"; and an anonymous American poet who has written trenchant verse makes the following epigram:

"Who sank the Lusitania? Three—
Great Britain, Germany and we."

There is a systematic misrepresentation of Germany in the American press and the present *Basis of Durable Peace* is only one characteristic instance of it.

Dr. Ernst Schultze of Hamburg-Grossborstel has published a book entitled *England als Seeräuberstaat*, the purpose of which is to prove that international law which, with the advance of civilization, has made great advances in recent times in its consideration for human welfare on land, has made scanty progress in maritime matters, and that this is due entirely to the attitude of England, which has been the bitter adversary of all movements for the recognition of international rights and private property at sea. Having in recent times been almost the sole owner of the seas, Great Britain saw it to her advantage to make use of her power. While on land the representatives of civilized states easily agreed on having private property protected and warfare confined to the armies, involving only the property of belligerent states, the same rule could not be extended to naval warfare in spite of repeated proposals which came mainly from Prussia and the United States. The general acceptance of humane principles was again and again frustrated, solely because England always refused to sanction such international agreements.

The contents of the book are indicated by the following chapter headings: Piracy and English History; England and International Law at Sea; The Right of Piracy; The Right of Taking Prizes; The Paris Declaration of 1856; Auxiliary Cruisers; The Right of Blockade; The Question of Contraband; The Question of Mines; The London Declaration and the War Against Germany; England's Disregard for Neutrals; England's Opposition to the Freedom of the Seas; Germany's Position Regarding International Law at Sea; International Conferences; England's Misuse of Other Flags; The Attempt to Starve Germany; and The Taming of the Shrew.

In the last chapter the shrew that is to be tamed is, of course, Great Britain. England complains about the brutality of German submarine methods, and according to Dr. Schultze this indicates that England is losing fast, or has even already lost, her supremacy on the seas; and as soon as she belongs to the powers who suffer by a continuation of the right of piracy as much as others she will join those who clamor for the recognition of international rights on the seas. Accordingly there is a prospect now that in the future the barbaric method of piracy will be abolished, and that naval warfare will become as civilized as warfare on land. It stands to reason that in wars to come private property will be respected on sea as much as it is now on land. *



THE WINGLESS VICTORY.
(See page 464.)

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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TURKEY IN ASIA.

BY HESTER DONALDSON JENKINS.

TURKEY in Asia is practically the whole of Turkey of to-day, although but a short time ago there was a Turkey in Africa and a large and important Turkey in Europe. Step by step, and indeed such steps as are taken by seven-leagued boots, the Turks have been driven back into Asia.

Asia was the original teeing-off place for the Turks, although, wielding the scimitar instead of the brassy, they strode into Europe until they were putting on the green about Vienna. But the Ottoman ball did not drop into the Viennese hole but rolled back to Hungary, and from there the Turkish arms have extended to Africa and the gates of India.

Their origins are Touranian and Tatar, and they are distantly related to the Chinese so that, except for the Finns and the Hungarians who are said also to be of Touranian origin, they have no kin in Europe. Nor are they related to any other of the people who live on the shores of the Mediterranean; neither Armenian, Egyptian nor Semite can call them brother. That is, of course, the pure Turk; intermarriage and the ravishing of nations to fill their harems have made them a mixed race with many blood ties. One of the most common mistakes about the much misunderstood Turk is to confuse him with the Arab or Saracen, but they are entirely different races.

It would be interesting to trace the Turk as he comes from the Chinese steppes over Asia Minor into Europe, taking Constantinople for his capital and moving on to the gates of Vienna, but our concern here is with his Asiatic adventures.

In the tenth century occurred the momentous encounter with the Arabs. Had the Turks reached Byzantium without the en-

counter what might have been the history of a Christian Turkey? But on the Asiatic plains they met the enthusiastic followers of Mahomet who was conquering the world for Islam. A heathen people with no strong religion, the Turks were easily converted to Islam, becoming in time its greatest champions.

They were also an illiterate people who naturally accepted the Arabic alphabet, and as their men became learned they turned to the Arabic Koran for their inspiration as we of the west turned to the Bible. Had not a counter influence reached them, they would doubtless have modelled their literature on the Arabic, but instead they fell under the influence of Persian literature, of which their own for several centuries is mainly an imitation.

What was the effect on the Turks of the adoption of Islam?

Islam sprang from the genius of an Arab, the prophet Mahomet, and inspired the Arabs as it never has the Turk. It served also to bring to the Arabs a great intellectual and artistic impetus as well as power for conquest; hence we have the wonderful civilization of the Moors in Spain and the Saracens in Bagdad, the outburst of Arabic literature, and an intellectual and artistic accomplishment that gave Europe the Alhambra, algebra, chemistry, the Arabian Nights and the Koran.

Islam has no such creative inspiration for the Turks, who seemed to accept it in its sense "resigned to." If anything, it seemed to check initiative in them, to call out all their native loyalty for an alien creed, and to stifle original thought. But it may be that they would have shown little originality in any case, for the Turks have given to the world no original contribution but the fez and the minaret. Islam, like other religions that believe in the efficacy of the truth as they see it, is fanatical, that is, it is extremely zealous. The Turks are, however, not naturally fanatical, they are temperamentally tolerant, but their loyalty to their religion has forced them at times into persecution. But on the whole they have persecuted for religion's sake less than the Christians have done, as underneath every apparent religious persecution there will be found a political or racial motive. Islam has, nevertheless, given the Turks an excuse for persecution.

In one respect at least, the Turk is behind his religion, namely in his attitude toward women. Islam does not give women a very high place, but Mahomet did promise one of his wives a place in Paradise, and in the Koran he offers Paradise to all chaste and true and faithful men and women. In his day women were poets and leaders, and his favorite wife, Ayesha, was very powerful, but the

Turks to-day allow no such freedom nor power to women. This is, however, Oriental rather than Mohammedan.

A very serious result of the adoption of Islam was the organization of the Ottoman Empire as a Mohammedan state. Mahomet, unfortunately for the world, legislated for his people, thus imposing an inelastic code and laws of behavior on all Islamic peoples. Church and state in Turkey are so closely intertwined, the priests being the jurists and the Sultan the head of the church, that progress is extremely difficult and there is no room for non-Moslems under Moslem rule. Hence the special treaties, capitulations and extraterritoriality for Christians in the empire, each people of a non-Moslem religion having to be ruled by another than the Koranic code.

Closely allied to this trouble is the disuniting effect of separate religions with separate laws within one empire, keeping the population of Turkey from ever becoming homogeneous. These are some of the effects of the adoption of Islam by the Turks.

The conquering Turks turned their attention from Europe to Asia under Selim the Grim, grandson of the conqueror of Constantinople, and conceived by the Turks to be their greatest and truest Ottoman.

When he came to the throne, Turkey in Asia consisted merely of Asia Minor, or Anatolia as they call it, extending from the southern coast of the Black Sea southwest to the Mediterranean, and including most of ancient Armenia. When Selim's brief reign of nine years was over, he had added the whole of Kurdistan and Mesopotamia, Syria and Palestine, Egypt and Arabia to the Ottoman domain. His successor carried the boundaries to their farthest point, southeast to the Persian Gulf, with Bagdad as his greatest prize. Selim's conquest included the sacred cities of Mecca and Medina and the control of a large part of Arabia, and with them he took over the rights of the ancient caliphate of the Mohammedan world. Thus the Sultan of Turkey became Caliph of Islam, to whom all the Moslems in the world owed a spiritual allegiance.

The limits of Asiatic Turkey as fixed by Selim and his son have remained until our own day Turkey in Asia. Turkey in Europe has dwindled and dwindled until only Adrianople and the city of the Sultans remain of its one time grandeur; but Asiatic portions of the empire remained practically as Selim left it until the World War hurled its hammer at it, cracking off great provinces and weakening the whole.

In 1914 Turkey in Asia consisted of two great peninsulas and

the continent that joins them, the western peninsula being Asia Minor, the southern, Arabia and the continent containing Armenia, Kurdistan and Mesopotamia.

The peninsula of Asia Minor is a high plateau extending from the Black Sea southwest to the Mediterranean. Arabia is a barren tableland washed by the waters of the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea, and consisting of a great central desert and some narrow strips of cultivated coast. The continent is a low tableland sloping to the Persian Gulf from the Taurus and Lebanon mountains and intersected by the two mighty rivers, the Tigris and the Euphrates.

This vast territory contains a great variety of climate and scenery. As one writer describes it: Arabia is as large as the Sahara with a similar burning climate; Syria is as large as Italy, with its olives and vines; Mesopotamia is larger than Egypt, with its sun and wind; the Black Sea coast forms a chain of provinces as big as Bavaria, with the forest of South Germany, while extensive high Armenia has winters more severe than those of Switzerland.

Within Turkey in Asia lie most of the great cities of antiquity: Troy, Nineveh, Babylon and Palmyra, Ephesus and Antioch; Sardis, Pergamos and Ephesus; Bagdad and Damascus; Baalbeck and Nicaea; Aleppo and Tarsus; Mecca, Medina and Constantinople.

From these cities come to us our earliest inspiration and we still thrill with their memories and the heritage they have bequeathed us. The foundations of all progress were laid in Turkey in Asia, which is the source of European civilization and the cradle of the three great religions. Much of it is a land of the past—the happy hunting-ground of the archeologist—interesting mainly from its ruins. It is also, however, a land of the future, with great mineral deposits, a fine soil, and a mild, fruitful climate. But the Turk has failed to develop its possibilities and his past tyranny has created a barren waste in what should be one of the richest territories of the world.

Let us consider the three divisions of Turkey in Asia separately:

Asia Minor along the Caspian and Black Seas is the seat of the Christian Armenian people, a race of farmers and tradesmen, and the mountain home of the Moslem Kurds, a fierce warlike people who prey on the Armenians of the valleys. At one time this part of the empire included all of Armenia, but in the nineteenth century the Russians pressed down through the Caucasus passes, taking a considerable slice of the land to the east and south of the Black Sea. The Armenians have been a subject people for nine centuries, divided as to nationality, but preserving their peculiar characteristics

as tenaciously as have the Jews, seldom marrying outside of their race, and in default of a country to love, cherishing passionately their ancient church, the Gregorian. Within our generation the Armenians have been fairly evenly divided between Russia, Turkey and Persia. They have been victimized by all three of these nations, but since 1900 they have been treated worse by the Turks, and have received increasingly better consideration from Russia, until in 1914-15 those near Russia went to her aid in the war, bringing upon their fellows the most terrible massacres ever known in history—nearly the annihilation of the nation.

West of Armenia in Asia Minor along the Sea of Marmora lies the first home of the Ottoman Turks with the capital cities of Konia and Broussa. Should Turkey be reduced to a small kingdom and shorn of its alien provinces, it is here in western Asia Minor that the Turk should start afresh an Ottoman rule.

Continental Turkey consists of Syria, Palestine and Mesopotamia.

Syria was a national highway between ancient Egypt and the land of the Hittites and Babylonia, over which passed many a conquering army. It is a varied land of mixed race, whose only common bonds are the Arabic language and Turkish citizenship.

Since before the Crusades and despite them, Palestine has been a Turkish province. But it belongs to the world, a land of memories and pilgrimages. In its holy city, Jerusalem, we find not only Christian pilgrims but Hebrew and Moslem as well. There are to be seen the Wailing Place of the Jews, the sacred Mosque of Omar and the place of agony of our Saviour.

But the land is of the past, killed by bad government. Has it a future? and if so, is it in the hands of the Zionists? Their plan, to return as many Jews as possible from the alien West to their early home, has received an impetus from the war, many of the Zionists seeing a better chance for them if Palestine be taken from Turkey. An English protectorate would be the choice of some of the leaders of the government.

East of the coast countries stretches Mesopotamia.

This country depends for its prosperity, almost its life, on the twin rivers, the Tigris and the Euphrates. These rivers are less reliable than the Nile, and as they derive the whole volume of their water from the distant Armenian mountains, they can only fertilize their banks by artificial help. Thus the land has been rather the product of men's culture than the moulder of their destinies. Let alone it is a land of drought and floods; Noah hailed from this

district. But the ancients very early learned to irrigate this land and under the rule of Babylon and Nineveh the country was very rich and boasted a high civilization.

"O thou river who didst bring forth all things!
When the great gods dug thee out
They placed prosperity on thy banks."

But the coming of the Arabs into Mesopotamia soon after the Hegira ushered in the ruin of the land, a ruin completed by the raids of Tamerlane and sealed by the Turks. In our day the great rivers do not keep the land fat, for their waters are not controlled. The once splendid cities are ruins, the peasant who digs the soil is poor and struggling and crushed with taxes. England has her eye on Mesopotamia and one of her great engineers is even now making plans for the retrieving of this land of the twin rivers, by vast dams and engineering works. Turkey has ordered such plans since the revolution of 1908. Time will tell which country will execute them and restore Mesopotamia to prosperity.

Now let us turn to the great peninsula of Arabia of whose early relations with Turkey we have spoken.

Turkish possessions in Arabia have until recently consisted of the Province of Hedjaz, of which Mecca is the capital, and that of Yemen of which Medina is the capital, with the smaller province of El Hasa, all forming the long strip on the west coast, with a population of over one million inhabitants. On the southwest coast England owns the port of Aden and has a sphere of influence. In the center is the vast uninhabited desert, with a few oasis settlements ruled by independent sultans such as those of Oman and Nedj. The Arab of the desert is naturally a nomad, a herdsman, a rapacious raider and a great lover of liberty.

The city of Mecca on the coast was once a great trading center, deriving its strength from a mysterious shrine, the black stone called the Kaaba. Here the prophet Mahomet was born, and although he was driven from here to Medina, later he returned and used the old habit of making pilgrimages to Mecca to draw people to his faith. Every true Moslem whose health and means permit, must make a pilgrimage or Haj, to Mecca once in his life. Here is the sacred enclosure, holding 25,000 pilgrims, or Hadji, here is the only mosque in the world with seven minarets, here is the magic Kaaba. Hither flock Moslem pilgrims from all over the East: Tartars in their sheepskin coats and high caps, Egyptians bringing the holy carpet from Cairo; Turks, Algerians, Mohammedans from

India, little brown men from Bokhara in striped silk gowns, wild dervishes from Africa, Berbers and Moors. Here no non-Moslem is supposed to place his desecrating foot, although some half dozen Europeans in the course of the centuries have run the imminent risk of death to make the pilgrimage disguised as Moslems.

The city of Mecca has always been ruled by its own governor, a Grand Shereef, a pure Arab descended from Ali, one of the first four caliphs.

In Medina the prophet with his daughter Fatima and two of the first caliphs are buried. The two holy cities were centers of Islam until 629 A. D. when the Caliph of Mecca was killed and the caliphate passed to Damascus. From that time Mecca and Medina, except as places of pilgrimage, disappeared from the pages of political history not to reappear until 1916.

Gradually the caliph became degraded from the Servant of Allah to a kind of paid official with no spiritual authority. Schism took place and a separate caliph sat on the throne of North Africa. So when Sultan Selim conquered both North Africa and Arabia, he naturally took over the caliphate. It meant little to him beyond a tribute to his position as the greatest of all Moslem princes. Although he assumed the most exalted title in Islam, that title never added one jot to his power.

The political importance of the Turkish assumption of the caliphate was not realized until in the nineteenth century the Turks have coined some advantage from the doubtfully legal title. It is doubtfully legal because according to Moslem law the caliph is not such by inheritance, but by election by the great body of believers, and he must possess these requirements; he must be a descendent of the daughter of Mahomet, rule in the holy cities, possess the relics of the prophet (now in Constantinople) and be recognized by the great schools of law. The Shereef of Mecca, except that he has not ruled independently in Mecca and Medina, fulfils these requirements better than the Sultan of Turkey.

Abdul Hamid II in his long reign contrived a vast number of Pan-Islamic intrigues; that is, he zealously disseminated false ideas about the caliphate, trying to win all Moslems to a universal Mohammedan alliance. He had general discontent to build on, for some 230,000,000 Moslems in the world feel that the times are out of joint and sigh for the good old days, vaguely fancying that a restored caliphate might better them.

But even Abdul Hamid the wily could not form any real organization. The Moslems of Persia deny his right to the caliphate,

those of Arabia begrudge it, and those of Morocco claim the caliphate for their sultan. And even over the millions who do acknowledge it the sultan has not tangible power outside of Turkey. Pan-Islam depends on the old Mohammedan law which teaches that the whole world is to be subject to the Moslem community politically and spiritually, and that in order to accomplish this the faithful must do *jehad*, that is carry on a holy war at least once in two years to subdue the non-Moslems. The leadership of the *jehad* belongs to the caliph as supreme governor, judge and commander of all the Faithful. The heathen must be converted, but the people of the Book, namely, the Jews and Christians, may be merely subjected. A Moslem should never accept subjection to a non-Moslem power.

Unfortunately for these ideals, the progress of the world dominion has gradually brought ninety-nine percent of the Moslems of the world under Christian rule or protection. Poor old Abdul Hamid who was losing province after province to the Ghaur, could hardly hope to work out any such Pan-Islamic program. At most his propaganda could cause little resistance but could never have a conclusive influence. But one way in which Abdul Hamid made the idea count was in dealing with the British who for generations have had hanging over their heads the fear of an uprising of all the Indian Moslems if they did not support Turkey: hence this pro-Turkish policy by which Abdul Hamid benefited.

The Young Turks in 1908 wanted to abandon the medieval union of church and state and give up the caliph idea. In a modern constitutional state there is no room for a caliph and *jehad*, but Turkey has been too weak, the ideal was too high and she was forced into successive wars or *jehads*. And Germany has revived the idea for her own ends.

Germany started her Turkish policy by obtaining the concession of the Anatolian railway in 1888, which was followed by the Bagdad railroad concession. Germany's plan was to save Turkey from her other enemies (the great powers) and develop her commercially, but not to annex territory because she was too far away to defend and hold it.

When the war opened Germany saw a chance to injure England, France and Russia through their Mohammedan subjects, and did all in her power to arouse the old Moslem fanaticism that was fast dying out. The Kaiser had made two visits to the Sultan in 1889 and 1898, the latter being also a "political pilgrimage to the Holy Land." He won the friendship of Abdul Hamid, but the Moslems who consider the one who pays the visit as inferior to the

one sought, thought that his visit proved that the princes of Europe were vassals to the Sultan. Over the tomb of Saladin the Kaiser said:

"The three hundred million Mohammedans that are scattered through the world may rest assured that the German emperor will eternally be their friend."

The Young Turk revolution upset the German plans a bit, but it was not long before Enver and Talaat were as good friends to the Germans and more pliant tools than Abdul Hamid had been, and the Kaiser proceeded with his "friend-to-Islam policy." This culminated when at German instigation the Sheik-ul-Islam was forced to proclaim a jihad. By this proclamation it became the duty of all Moslems in the world to take part with life and goods in the holy war against the Entente Allies, having faith that the mercy of Allah would turn the struggle against the enemies of Islam.

This is a distinction so little cleancut that it places the faithful Moslems with infidel Germans and Bulgarians and sets them against the Moslem subjects of England and France. Of course, the Germans hoped for Moslem uprisings in India, Egypt and Algiers. As a German writer said, "Germany counted on a jihad especially in India to begin the decline of England's greatness." But the common sense of the modern Moslem has rejected such folly, and the jihad has been recognized as a "Holy War made in Germany."

In the three years of the war a number of significant changes have taken place in Turkey in Asia.

Germany has won Turkey as her ally and tool, virtually rules in Constantinople and has cleared the Bagdad corridor. But within these last weeks she has faced the unpleasant sight of an English army at the Bagdad door.

England's recent successes in Mesopotamia have wiped out the humiliation of the earlier expedition, and have given her a firm hold on the region of the twin rivers. Cyprus and Egypt, although neither is Asiatic, are two further prizes wrested from Turkey. The forces now coming north from the Suez Canal may change the ownership of Palestine and further the Zionist plans.

The Russian army, marching down the Black Sea coast, won a series of victories, taking many Armenian towns. After Erzingian, the railroads were so remote that further progress became difficult and now the Russians are advancing southward past Kermanshah towards the junction with the English.

One of the most interesting changes that has taken place in Turkey in Asia is the revolt of the Grand Shereef of Mecca. In

the summer of 1916 he proclaimed the independence of Arabia from Turkey. Troops attempted to put down the revolt, but were unsuccessful. In September the Emir of Nejd proclaimed his adherence to the newly revolted state and Medina followed the others. In the winter of 1916-17, the kingdom of Hedjaz was organized, the Red Sea littoral was captured and the King of the Hedjaz announced his intent to reorganize Arabia as a modern industrial state. Of the great peninsula of Arabia there remains only El Hasa to the Turks.

In these war times all is fluctuating and uncertain; what Turkey may lose further and what she may regain by the war are on the lap of the gods.

If the Allies win the war Turkey will probably be partitioned, Syria going to France; Mesopotamia to England; Armenia and Constantinople to Russia; Arabia will remain independent; Palestine may become Zionist, and what is left of Turkey will work out its political salvation in Asia Minor.

If the Teutons win the war, Turkey will still lose Arabia and Egypt, but will remain nominally independent, but under German military and economic control—a hollow independence.

Should the war end in a stalemate, Turkey might preserve the *status quo ante bellum*.

ENGLISH DIPLOMACY.

BY THE EDITOR.

BRITISH diplomacy has lately assumed a new aspect, especially with regard to Turkey, and it has introduced changes whose wisdom may appear in the distant future though at present their advisability seems to be doubtful, and so we will point them out without either recommending or condemning them. We will only say that with the formation of the Entente a spirit seems to have possessed British diplomacy the result of which will be shown in the end of the present war.

England has always exercised a kind of patronage over Turkey. When "the sick man of Europe" was a moribund power England stood up for it, while Greece and afterward the Christian nations on the banks of the Danube and south of it were fighting for their independence. It was England who insisted on the necessity of keeping Constantinople in the hands of the Moslem and on Turkey's privilege of closing the Dardanelles against the Russians.

And there was a good reason for this policy. In India the followers of Mohammed not only form great masses of the population, but they are also the most active and energetic of its people. The Sultan of Turkey, however, has been and is still the recognized head of all Islam, and so it was essential for England to be friendly with the sultan. When the Turkish navy was destroyed in the battle of Navarin (October 20, 1827,) by the English, French and Russian navies, the news was by no means welcome to the diplomats of England. On the contrary it was openly called "an untoward event," because it was incidentally a help for Russia and a serious setback to Turkish power and prestige.

Russia has always been deemed the main enemy of England, and the English poet gave warning of the bear that walks like a man.

All this has been changed since England prepared for war by forming an alliance against Germany known as the "Entente." Russia has been favored as the better ally for England, and Turkey has thereby been forced into an alliance with Germany and Austria-Hungary. The main purpose of England's recent policy was to get rid of Germany as a most dangerous rival in industry and commerce, but for this purpose Russia seemed to be a more desirable ally than Turkey. Turkey could be regained afterwards, but Russia formerly feared by England as her rival in Asia, would serve her best in a struggle against Germany; and after Germany had been humiliated, England could grant Germany again an opportunity of fighting for England against Russia for which Germany would be grateful.

England had much more generous plans for Germany's good than is generally known. Several years ago when traveling in England, I read in an English paper, that England considered Germany's need of colonies and decided to give her some in South America. That was against the Monroe Doctrine and would involve Germany at least in strained relations with the United States, but that was exactly what England desired—to make a *rapprochement* between these two powers impossible. England knows what she is doing and her diplomacy has always been the same. England has a high contempt for America and American efficiency. She ranges our military power (as the London *Nation* has it) as about equal to that of Bulgaria. But her main point even now is not so much to gain the United States as an ally for herself as to alienate the United States and Germany, not only for the present but for all time to come. That is the English plan, and England is apparently succeeding.

Turkey has been driven over into the camp of the Central Powers, although the old condition of needing to keep the head of the Islam world friendly to England remains, but England is cunning enough to think of a substitute and make up for a deficiency in the array of her game. The result is that England wishes to curry favor with some one who could supplant the Islamic court of the sultan. Such a person indeed exists. He is the shereef of Mecca. The shereef of Mecca is a direct descendant of Mohammed and there has always been a kind of rivalry between him and the acknowledged head of the Moslem world in Constantinople. The Turkish sultan is recognized as the protector of Islam, but the shereef of Mecca being the head of the holy land of Islam has always been jealous of the sultan's authority and the relations between the two rulers have always been openly or secretly strained.

The common courtesies officially exchanged on definite occasions have never been sincere, and it was not difficult for English agents to stir the concealed distrust between the two into active hostility. To accomplish this was the easier since Constantinople has been affected by European culture more than the isolated Arabian land of Mecca and Medina. The Arabians in Mecca are simple folk who are more conservative than the Turks of Constantinople with their superficial touch of European culture. In Constantinople a new party has arisen. It is a modernization of Islam, and its members call themselves "Young Turks." They introduced reforms which are by no means welcome to the adherents of the prophet in Arabia and the result is that the shereef of Mecca has actually protested against the Sultan's policy by proclaiming a revolution. The situation has been carefully prepared by England and has been called a "master stroke" of English diplomacy.

A little book has been written by a well-known Dutch scholar, Dr. C. Snouck Hurgronje of Leyden, in the interest of England. He views with favor the recent events in Mecca and looks upon the holy war of Islam proclaimed in Constantinople as "made in Germany."¹ Recently the same author has written another book entitled *The Revolt in Arabia* in which he says near the end (page 39 to 40):

"For the moment, a revolt in West Arabia against Turkey, under the lead of the Great Shereef and aided by England, can cause serious trouble to the Turkish government, and all the more because it is at Mecca, familiar to and cherished by the entire Mohammedan world. Such a campaign, well prepared and ably

¹ C. S. Hurgronje, *The Holy War Made in Germany*.

conducted, would be a master-stroke in opposition to the attempt made by Young Turkey under German protection to excite the medieval fanaticism of Islam against other religious sects and to use it as an incentive to strife. However that may be, those who abominate playing with the fire of religious hate, a measure to which the Young Turks, in the main non-religious, have allowed themselves to be persuaded, have no reason to regret the Arabian uprising. All that can tend toward making an end of the unworthy noisy talk of 'caliphate' and 'holy war' may be regarded as commanding respect."

The book contains in the appendix (pages 43-50) an English translation of the proclamation of the shereef of Mecca in defense of his revolt.

Take off your hat to the diplomacy of England! It has one advantage, that it is, and so far has always been, successful. Three centuries ago it beat Spain, then Holland, then Denmark, and in the middle of the nineteenth century waged the Crimean war, then the Opium war, the Boer war—none of them honorable, but all profitable. This present war belongs to the same class, and no less an author than G. Bernard Shaw in criticising with humorous sarcasm Mr. Cecil Chesterton's *Perils of Peace*, ridicules the latter for representing Britain, the innocent lamb, as attacked by the wolf Germany and blames him for unmanly and unworthy squealing. Mr. Shaw describes British diplomacy as successful nor does he see any reason for Mr. Chesterton to be ashamed of it.

I repeat: Take off your hat to English diplomacy. England plays a leading part in the world out of all proportion to her size or other accomplishments, and this is due solely to her diplomacy. The powers on the continent of Europe have always been divided, and between the two antagonistic groups she has always kept the decision in her own hands. The first mistake England made was in allowing her American colonies to withdraw from her empire, and she made a second one when she failed to have the United States divided into two confederacies, the North and the South. A third blunder, so it seems, may have been for England to allow the foundation of the German Empire. The question at present is whether an attempt to undo her third blunder was wise, and the future will show whether it would not have been preferable to have attacked the United States or Russia before wrestling with Germany. England had hoped for a speedier decision, and it is sure that she made some serious miscalculations in underrating Germany, and this one blunder may cause all her schemes to miscarry. According

to a careful German estimate Germany would not be able to carry on an "industrial war" or a blockade such as England has hurled upon her. Herr E. Possehl proved it in a speech made before the war on May 11, 1912, and according to all rules Germany ought to have been thrown to her knees long before this. This has not yet come to pass but may still happen. The German government has taken precautions against it which have been successful beyond all expectation.

On the other hand events have happened which lay beyond human calculation. The revolution in Russia is by no means a welcome incident for the English cause, although England has cleverly given a kick of contempt to the fallen Czar and at once sided with the rising republican powers that have taken charge of the affairs of the tottering government. It might have been nobler to help their ally in the critical moment, but it was more diplomatic to blame him for all mishaps and denounce him as pro-German, and England is not yet at her wits' end. She started the war by establishing the Entente and led one power after another into the fray—Italy and Rumania, but she held her greatest trump and played it last—the United States.

England's main purpose in drawing the United States into the present war lies in the distant future, and it is not difficult to point it out even now. Supposing that the part to be played by the United States against Germany will fail on the battlefield the ulterior purpose of British diplomacy may yet be attained. It is this: Germany and the United States are the main commercial rivals of England; they both must be overcome if England is to dominate the world commercially as well as politically, and the main thing to be avoided is the possibility that both should come to an understanding in resisting English supremacy. Germany and the United States have never before been at war and there was a positive danger that friendly relations between them could be built up. This could not be prevented more surely than by a war, and for this reason nothing would be more welcome to England. Wars spread the seeds of hate and such a hate is needed to prevent any friendship from developing by common interests. Nothing would be more dangerous to Great Britain and her world dominion than a German-American friendship and this is effectually undermined by a war.

England does not expect effectual assistance from the United States, but the ulterior purpose of the English diplomats in inducing the United States to enter the war is to drive a wedge between Germany and the United States, before the leading diplomats of both

should become conscious of their common interests so naturally obvious in face of the threatening British world dominion. Our contemporary American diplomats are too pro-British to see any danger that threatens from Great Britain and so we have become victims of a far-sighted English diplomacy.

English diplomats are narrow and sometimes make mistakes. They suffer for their blunders which endanger their plans in a frightful way, but their traditions are well preserved and they keep in mind their final goal, which is the building up of the British Empire and the destruction of rivals before they can become dangerous. The present war aims at nothing but the destruction of Germany before she can have a chance to build a navy strong enough to stand up against the British navy, and the war between the United States and Germany has a more ulterior purpose than American help for England in this great world war.

It is not likely that America will be of great assistance in the French trenches, although of course American troops will be used to their fullest extent in the fighting lines. The English claim that they have still five million soldiers of their own ready to go to the front, but they keep them at home and let others take the precedence in the honor of gaining laurels on the battlefield. No doubt the Americans will acquit themselves of the task as gloriously as did the French, the Australians and the Canadians, perhaps with greater readiness, some of them being convinced of the honor which they are thus allowed to gain.

History repeats itself, and it is peculiar that similar conditions involving a conflict to the end between the greatest power on land and the greatest maritime power within a certain sphere of interest has taken place before—first in Greek antiquity between Sparta and Athens and later in Roman antiquity between Rome and Carthage. We will not say that the end of these wars is always the same, but we will point out that there are many coincidences which show that under similar conditions people believe in a similar way and within certain limits the outcome too is the same. We have seen states like Athens in Greece and Carthage in northern Africa built up upon the basis of commercial conditions. The citizens grew wealthy and had the idea of unlimited dominion over the seas commanding access to other countries and colonies for themselves. When the Romans opposed Carthage's power, a Carthaginian leader is reported to have said, "What do you want to do with Carthage? You can't even wash your hands in the Mediterranean without our permission;" and it is true that Rome had to fight hard before

Scipio, sitting upon the ruins of the destroyed center of Semitic civilization, repeated the famous quotation from Homer in gloomy foreboding for his own city, "Ἔσσεται ἡμαρ ὅταν ποτ' ὀλώλῃ Ἴλιος ἱρή." "There will be a day when sacred Ilium shall be no more."

The advantages of war were at first on the side of the sea powers—of Athens and of Carthage—and after the first triumphant stroke the Athenians erected a small temple to the goddess of victory, calling her Νική ἄπτερος, the wingless victory, because henceforth she was to make her permanent abode in Athens, and they placed the little fane at the entrance of the Parthenon. We reproduce as our frontispiece the famous relief representing the goddess putting on her sandals.

Analogy is a dangerous basis for prophecy—even historical analogies which after all are the soundest. In one respect, however, the facts of Greek history teach a lesson that is applicable to-day. The two great Greek powers ruined each other and left to rising Rome the opportunity of becoming the leader of mankind. Two Germanic nations are now facing each other in a foolish spirit of hatred and rivalry, and if the Saxons and Teutons continue the war to the same bitter end they will leave the task of world-leadership to a third power. This would inevitably have been the United States if she had not taken part. On the other hand Russia may recover from her present derangement and the Slav may yet become the heir of the future.

If the war should finally end in favor of England it will not be due to the English armies or the prowess of their allies but first of all to the superiority of English diplomacy. If, however, England fails in her main purpose of crushing Germany, the conduct of this war though led in detail by clever diplomats would end in the first notable failure of English diplomacy, and it seems to me that the first result would be the foundation of a Centralia, a close coalition of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey. It may be possible that England will succeed in isolating this new empire and take the rest of the world for herself. But in this case it would be an essential point in our American policy not to be included in the British Empire, but to remain independent. Had we kept out of the war, not only our independence but even our financial, commercial and political predominance would have been assured. Now our fate has become very doubtful, but let us hope that our traditional American policy as guided by Washington, Franklin, Jefferson and Hamilton will come to the front again and lead us to the place that heaven seems to have reserved for our country.

WARSAW TO-DAY.¹

BY MARION HAVILAND.

WARSAW is the principal city of the ancient kingdom of Poland and has always been a center of Polish sentiment and culture. Until recent times Poland has been a part of Russian territory. Now it is in the hands of the Germans, who have promised to reinstate it as an independent nation. Warsaw to-day presents an unusually interesting situation, which few outsiders have witnessed because of the strict German military regulations.

Last December a telegram from my teacher, Felicia Kaschowska, a Polish opera singer, asking me to assist her in teaching German music at the newly opened conservatory in Warsaw, proved sufficiently eloquent with the military authorities in Berlin, and I was granted permission to go there. I made the trip without difficulty or delay, as there is a through train from Berlin which covers the distance in about twelve hours. The greatest disappointment was that of crossing the battlefields at night. It is said that hardly anything has been changed since the day the Russians retreated and that the view from the train window is most interesting. It was impossible to see because of the darkness and the driving storm.

Warsaw has always been a gay little city, and, in spite of her trials, still gave me somewhat that impression. One saw much life in the streets everywhere—sharp contrast of color and race. Everywhere the gray of the German uniform was the strongest color note, but there was a fair sprinkling of olive with a dash of silver and red, the uniform of the Polish Legionists. On the whole, the scene did not remind one of war. On the pavements of the broader principal streets passed crowds of people, military and civilians, smartly dressed ladies and beggars. In the streets, in the snow, one saw sleighs and peasant wagons, and sometimes a drove of cattle—few motors, except those bearing German officers.

Warsaw to the eye of an American is not a large city. A stranger could visit it in a day and see most places of interest, with the exception perhaps of museums and picture galleries, of which

¹ We are indebted for the illustrations of this article to the Rev. Francis Gordon, of Chicago, editor of *Free Poland*. They give an idea of the architecture of the city in general, but do not illustrate the portions here described as affected by the war.—ED.

there are several. In modern Warsaw there are some fine wide streets and parks and some interesting and beautiful buildings. Among the latter, two of the most conspicuous were the post-office



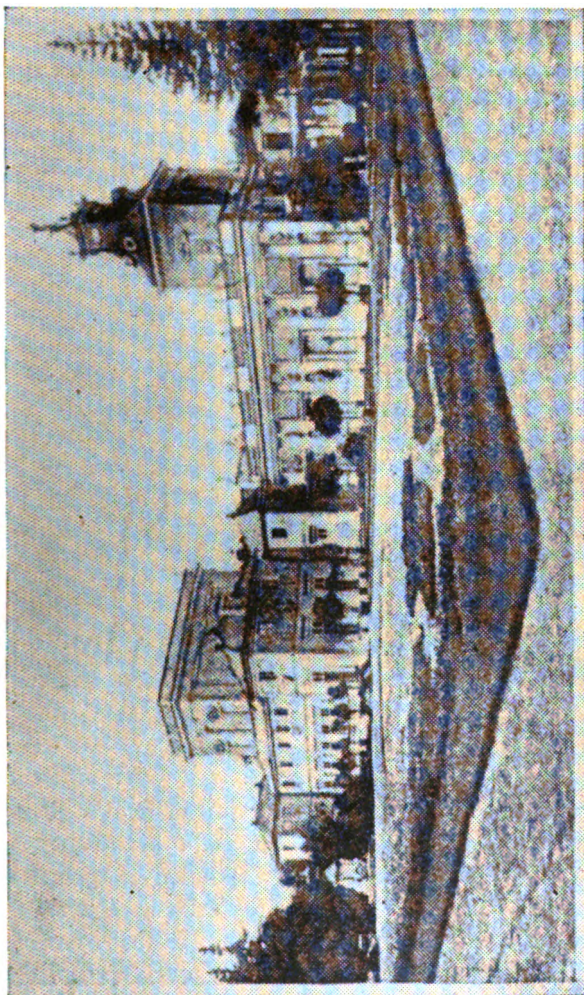
CHURCH OF THE HOLY VIRGIN.

In the foreground is a typical Russian sleigh-cab, such as is used by every one in going to and from all kinds of functions—especially this winter when no automobiles were available.—M. H.

and Russian church. The post-office, a large, light-colored stone building, covering nearly an American city block, had been started by the Russians and has been finished and opened by the Germans

since the occupation. The Russian church is a typical modern Byzantine structure and occupies a prominent place in one of the large squares.

The Russian church has been the subject of much controversy because the Germans have taken the copper from the domes. The



THE WILLANOV PALACE NEAR WARSAW.
Built by Sobieski in 1678-1694 and containing many memorials of Polish kings.

building is one which was built and used by the Russians for the exclusive use of those who worshiped in the Russian faith. Many think it not unfair of the Germans to have appropriated the several hundred pounds of copper, which is, of course, of great value to them now. The church is in no way damaged, and the German

authorities have offered it to the City of Warsaw to be used as the people desire. The new tin roofs were partly on and the church was soon to have been dedicated to the use of Roman Catholic services when I left.

The Hotel Bristol is another building of interest, because it was described in the American newspapers as having been completely destroyed by the Germans during the siege. People say that the wall at the back is very full of bullets, but a passer-by detects no further marks of damage.

An interesting building near the river front is an old castle formerly inhabited by a Polish ruler. It is a relic of the kingdom of Poland of centuries ago. It bears the seal of old Warsaw over



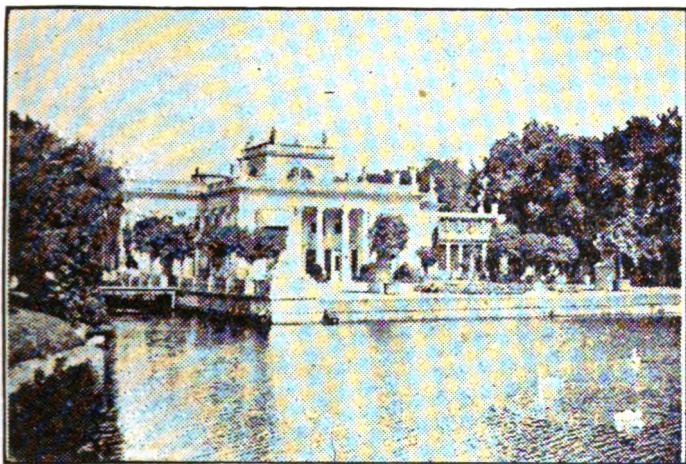
GENERAL VIEW OF WARSAW.
From the eastern Bank of the Vistula.

the doorway, a silver mermaid on a crimson field. She holds a shield in her left hand, and with her right brandishes a sword above her head. What must have corresponded in former times to the castle garden was used by the Cossacks at the time of the German invasion as practice ground for the cavalry. One may still see the hurdles standing in the mud of the much trampled ground. Near the castle is a bridge crossing the Vistula, which was blown up by the Russians and mended by their conquering foes. The old part of the original bridge may still be seen at both ends, joined skilfully to the new modern German structure in the center. Tram-cars and other traffic now go over the bridge as usual.

In this part of the city may be seen some few other reminders

of the siege. There are some iron railings bordering a park front along the river, and they are torn with bullet holes. Here there are some steps leading down to the river, which flows swiftly along the quiet shore now. On both sides of the steps the railing is badly damaged and the ugly jagged bits of iron speak to the imagination. The scene was still and gray and cold the day I visited there with a German officer who acted as guide. "Just here," he said, pointing to the bank near the railing, "the Germans fired their last shot at the retreating Russians over the river. Plenty of our men fell here," he said; "these steps must have been wet with German blood."

Following the road on the other side of the river one comes to Prage, a suburb of Warsaw, where there are two railroad

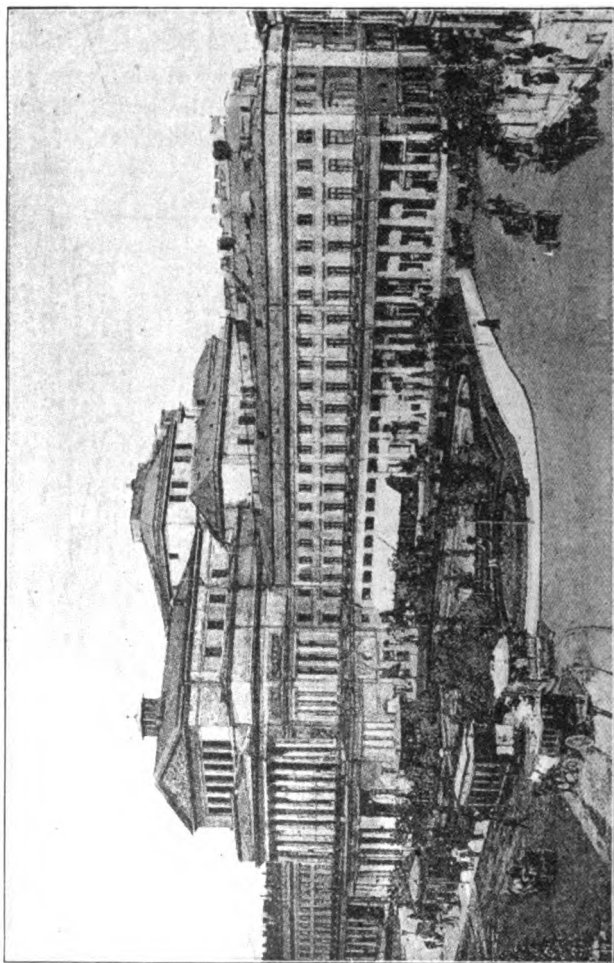


THE PALACE IN LAZIENKI PARK.

stations, completely destroyed by the Russians before they left. There is a socket of a clock in the tower of one, a few charred signs directing one to Moscow and Petersburg in front of the other. The Germans were beginning to clear away the wreckage and had long ago repaired the rails.

There are several theaters in Warsaw and they were well filled last winter. The opera too, it was said, had not been so crowded in many years. Because of the new national spirit, only the Polish language is heard on the stage. In spite of this, a great number of German soldiers and officers were always to be seen in every audience. There were good concerts given throughout the city, and many places of amusement, such as movie shows, vaudeville, etc., were well filled.

Food conditions in Warsaw were still very good for those who could pay. Indeed, to a late sojourner in Berlin, where the diet was so limited, Warsaw seemed an epicurean heaven. All the staple articles of diet were on sale, including the luxuries of sugar and butter, eggs and white bread. To my amazement whipped

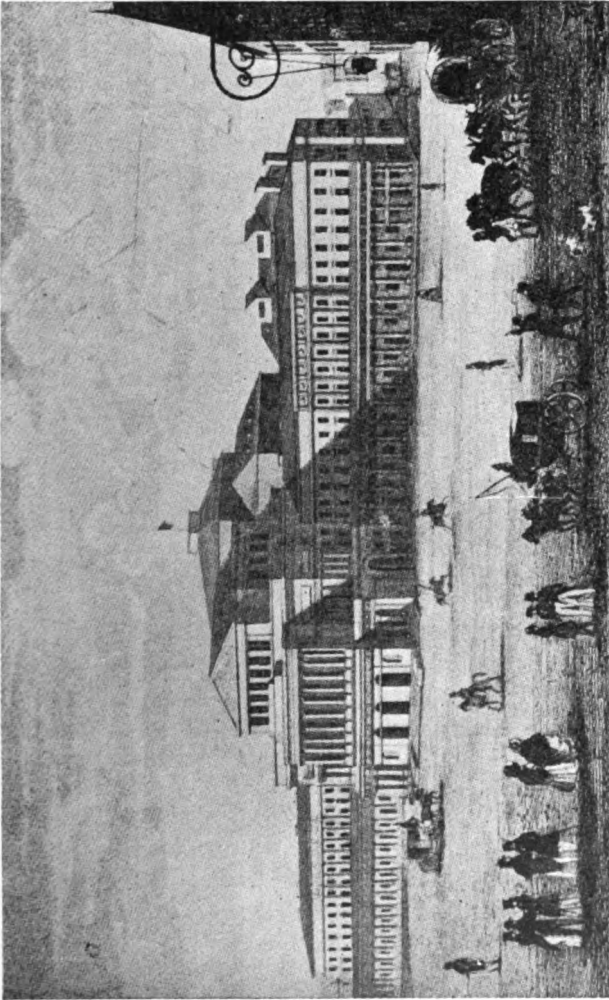


THE GRAND THEATER OF WARSAW.

Many famous singers have sung here from Patti to Geraldine Farrar. There was opera here every night during the season this winter, when Wagner was sung in Polish for the first time, Felicia Kaschowska taking leading parts.—M. H.

cream and fancy cakes were still served at the patisseries. Meat and poultry could be bought everywhere. One heard expressions of hope, however, that the Germans would soon regulate the food supply and control the shopkeepers' exorbitant prices. Even generous people hesitate before paying fifty and thirty-five cents a loaf

for white and black bread. Butter was a dollar a pound and sugar almost as high. It was rumored that in spite of the quantity of food displayed in the shop windows there would surely be a shortage in the spring. Two meatless days a week, therefore, had



THE GRAND THEATER IN 1830.
From an old print.

just been adopted when I left. Other reforms had been planned but not yet carried out. The shops, though for the most part small, still displayed many tempting wares. Unlike Berlin, soap could be bought without police cards. Clothing and leather goods, though unrestricted, were very expensive.

At the restaurants one might have favorite dishes even prepared in the French fashion. The famous Café Ours kept fairly late hours with every table taken, and the English restaurant too was most popular. For those who could pay Warsaw offered many attractions and did not seem at all uncomfortable as a place of residence.

The private entertainments are numerous and the people most hospitable. The Poles like to think of Warsaw as a little Paris and pride themselves on a knowledge of the French language and customs. Polish homes show an influence of French taste, but they have an added charm that is Polish, possibly Russian. Small open fireplaces make the drawing-rooms seem more cozy than those at Berlin. Flowers and plants are used profusely for decoration, in



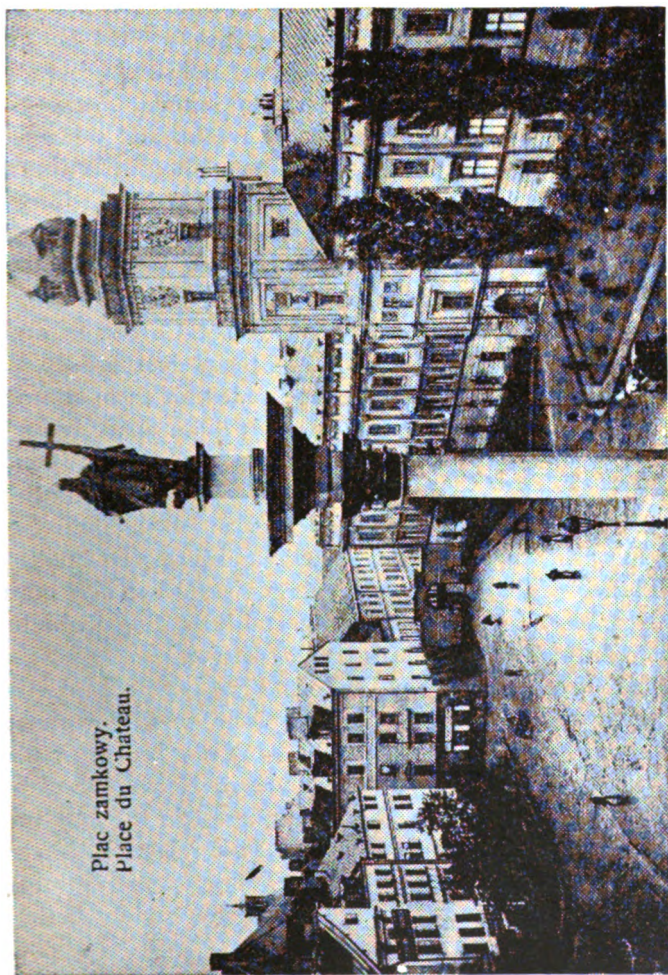
THE OLD MARKET PLACE.

spite of appalling war prices. There are not so many parties given as before the war and no balls, but there are some very delightful private musicales, dinners, luncheons and teas.

Distinguished guests frequently attend some of the social functions, and sometimes amusing incidents occur because of different nationalities and languages.

One afternoon we were drinking tea at the home of Madame X, an American married to a Polish nobleman. Among her guests was a Spanish priest who was the only representative of his nation in Warsaw, a German baroness on her way to nurse at the front near Russia, a young German lieutenant, who had accompanied the baroness, and myself. The Spanish priest did not understand Ger-

man or English so we spoke in French part of the time for his benefit. The young lieutenant only spoke German, though understanding some English. The Baroness spoke all three languages equally well, but particularly enjoyed speaking English, as she had spent some time in Canada and the United States. She had a



SIGISMUND PLACE AND THE ROYAL PALACE.

winning personality and looked particularly charming in her simple nurse's costume. Every one had interesting tales to tell and each lapsed at times into speaking the language which came most natural. The poor priest finally became quite bewildered with so many sounds. He got the idea that the young German lieutenant was the husband of the baroness, addressed him repeatedly as Monsieur le

Baron and asked about his family and estates. The young lieutenant struggled to understand the priest's French, but failed to grasp the point of his remarks. The baroness herself finally overheard them and laughing heartily told us the joke in English. The poor priest, not knowing his mistake, no doubt left with a sense of importance, thinking he had conversed with an influential nobleman.

The question of the Jewish people in society must be given place in any discussion of life in Warsaw. Polish aristocracy is still deeply prejudiced against the race, but no community, especially in such times, can quite dispense with the wealth and services of that brilliant people. A large part of the population in Warsaw is Jewish and much of the commercial, intellectual and civic interests are controlled by them. In society there is a definite line drawn. Only those Jewish families that are Christianized, preferably those of several generations standing, are now received by the élite, and they are usually spoken of as Israelites by the Christians among themselves. The Christianized Jews among themselves usually make the most criticism against the Jewish race. Most of them staunchly deny Jewish origin and consider themselves quite apart from the customs and tradition of their forefathers, even though bearing the features and characteristics of the upholders of Jewish faith.

The Jews in their turn exclude Christians from their social festivities and print their own newspapers and have text-books for the Jewish schools in Hebrew. The poorer classes live in a quarter by themselves, possess their own market and little shops, which the crafty Christian readily visits in search of bargains.

The hope of a new kingdom of Poland has put life and energy into the hearts of the people and given birth to a new national spirit. There are skeptics of course who doubt the benefit of a new order, and many of the older generation who were happy and prosperous under the Russian rule have little interest in the new movement, but to the majority the thought of Poland reinstated is a matter of great importance and joy. As a result of the enthusiasm Polish poetry, Polish music and Polish art are rapidly being revived.

It is only with an effort that the people begin to realize the full significance of a national spirit, because the Polish language and customs have been suppressed by Russia for many years. Under the Russian rule schooling was not compulsory so that the percentage of illiteracy is very great. Few cab drivers can read a written address and many servants and peasants can neither read nor write. This is more or less of a shock to one accustomed to

conditions in Germany or the United States. In the old part of Warsaw and the Jewish quarter the shops have painted signs on the outside quaintly depicting the articles on sale within. There is almost no lettering used, which goes to prove that people not long ago were evidently not expected to be able to read.



CHURCH OF THE SISTERS OF THE VISITATION.

The Polish language is now being taught for the first time in all the schools. This work was started by the Germans after the invasion. There was much difficulty at first in securing teachers, school-books and school supplies. Little boys refused to attend

school founded by the Germans because they believed it was a ruse to have them enlisted to fight before Verdun. Their parents seemed to be convinced of this absurd idea too, but the schools now are established and well attended.

In Warsaw the sentiment of the people as regards the Germans is divided. The young people, especially the young men called Legionists (Poles who have volunteered to serve the German cause), are friendly. One of them, a young Polish poet, told me he sincerely hoped Poland would have a German king. He thought in that way the Polish people might be taught habits of order and good management. His opinion was shared by many, especially those who had received their education in Germany. On the other hand, there are still men in Warsaw who have done service in the Russian army. Many of them are Jews. They hate the Germans and all that is German. People who hold property in Russia naturally prefer Russian rule.

Society people are not altogether friendly to the Germans. Many hostesses of the older generation like to tell of the good days when the Russians were in Warsaw. At such houses one rarely meets German officers, and the German language is barred even for singing. French and even English is spoken everywhere, but little German, except in the shops where one usually pays extra for the privilege. Some of the younger, more daring Polish hostesses now invite the most distinguished German officers stationed at Warsaw to their homes, but not always without incurring criticism from their neighbors.

The Legionists, tall, well-built, good-looking young men, one sees everywhere. Many of them have been educated in Germany and have great sympathy for German thought. I met one that had been at the German front, but there were many who had never been called out.

The Polish lower-class people are childlike, easy going, slovenly and lovable, but difficult to train in efficiency.

The day after the publication of President Wilson's peace proposition several hundred Polish students assembled in front of the American consulate. There was a band and delegates offered a message of thanks to our President. The band played the Polish national hymn, while the students and many passers-by stood in the zero weather with bared heads and sang and cheered Poland and America. Hundreds of people sent their visiting cards to the American consul with touching words of gratitude to President Wilson for his thought of Poland.

In spite of apparent good conditions in the city of Warsaw there is much misery among the poor. For the first time Polish citizens have had permission to organize charity work in the cities, and the women in Warsaw have accomplished wonders in that



THE CARMELITE CHURCH.

respect. I visited many of the soup-kitchens and day nurseries and other charitable institutions. The problem of caring for the city poor, as well as the hordes who have drifted in from the ruined farming country is, of course, very great. Hundreds are quite destitute, with no means to buy the expensive food, and without

work, clothing or even shelter. I talked with one lady who had herself started, and even partly furnished, three day nurseries. In one of them, arranged for very little children, I saw a boy of eight lying in one of the little cribs. They had found him wandering about the street, where he had been for several days in the freezing cold, without food and wearing scarcely any clothing. He said his father had been taken to work away from Poland and had left him in the care of an old woman. She herself had no work or money, and the little boy was one day taken out and lost. He is an example of one of the scores of little drifting war-orphans to be taken care of. I saw hundreds of school-children getting their mid-day steaming soup and slice of bread. Many of the institutions distributed condensed milk, furnished by the Rockefeller Relief Fund. All that was given seemed pitifully little to offer those pale-cheeked, wide-eyed children, so patiently expectant of their right to live and be well fed.

Beseler is the name of the German governor at Warsaw. He is an elderly and courtly gentleman, tall and very robust, with white hair and moustache (the latter was quite icy the freezing day we met him out reviewing the troops). He gallantly kissed my hand and said some polite words to me in English. He is well liked everywhere, but does not care for nor go about much in society.

The Germans were not very tactful when they put the German colors and flag on the new passports which they gave to their Polish subjects. However, it was a matter of slight importance, and treated by the Poles as more or less of a joke. I saw no evidence of cruelty on the part of the Germans in Warsaw. The Polish people themselves said the city was far cleaner and more orderly than before the Germans took possession. Polish relief workers and German experts are laboring side by side in behalf of the health of the people. The words "Employment Bureau" I saw often written in German.

ON CIVIL AUTHORITY.¹

BY MARTIN LUTHER.

AN ADMONITION TO ABSTAIN FROM INSURRECTION.

Perceiving that the oppressed common people of Germany were inclined to take his demand for liberty as a promise of relief for their temporal wrongs, at which he was no wise

¹ Translated and edited by W. H. Carruth.

aiming, Luther issued early in the year 1522 an "Admonition to all Christians to Abstain from Insurrection and Rebellion," from which certain paragraphs of general import are here given. From all that follows it may be derived that Luther attempted to be a consistent non-resistant, meaning thereby abstinence from violence, but not from disobedience to commands which attempted to throttle Christian liberty. This, however, is to him wholly a spiritual matter and cannot be throttled by force. Hence all physical force is to be tolerated by the true Christian. Moreover, Luther perceived that all appeals to force by those who professed to be seeking true Gospel liberty were involving this cause with other interests and alienating the powers that be, thus making the propaganda of his cause more difficult. Both from principle and from policy Luther was a conservative in civil affairs. This explains his seeming indifference and inhospitality to the cause of physical, civil right and liberty.—W. H. C.

BY the grace of God the blessed light of Christian truth, hitherto suppressed by the pope and his followers, has risen again in these years, whereby their many harmful and shameful seductions, their many misdeeds and tyranny have been made so evident and thus frustrated, that it looks as though insurrections might come and priests, monks, bishops and the whole clerical estate be slain or expelled, unless they undertake a serious and considerable reform. For the common man, moved and aggrieved by his injuries suffered in property, body and soul, has been tried too far and burdened by them most faithlessly beyond all limits and can and will no longer endure it and has good reason to lay on with flails and clubs, as the teamster threatens. . . .

Now as I have said, since I am certain that the papacy and the clerical estate will not be overthrown by human hand or insurrection, but that his wickedness is so dreadful that no punishment will suffice for it save the wrath of God alone without intermediary, I have not been able to persuade myself to check those who threaten with fist and flail, knowing well that they will accomplish nothing, and that, while some may be assailed, there will be no general rebellion.

But although the fist may not strike in, and there is no need for me to repress it, I must instruct the heart a little. To begin with, I shall leave aside for the present civil authority and the nobility,

which should lay hold from the obligation of their regular power, each prince and lord in his own land. For what is done by regular authority is not to be regarded as insurrection. [Evidently Luther has in mind only the possible upsetting of ecclesiastical order]. . . . But the spirit of the common man is to be pacified and he is to be told that he should abstain from desires and speech which lead to rebellion, and do nothing without command of the authorities or the initiative of the powers that be. He should be persuaded to this course by the following considerations:

First, that nothing will come of it and that they are mere vain words and thoughts, whatever is said and thought on the subject. For, as you have heard, God proposes to be the avenger here, for they do not deserve such a light punishment [as civil violence]. . . .

Second, although it were possible that a rebellion might really take place and God punish them thus mercifully, this manner is no use and never brings the improvement that one seeks. For insurrection has no sense and usually hits the innocent more than the guilty. Therefore no rebellion is right, however just its cause, and always more harm than help comes of it, according to the saying, "It goes from bad to worse." To this end are "the civil power and the sword instituted, to punish evil doers and protect the well disposed, that rebellion may be prevented," as St. Paul says (Romans xiii. 4 and 1 Peter ii. 13-14). But when Mr. Otnor rebels he can neither reach nor hold any such distinction of good and bad, but falls upon the multitude as they come, and terrible wrong is sure to result.

Therefore keep an eye on the government. So long as it does not lay on and direct, hold thee still in hand, mouth and heart and take no part. But if thou canst persuade the government to lay hold and direct, that thou mayest do. If it will not, then thou too shouldst not will. But if thou go ahead, then art thou in the wrong and even worse than the other side. I hold and shall always hold with the party against which rebellion is raised, however wrong its cause, and against the party that rebels, however right its cause, because rebellion cannot proceed without the shedding of innocent blood.

Third, rebellion is forbidden by God, saying through Moses, Execute the right in righteousness; and again, Vengeance is mine, I will repay; and besides we have the saying, He who strikes back is in the wrong; and again, No one can be his own judge. No, rebellion is nothing but judging and avenging oneself. God cannot abide this; hence it is impossible that rebellion should do otherwise

than make the matter worse, because it is against God and God is not with it.

Fourth, in this cause rebellion is certainly an especial instigation of the Devil. [That is, the Devil wants to avoid the charges laid against the papacy by turning counter charges of rebellion against the reformers.]

But if thou askest, What shall we do if the government will take no steps? Shall we endure it longer and increase their arrogance? I answer, thou shalt do none of these. But three things thou shalt do: First, acknowledge thy sin, which God's severe justice has plagued with this anti-Christian condition.... Second, Thou shalt pray in all humility against the papal rule.... Third, let thy mouth be a mouth of the spirit of Christ, of which St. Paul says, "The Lord Jesus will slay him with the mouth of his spirit."

* * *

Recently I published a book to the Christian nobility, showing them what their Christian office and work is; but how they followed it is evident enough. Therefore I must now do my best and write what they should leave and not do. And I expect they will follow this just as they followed that, by remaining princes and nevermore Christians. For God Almighty has made our princes mad, so that they think they may do and command to their subjects whatsoever they will. And the subjects are also astray in thinking that they are bound to obey in this line and so utterly that they, the princes, have now begun to order people to surrender books and to believe and hold whatever they direct, thus presuming to sit in God's throne and to rule conscience and belief and to take the Holy Ghost to school in accordance with their own mad wits. And yet they claim that we must not tell them the truth, but should continue to call them "My gracious Lord."

They write and send forth pamphlets alleging that the emperor thus directs and they wish of course to be obedient Christian princes; just as if they were really in earnest and we could not see the rogue behind their ears. For we should quickly see, if the emperor should take from them a castle or a city or do some other wrong, how cunningly they would show reason for resisting the emperor and not being obedient. But where the game is to skin the poor man and wreak their whims against God's word, it must forsooth be called obedience to imperial command. Of old such people were called knaves, but now we must call them obedient Christian princes. And yet they will allow no one a hearing or defence, however earn-

estly he offers it; whereas this would be intolerable if the emperor or anybody else dealt so with them. Such are the princes who dominate the empire in German lands, and hence it must stand so well in all our principalities as we now see!

Now because the wrath of such fools tends toward the destruction of Christian faith and the denial of the divine word and the blasphemy of God's majesty, I can and will no longer stand idly by, but must resist my ungracious lords and masters, at least in words. And since I did not fear their idol, the pope, who threatened to take from me my soul and the hope of heaven, I must show that I do not fear his scurf and water-blisters, which threaten to take my life and my foothold on earth. God grant that they have cause to be angry till their gray coats rot, and help us that we perish not for fear of their threats. AMEN.

CIVIL AUTHORITY IS A DIVINE INSTITUTION.

In the first place we must find a good basis for the civil sword and law, so that no one may doubt that it is in the world by the will and institution of God. Now the passages which support it are these: Romans xiii: "Let every soul be in subjection to power and authority; for there is no power save from God. And the powers that be are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God, and whoever resisteth will receive to himself condemnation." And again 1 Peter ii: "Be subject to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake, whether it be to the king, as supreme, or to the governors, as being sent by him for the punishment of evil-doers and for the commendation of the good."

Moreover this same right of the sword has been from the beginning of the world. For when Cain slew his brother Abel, he was so afraid that he would be slain in turn that God laid an especial prohibition thereon and suspended the use of the sword on his account, forbidding any one to kill him; which fear he would not have had unless he had seen and heard from Adam that murderers were to be slain.

Furthermore God established and confirmed it again in express words after the flood, Genesis ix: "Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." Which must not be understood as a plague or punishment by God upon the murderers, since many murderers remain alive through atonement or favor and die not by the sword; but it applies to the right of the sword: that a murderer deserves death and that he may lawfully be slain by the sword. Now though the law be interfered with and the sword be

slow, so that the murderer may die a natural death, yet this does not make the Scripture false when it says: "Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," for it is the fault of men that this law, ordained of God, is not executed, just as other divine commands are violated.

[Here Luther cites further Exodus xxi, and the reply of John the Baptist to the soldiers. And in apparent contradiction to these passages the non-resistance utterances of Jesus, Paul and Peter. These and other passages are difficult, as seeming to say that New Testament Christians should have no civil sword.]

Wherefore sophists say that Christ thereby abolished the law of Moses, making of these New Testament commands counsels for the righteous and accordingly divide Christian doctrine and the Christian state into two portions: one they call that of the righteous and assign Christ's counsels thereto; the other the unrighteous, or imperfect, to which they assign the commandments of Moses. And this they do from pure wickedness and evil will without any reason in Scripture, not seeing that Christ in the very same place applies all his teaching so strictly that he will not allow one jot to be removed, and condemns to hell those who do not love their enemies.

Therefore we must reply to the contrary, that Christ's words are meant for everybody, whether righteous or unrighteous; for righteousness and unrighteousness are not a matter of works and do not form separate classes among Christians, but they are a matter of heart and faith and love, so that whoever believes and loves most is most perfect, be he outwardly man or woman, prince or peasant, monk or layman; for love and faith make no sects nor outward distinction.

Thirdly, we must here divide the children of Adam and all men into two parts, the first belonging to the kingdom of God, the other to the kingdom of this world. Those who belong to the kingdom of God are all true believers in and under Christ; for Christ is the king and lord in the kingdom of God, as witness the second Psalm and all Scripture; for indeed to that end did he come, to begin the kingdom of God and to establish it in the world. . . .

Lo now, these people need no civil sword nor law. And if all the world were genuine Christians, i. e., true believers, then no prince, king, lord, sword nor law were necessary nor useful in the world. For why should they have it? They have the Holy Ghost in their hearts, who instructs them and guides them so that they

do wrong to no one, love everybody, gladly and willingly suffer wrong from everybody, even death. Where there is nothing but doing right and sufferance of wrong there is no need of quarrel, contention, court, judge, punishment, law nor sword. Therefore it is impossible that the civil sword should find need of doing justice among Christians, since they do of their own accord much more than any law or doctrine demands.

Askest thou then, Why has God given so many laws to all men, and why does Christ teach so much in the Gospel that should be done? To be brief Paul says, the law is given on account of unrighteousness, i. e., that those who are not Christians may be kept outwardly from evil deeds, as we shall hear later. Now since no man is a Christian or righteous by nature, but all are sinners and wicked, God prevents them by the law from doing outward works of wickedness according to their will. . . .

Fourthly, to the kingdom of this world, or under the law, belong all who are not Christians; for since few believe and the fewest act in Christian wise, resisting no evil, yea doing no evil themselves, God has established for them outside the kingdom of God and the Christian estate another government and subjected them to the sword, so that though they would like to they cannot do mischief, and that if they do it at least they cannot do it without fear nor with peace and success. Just as we shut a wild and raging animal in chains and bands so that it cannot tear and bite after its fashion, although it would like to, while a tame and gentle animal does not need this but is harmless without chains and bands.

Now if any one proposed to rule the world according to the Gospel and to suspend all civil law and authority, alleging that they were all baptized and Christians, among whom the Gospel will have no law and authority, nor is it needed—my dear man, guess what he would be doing! He would be breaking the chains and the bands from wild animals, so that they might tear and bite everybody and at the same time allege that they were fine, tame, gentle animals. But I should have the evidence in my wounds. So the wicked would misuse Gospel freedom under the Christian name, pursue their knavery and claim to be Christians and be subject to no law nor sword; as even now some do in their foolish rage.

To such people you must say, Indeed it is true that Christians on their account are subject to no law nor sword, nor need to be, but look to it first that you have a world full of real Christians before you try to rule it in Christian Gospel fashion. This you will never be able to do, for the world and the great mass is and

will always be un-Christian, although they be all baptized and bear the Christian name. But Christians, as the saying is, live far apart. Therefore it is not possible that Christian government be made universal in all the world, or even in a single country or any great mass of people. For there are always many more wicked than righteous. Therefore to propose to rule a whole land or the world by the Gospel, is just as if a shepherd should put together in one stable wolves, lions, eagles, and sheep, and permit them to mix freely with one another, saying, "Feed and be good and peaceful together; the stable is open, there is pasture enough; you have no need to fear dogs nor clubs." The sheep indeed would keep the peace and graze and be ruled in peace; but they would not live long nor would any one animal hold its own against the others.

Hence we must discriminate carefully between these two kinds of government and let both remain: the one that makes righteous, and the other that secures outward peace and checks evil deeds. Neither is adequate in the world without the other, for without Christ's spiritual government no one can become righteous in the sight of God, that is, by any civil government. And Christ's rule does not apply to all men, but Christians are ever very few in the midst of un-Christians. And where the civil rule and law alone prevail, there is nothing but hypocrisy, even though the commands were the commands of God. For without the Holy Ghost in his heart no one can become really righteous, let him do ever so fine works. But when the spiritual rule alone prevails over land and people, there the bridle is slipped from wickedness and free play given to all knavery, for the vulgar world cannot accept or understand it.

Fifthly, you may say here, If then Christians do not need the civil sword and law, why does Paul say (Romans xiii) to all Christians: "Let all souls be in subjection to power and authority"? Answer: I have just said that Christians among themselves and with and for themselves need no law or sword, for it is of no use or need to them. But because a real Christian on earth does not live to himself, but to his neighbor, serving him, therefore from his nature and spirit he does what he does not need but which his neighbor needs and has use for. Now since the sword is a great and necessary help to all the world to maintain peace, punish sin, and restrain the wicked, therefore he submits most willingly to the rule of the sword, pays taxes, honors authorities, serves, helps and does all he can that will advance authority and keep it going in honor and respect, despite the fact that he does not need this on his own account but

is considering what is useful and good for others, as Paul in Romans xiii. teaches.

So you see in the words of Christ, that he teaches that Christians among themselves should have no civil sword nor law. But he does not forbid that one should serve and be subject to those who have the civil sword and rule. But rather, just because you do not need nor have them, you should serve those who have not risen so high as you and do still need them. Though you do not need to have your enemy punished, your frail neighbor needs it, and you should help him that he may have peace and his enemy be restrained, which cannot be unless power and authority are feared and respected. Christ does not say: Thou shalt not serve or be subject to civil power, but: Thou shalt not resist evil, as if he meant: Conduct thyself so that thou endure everything, so that thou have no need of government to help and serve and be useful to thee, but on the other hand so that thou mayest help and serve and be useful to it. I would have thee higher and indeed too noble to need it, but it shall need thee.

Now if you ask whether a Christian may also wield the civil sword and punish the wicked, since the words of Christ are so hard and clear: "Resist not evil," that the sophists have been compelled to shift it into a counsel (instead of a command), I answer: You have now heard two points: one, that there can be no sword among Christians, wherefore you cannot wield it over and among Christians, since they do not need it; therefore you must out with the question as to the other portion, who are not Christians, whether you may use it among them. There is the other point, that you are bound to serve the sword and to support it with all your power, body and goods, honor and soul, for it is an office which you do not need and yet is useful and necessary to the whole world and to your neighbor. Therefore, when you see that there is a lack of executioners, sheriffs, judges, lords and princes, and you feel yourself fit, you ought to offer yourself for this service and solicit it, in order that the necessary power may not be despised and impotent or even perish; for the world can and will not go without it.

My reasoning: In this case you would be going about entirely in the service and works of others, which would be serving not yourself or your goods and honor, but only your neighbor and others, and you would not do it with the purpose of avenging yourself or returning evil for evil; but for the good of your neighbor and for the maintenance of shelter and peace for others. For as to yourself you stay by the Gospel and conduct yourself according

to the word of Christ, willingly receiving the stroke on the cheek in return, or letting go your cloak and your mantle, if only you and your affairs are involved.

And so it is fairly consistent, that you satisfy at the same time the kingdom of God and that of the World, outwardly and inwardly, at the same time suffering evil and wrong and yet punishing evil and wrong; at once resisting and not resisting evil. For with the one course you are considering yourself and your own, in the other your neighbor and his welfare. For yourself and your own you hold to the Gospel and suffer wrong like a genuine Christian on your own account; for your neighbor and his interests you follow the law of love and tolerate no wrong to him, which is not forbidden, or rather is commanded by the Gospel in another place.

In this spirit the sword has been wielded by all saints from the beginning of the world, by Adam and all his descendants. . . . But if any one should allege that the Old Testament is superseded and no longer valid, wherefore such examples could no longer be commended to Christians, I answer that it is not so; for St. Paul says (1 Cor. x): "They did all eat the same spiritual meat and drink the same spiritual drink from the rock which is Christ, as did we." That is, they had the same spirit and faith in Christ that we have and were Christians as much as we. Therefore, in whatsoever they did right, therein all Christians do right, from the beginning of the world to its end, for time and outward circumstance make no difference among Christians. Moreover it is not true that the Old Testament is superseded so that we may not hold by it, or would do wrong if we followed it throughout, as Jerome and many others have stumblingly taught; but it is superseded in the sense that one is free to observe it or to pass it over, and that it is no longer necessary to follow it at the peril of one's soul as it was of old.

[This Luther then confirms by the cases of John the Baptist, who bade the soldiers be content with their pay, of Peter who approved of the centurion Cornelius, of Philip, who baptized the eunuch of Ethiopia, and of Paul, who baptized the captain Paul Sergius of Cyprus, continuing:]

Moreover, there is beyond this the clear and strong saying of Paul, Rom. xiii, "The powers that be are ordained of God; and the power beareth not the sword in vain, but is the servant of God toward thee, avenger against the wrong-doer."

Therefore thou shouldst esteem the sword, or power, just as one does marriage, or agriculture, or any other vocation, which

are also ordained of God. Now just as a man can serve God in the married state, in agriculture or in a trade, for the benefit of his neighbor, and must serve his neighbor if need be, so in power also he can serve God, and ought to serve in this way if the need of his neighbor requires it, for those who punish the evil and shield the good are God's servants and workmen. But it is also free to omit, if it is not necessary, just as marrying and tilling the soil are voluntary, where there is no necessity.

But if thou sayest: Why then did not Christ and the apostles wield it? my answer is: Tell me, why did not Christ take a wife? Or why was he not a shoemaker or a tailor? If an occupation or an office were to be condemned because Christ did not occupy it, where would be all offices and occupations except that of preacher, the only one that he pursued? Christ pursued his own office and occupation, but he did not thereby condemn any other. It was not fitting for him to wield the sword, for he was to hold the only office whereby his kingdom is ruled and is really of service to his kingdom....

Now from all this it appears what the true understanding is of Christ's words (Matt. v), "Resist not evil," etc.; namely that a Christian must be so constituted that he will suffer all evil and injustice, will not avenge himself, nor defend himself in court, but that he will have absolutely no need of civil power and law for himself. But for others he may and should seek vengeance, justice, protection and aid, and contribute thereto by any means in his power. Likewise power should seek and instigate, aid and defend him of itself or at the suggestion of others without any complaint on his part. If it does not do this, he must let himself be skinned and abused, and resist not evil, as Christ's words say....

And here thou wilt ask, whether bailiffs, hangmen, jurists, advocates and all that sort of officials can be Christians, and can be saved? I answer, if power and the sword are tools of God, as has just been shown, then everything must be a service of God that is needed by power to wield the sword. It must be that he who catches the wicked, accuses them, throttles and slays them, is shielding, excusing, justifying and saving the good. Therefore when they do it with a purpose, not to seek their own in it, but only to administer law and power and to help restrain the wicked, it is without spiritual peril for them and they may employ it as any one else pursues another trade and make their living by it. For as has been said, love of one's neighbor does not regard its own and does not

consider how great or how small, but how necessary and useful the works may be for one's neighbor or for the community.

And now we come to the chief heading of this sermon. For after we have taught that there must be civil authority on earth, and how one can administer it Christianly and unto salvation, we must now teach how long its arm is and how far its hand can reach, lest it reach too far and lay hold on God's realm and rule. And this is very necessary to know, for unbearable and terrible damage arises if too much reach is given it, while it is not without damage if it be too much restricted. Here it punishes too much, and there too little, although it is more tolerable that it err on the latter side and punish too little than to err on the other side and punish too much, since it is always better to let a knave live than to take the life of a good man, inasmuch as the world has and must have knaves a plenty, but of good men few.

In the first place we must note that the two portions of the children of Adam, one of which is in the kingdom of God under Christ, but the other in the kingdom of this world and under the civil authority, have two different sets of law; for every kingdom must have its laws and statutes, and without laws no realm nor rule can exist, as daily experience sufficiently shows. The civil government has laws which apply no further than to the body and property and to whatever is outward on earth. For over the soul God can and will have no one rule but himself. Therefore when the civil power presumes to give laws to the soul it is interfering with the government of God and only seducing and ruining souls. This we propose to make so clear that it can be grasped, so that our noblemen, the princes and bishops, may see what fools they are when they try to force people by their laws and commands to believe thus and so....

[At some length Luther here develops the thought that it is impossible and absurd to try to direct the thoughts and the beliefs of men; that these are matters between the soul and its creator.]

Accordingly, if thy prince or civil lord commands thee to adhere to the pope, or to believe thus and so, or directs thee to put away certain books, thus shalt thou say: "It is not meet for Lucifer to sit beside God; dear sir, I am bound to obey thee with body and goods; command me according to the measure of thy authority on earth, and I will obey. But if thou command me to believe, or to put away certain books, I will not obey; for in this thou art a

tyrant and reachest too high, commanding wherein thou hast neither right nor power, etc." If then he take thy property therefor and punish thy disobedience, blessed art thou, and thank God that thou art worthy to suffer for the sake of the divine word. Let him rage, the fool! for he will find his judge. For I say to thee, if thou contradict him not and give way, so that he may deprive thee of thy faith or of the books, thou hast of truth denied God.

To give an instance of this: In Meissen, Bavaria, and in the Mark and other places, the tyrants have published a decree that people shall deliver their New Testaments to the officials here and there. In this matter their subjects should act thus: Not a leaf, not a word should they deliver, on peril of their salvation. For whoever does it is surrendering Christ to Herod's hands; for they are acting like murderers of Christ, like Herod. But this much they must tolerate: that the officials run through their houses and take away by force either books or other property. They must not resist violence, but suffer it. But they must not endorse it, nor be instrumental to it, nor follow or obey it, not by a footstep nor the movement of a finger. For such tyrants act as civil princes must,—they are worldly princes. And the world is God's enemy; therefore they must do what is against God and pleasing to the world, that they may not lose standing but remain worldly princes. Therefore do not wonder if they rage and ramp against the Gospel; they must live up to their name and title.

Know thou that from the beginning of the world a wise prince has been a rare bird, and still rarer a pious prince. They are usually the greatest fools or the worst knaves on earth. Therefore we must always be prepared for the worst from them and expect little good, especially in divine matters concerning the salvation of the soul. For they are God's jailers and hangmen and his divine wrath uses them to punish the wicked and keep outward peace. Our God is a great lord, and therefore he must have such noble, highborn, rich hangmen and jailers, and he intends that they shall have wealth, honor and respect in full measure from every one. . . .

But if again thou say: "Civil authority does not indeed compel any one to believe, but only prevents by outward means misleading people with false doctrine. How else could we restrain heretics?" I answer: That is for the bishops to do; that is their office and not that of princes. For heresy can never be prevented by force, but it takes another device. This is another contest and dispute than with the sword. Here God's word must fight for us. If that does not suffice, the end will not be attained by civil authority, not

though it fill the world with blood. Heresy is a matter of the spirit and cannot be cut with steel nor burned by fire, nor drowned in water....

Moreover, there is no greater support for belief or heresy than when it is attacked without God's word and by mere force. For one certainly feels that such force has no just case and is acting counter to right, because it is acting without God's word and knows not how to help itself save by force, as unreasoning beasts do. For even in worldly affairs one cannot use force unless wrong has first been overcome by right. Then how much more impossible is it to deal with these high spiritual matters by force and without right and God's word?

See then what cunning shrewd noblemen are these! They wish to drive out heresy, and yet resort only to means whereby they strengthen the adversary, justifying the heresy and laying themselves under suspicion. Dear man, wouldst thou expel heresy thou must learn the knack of rooting it out of the heart first of all and turning the heart away from it. This thou wilt never attain by force, but wilt only strengthen it. And how will it profit thee to strengthen heresy in the heart and only weaken it outwardly on the tongue, forcing it to lie? But God's word illumines the heart and therewith all heresies and errors fall away.

But shouldst thou say: "Then if there is to be no civil sword among Christians, how shall they be governed outwardly? Why, there must remain authorities among Christians," I reply: Among Christians there shall and can be no authority, but each is subject to the other, as Paul says (Rom. xii), Let each regard the other as his superior. There is no chief among Christians but Christ alone. And what authority can there be when they are all equal and have the same right, power, property, and honor, and none desires to be the other's superior, but every one wishes to be subject to the other? Where there are such people it would be impossible to set up any authority, even if they tried, since the nature of the case will not permit having chiefs if no one will or can be chief. But if the people are not such, they are not genuine Christians.

What then are priests and bishops? I answer: Their activity is not authority or power, but only an office and a service, for they are no higher nor better than other Christians. Therefore they must not put laws and commandments upon others without their will and consent, but their rule is nothing but executing the will of God, in guiding Christians and overcoming heretics.... Now those who have not faith are not Christians and do not belong in

Christ's kingdom, but in the kingdom of this world, where they must be checked and ruled by the sword and outward government.

It would seem to be time now to show how a prince shall conduct himself in this matter, for the sake of those who would like to be Christian lords and princes and reach eternal life, who are indeed very few.... Now those who wish to be Christian princes must lay aside the thought that they are to rule and use force. For all life that is lived and sought for its own good and profit is accursed. Cursed are all works that are not done in love. And they are done in love when they are aimed with the whole heart at the use, honor, and welfare of others, and not at one's own pleasure, profit, honor, and comfort.

Therefore I will not discuss here worldly interests and laws, for this would lead too far and there are law books more than plenty. Although, if a prince is not wiser than his lawyers and does not have deeper understanding than is in his law books, he will surely rule after the saying in Proverbs xxviii: "A prince who lacks wisdom will unjustly oppress many."... For however good and proper laws are, they are all subject to one limitation, that they cannot make head against necessity. Hence a prince must have the law firm in his hand in the form of the sword, and measure with his own reason when and where the law is to be administered with severity or to be mitigated, so that reason may always dominate the law and be the supreme law and master of all law. Just as a house-father, while fixing definite time and quantity of food and labor for servants and children, must keep such regulations within his control so that he may alter or suspend it if a case arises in which the servant is ill, imprisoned, detained, deceived or interfered with in any other way, and not exercise the same severity toward the sick as toward the well. I say this that it may not be considered enough and a commendable course to follow the written law, the lawyers' law; something more is needed.

Solomon despaired of all law, even such as Moses had given him at God's command, and of all his princes and counsellors, and turned to God himself and prayed him for a wise heart wherewith to rule his people. A prince should follow this example and act in the fear of the Lord, depending neither on dead books nor live heads but holding to God alone, filling his ears with appeals for right understanding beyond that of any books and masters as to how to rule his subjects wisely. Accordingly I have no law to prescribe to a prince, but wish to instruct his heart so that it shall be so disposed and inclined in all laws, counsels, sentences and dis-

puts that God will certainly help him settle them well and after God's heart.

First of all, he must consider his subjects and set his heart aright. This he will do if he sets his whole mind upon being useful and serviceable to them. And let him not think thus: "Land and people are mine; I will do as I please"; but rather thus: "I belong to the land and the people; I ought to do what is useful and good for them; I should not seek how I may hold my head high and rule, but how they may be secured in a good peace and protected." And he should take an example of Christ and say: "Behold, Christ, the highest prince, came and served me instead of seeking to gain power, property and honor by me; he considered only my need and did all he could that I might win power, property and honor in and through him. Thus will I do: not seek my own interests in my subjects, but theirs, and will serve them through my office, shield them, hear their complaints and defend them and so rule them that they and not I shall have use and benefit from it." . . .

Secondly, the prince must keep an eye on the great jackanapes, his counselors, and govern himself toward them so that he despise none, but trust none so as to leave all to him; for God can endure neither of these courses. He once spoke through an ass, therefore no man is to be despised. On the other hand, he cast down from heaven the highest angel. Therefore no man is to be depended on, be he ever so shrewd, bold or great; but one should hear every one and wait to see through which one God will speak and work. For this is the greatest mischief in lords and courts, when a prince gives his mind in charge to the great jackanapes and flatterers and neglects to look after things himself. Especially since it concerns not merely one man when a prince errs and is foolish, but land and people have to pay for his folly.

And guard most against those who say, "Oh, Gracious Lord, doesn't Your Grace trust me more than this? Who will serve Your Grace?" For such a one is certainly not single-minded, but wishes to be lord in the land and to make a puppet of thee. . . .

And sayest thou, If one is to trust no one, how is one to rule land and people? I answer: Rule and risk it; but trust another and depend on him, that shalt thou not, save on God alone. Thou must indeed confide the offices to people and take the risk, but trust them no further than people who are liable to err, and thou must watch and not sleep; just as a teamster trusts his horses and wagon that he drives, not letting them go as they will, but holding reins and whip over them and never sleeping.

Thirdly, the prince must take care to deal justly with evil-doers. Here he must be very prudent and wise, lest his punishment be their ruin. And here again I know no better example than David: He had a captain named Joab, who did two wicked deeds and slew treacherously two loyal captains whereby he deserved death doubly; yet he did not slay him during his own lifetime but left it to his son Solomon, doubtless because he himself could not do it without great damage and uproar. So a prince must punish the wicked not as it were picking up a spoon and stepping on a platter, on account of one skull putting land and people into danger and filling a land with widows and orphans.

Therefore he should not follow the councillors and fire-eaters who stir him up and egg him on to begin war, saying, "Ah ha! shall we endure such words and wrong?" It is a very poor Christian who will risk the whole land for the sake of a single castle.

In brief, one must apply here the proverb, He who cannot wink at some things cannot rule. Be this, then, the prince's rule: Where he cannot punish wrong without doing a greater wrong, he should let his rights go, no matter how clear they may be, for he should not consider the harm done himself, but the injury to others which they must incur by his attempt to punish. For how have so many women and children deserved to become widows and orphans in order that thou avenge thyself upon a vain mouth or a wicked hand that has done thee harm?

Askest thou: Shall then a prince never make war, nor his subjects follow him to battle? I reply that this is a far-reaching question, but to treat it most briefly in Christian fashion I say that no prince should make war against his chief, as emperor or king or any other feudal superior, but let whoever robs rob. For we must not resist the authorities by violence, but only by appeal to the truth. If they heed it, good; if not, thou art justified and sufferest wrong for God's sake.

But if the adversary is thine equal, or inferior, or a foreign potentate, then first shalt thou offer him right and peace, as Moses teaches the children of Israel. If he will not accept, then consider thy best good and defend thee force against force, as Moses lays it all down precisely in Deuteronomy xii. And here too thou must not consider thy personal interest and how thou mayest remain lord, but thy subjects to whom thou owest aid and protection, that all may be done in love. For since thine entire land is in danger, thou must risk the appeal to God's aid, lest all be destroyed. And even though thou canst not avoid making some widows and orphans.

yet must thou try to keep everything from going to ruin, leaving nothing but widows and orphans.

And in this subjects are bound to follow and risk life and property. For in such a case one must risk his goods and himself for the sake of the other. And in such a war it is Christian and a work of love to slay the enemy with good heart, rob, burn, and do every sort of damage, until he is overcome after the fashion of war; excepting that one must keep from sin, not violate women and girls, and when the enemy is beaten give mercy and peace to those that surrender and humble themselves, so that, in this case, all in all, one may apply the saying: God helps the strongest.

And what if a prince is in the wrong? Are his people bound to follow him? I answer, No, for it is not proper for any one to act contrary to the right; rather one must obey God, who wishes the right more than men. And what if the subjects do not know whether the prince is right or not? I answer, Since they do not know and cannot find out by any possible diligence, they may obey without peril to their souls. For in such a case we must apply the law of Moses, Exodus xxi, where he directs that one who has slain a man in ignorance and unintentionally shall be acquitted by the court by flight to a place of refuge.

Fourthly, which should have been Firstly, for what has been said above, a prince should act toward his God as a Christian, that is, subject himself to him with his whole trust, praying for wisdom to rule well as did Solomon.

So we will leave the subject here with this summary, that a prince should divide himself in four quarters: the first to God with hearty trust and earnest prayer; the second to his subjects with love and Christian service; the third to his counselors and mighty men with shrewd reason and frank common sense; the fourth to the evil-doers with discreet earnestness and severity. Thus his office will be right outwardly and inwardly and will please God and men. But he must weigh the grief and the envy that go with it; such a program will soon be burdened with its cross.

THE PROFESSORS' WAR.

BY ONE OF THEM.

THIS is no time, as a number of patriots have observed, for arguments. I shall not argue; I shall not even tell any one. I shall, however, put my cards on the table, though they be but four in number. I start from four assumptions:

First, that this war without hate was not willed or wanted by the majority, the masses, of America, who would have preferred to stay out of the European conflict; and that it was willed and wanted by a minority, probably not larger than a million or two, made up of financiers, gentlemen of leisure, lawyers, journalists, college professors, publicists—in short, of the more prosperous and more schooled.

Second, that Germany's submarine campaign was the occasion rather than the cause, and never would have put us into war had not the sentiment of articulate America been vehemently pro-Ally; and that, indeed, on the issue of the submarines alone, the Germans have as good a case against us as we against them, since the American government actively discriminated against the Central Powers, condoning the illegal and indefensible "blockade" to starve them, while insisting on the privilege of shipping unlimited munitions and supplies and food to their enemies.

Third, that there is much that is clean and fine and generous in the motives that prompted the minority in America to insist on war, and not a great deal that is sinister and sordid, and that this minority holds a sincere conviction that the defeat of Germany is necessary for the best interests of civilization, peace and democracy.

Fourth, that nevertheless the interpretation this educated and well-to-do minority has put on the European struggle is naive and sentimental, resting chiefly on the belief that Germans and their rulers are radically different, wicked and more dangerous than the rest of the white race, a notion sufficiently childish, and also resting on the equally childish notion that if the Germans are humbled and crippled, a lasting world peace, guaranteed by a league of honor, can be forthwith established.

II.

The reader should not take these assumptions too seriously. I do not, myself. I am perfectly well aware that they are only my opinions, and that I may easily be mistaken. I will go so far as to say my views may possibly be foolish. This gives me, I think, an advantage over the intellectuals who have been paging war these two years. For example Messrs. Putnam, Roosevelt, Eliot, Ladd, Thayer, Beck—gentlemen of that stamp cannot conceive, even theoretically, that their views may be foolish. That could be urged as a good reason, in itself, for questioning their good sense.

It is my misfortune to spend most of my time among the edu-

cated classes. A long association with college professors and authors has given me a very high respect for the opinions of store clerks, farm hands, bootblacks, teamsters, bricklayers and boilermakers. Persons of the latter sort have humility and a desire to find the truth. Consequently they sometimes find it.

The educated man and woman, on the other hand, are seldom humble intellectually. They strive to vindicate their opinions. They have the power of rationalizing and elaborating a prejudice. And they often end by sinking their prejudices too deep for reconsideration. No one, obviously, can know a great deal about more than one or two specialized subjects, and furthermore no one in the world has won the right to be dogmatic about human institutions and human nature. And right there the intellectuals are most dogmatic.

Again and again I have seen learned men whose competence in one field or another commands my respect sophisticate themselves into ignoring the most elementary facts about the world war. I have heard them urge us to go to the rescue of the Anglo-Allies against out-numbered and hard-pressed foes, on the ground that the German "hordes" were likely to inundate the earth. I have heard them argue that the British Empire, after all, is nothing but a coalition of self-governing daughter states, disregarding the five million square miles governed directly and exclusively from London. I have heard them condone the whole war with a phrase, and speak of America's entry into this titanic butchery as though it were a light expedition.

Common folk, apparently, hold life's values in truer perspective than cultured people. They do not make blinders of their opinions. When they think of war they think of the thing itself; of the trenches, and of death on the wire. Laboring people are always, partially at least, pacifists. They see that some things are worth fighting for; but that these things do not include colonies, trade, national egotism, the virile virtues, big talk, and inherited hates. They see that no dispute in the world is worth the lives of seven million men, the toll of the war to the present.

Many persons think they know what is wrong with the world, among the number, Gilbert Chesterton. I suspect that the real root of many of our troubles is the monumental lack of levity on this planet. The world is morbidly serious. As soon as men anywhere come into positions of power they grow very solemn. They stand about in uniforms or frock coats, chests slightly expanded, and receive visitors with great dignity. Politicians are sometimes hu-

man, statesmen almost never. Their pleasure consists in having their own way.

All over the world it is the peasants who wear gay costumes and dance in the market places and walk along the streets holding hands. They want a good time and they have earned it with their sweat. But certain solemn asses at the top will never let them alone. Periodically men in power march millions away to slay one another, for issues they themselves cannot clearly define. And if the millions are not made to die young, they are made good. In America our legislators are mainly engaged in squeezing the joy out of life. It would be a glorious experiment if sometime, somewhere, leaders and rulers would arise who would say to the people: "Go ahead, and within the limits of liberty, enjoy yourselves. We shall not interfere." It has still to be tried.

III.

President Wilson, it is to be feared, looks on the world, and on himself, very solemnly. He is unquestionably a man of great ability and high ideals. But recently he appears in danger of losing his sense of humor and his tolerance. He has once or twice professed himself "astonished" that any one should disagree with him. He would undoubtedly consider that a person who differed with him over an important national policy must be unpatriotic and un-American—at least that, and possibly malignant and stupid in the bargain. He has forgotten, for the moment, that there is one right the American people cannot delegate, the right to do their own thinking.

Mr. Wilson has been indulging in some professor-talk. For instance, he said:

"We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship."

This must sound odd to the German people, whom we are going to kill and maim, despite all lines we draw between them and their rulers. But who cares what these deluded Germans think? We know.

Speaking of the draft, Mr. Wilson remarked:

"It is in no sense a conscription of the unwilling; it is rather a selection from a nation which has volunteered in mass."

That must sound rather odd to any one who stops to reflect that neither the war itself nor conscription was submitted to a referendum of the people, and that furthermore the conscription

bill, as passed, does not exempt conscientious objectors, other than Quakers, and a handful more.

President Wilson has never been quite frank with us about his reasons for wanting war with the Central Powers. The real reason seems to me to have been this: that he found his policy of peace incompatible with his policy of acquiescence in British overlordship of the seas. When the two came, inevitably, into conflict, he had to make his choice. During the days that followed the German resumption of submarine warfare, Mr. Wilson patently suffered from a "balked disposition." His method of escape was to ask war in the ultimate interests of peace. Yet even in his mind there must linger a doubt that the entrance of another neutral into the European conflict will surely secure the boon that all mankind desires. An avowed object is not an accomplished object.

A number of people are inclined to be bitter toward Mr. Wilson, alleging that he secured his reelection on the boast, self-urged, that he had kept us out of war. I think they do the President an injustice. He did not intrigue for war. He did not lead the war sentiment in America. He merely, at the end, concurred in the opinion and took up the cries of his class. The war mania had to fight its way into the White House.

To find the war sentiment in full bloom we must look to other and more bellicose men than President Wilson. Just at present he is doing creditably as a maker of slogans. He tells us we must pour out all our blood and all our treasure if need be, until our end is achieved. What end? There can be no mistake about that: until the world is made safe for democracy: that is, (it should be added) for our kind of democracy, not the Russian kind.

Joseph Choate, at the age of eighty-five, spoke at the luncheon in New York, May 10, given in honor of the French Commissioners. It was his last effort. Three days later he succumbed. About to die, he salutes us:

"Why am I so glad we entered this war? Why, we were spoiling for the lack of a fight; we were absolutely rotting with riches, steeped to the lips in luxury, abandoned to sports, without one thought of the terrible struggles that were being endured by the British, the French and all the other Allies, in fighting our battle. That is what we have been doing for this last two years, and I for one thank God that we are ready to join them, and the sooner we get our men over to stand by their side the better."

"Rotting with riches." Is not that putting it a bit strong, considering that the food budget of the average American family has

increased 74 % in the last two years, that there is right now intense suffering among the poor, and that there were food riots on the East Side of New York last winter? Possibly Mr. Choate was not in a position to see these matters clearly. And what curious twist is it in human nature that makes old men counsel war? In all countries they do it. It must be akin to the deep callousness that tempts men of power, in any form of government, to vent their ill-temper in other men's blood, enforce their wills through other men's agonies.

But let us be fair to Mr. Choate. He spoke for a caste, and for the caste he spoke honestly. On the well-to-do the enthusiasm of war often acts like a tonic. L. T. Hobhouse wrote, in 1904, "In days of prosperity Jeshurun waxes fat, the war passions are readily excited, the appeal to justice or humanity is heard with impatience and stifled by counter appeals to the civilizing mission of a great nation."

That observation sounds shrewd to-day. The book from which it comes is *Democracy and Reaction*; and although the book was published ten years before the Armageddon began, I respectfully submit that a reading of it would enlighten some of the Americans who are so cock-sure they know what this war is about.

IV.

It is hard to explain the collapse of the American mind before the challenge of the world tragedy. Yet the fact is clear. Our intellectuals have reverted to the simplest possible psychological explanation; the whole hellish thing is due to Prussian ambition, Prussian militarism. They have followed the lead of our Colonials, a mental Foreign Legion self-recruited in our midst. They have paid more attention to the conduct of the war than its deeper causes, and they have been gulled by atrocity tales like any old quidnunc. They have put their energy into elaborating a moral indictment of Germany, an easy enough task, but fruitless for wisdom. However pretentious their premises, they have ended with the same conclusions as the man in Oxford Road. And all this, as I say, is hard to explain.

If our intellectuals were ignorant of the economic and historical background of the war, if they did not see that it had been preceded by a long series of cruel and thievish aggressions in the Balkans, in Persia, in Turkey, in Morocco, in the Congo, all over Africa, aggressions participated in by all Europe, but leaving the powers of Europe at swords' points, if they did not know that this

war was the logical outcome of that reaction—the crest of which had been passed before 1914—against the humanitarian ideas of the mid-nineteenth century, a reaction that brutalized the thought of Europe, if they did not understand that Germany, being more philosophical, wove for *Realpolitik* an evil doctrine of state irresponsibility, whereas England, France and Russia, being better politicians, put *Realpolitik* into successful practice, if they did not know that for several decades there has been no European policy, no civilized policy, toward the smaller nations and the weaker races, but only a collective scramble to assert national dominion and material force—if they were oblivious to all this, at least they might have realized that the issues were somewhat too complex to be judged off-hand, and they could have listened to hear if the voice of truth was anywhere raised. They did not need to follow the snap judgment of a provincial press. A sound interpretation of the war was furnished them ready-made by European intellectuals. The truth has been told by such men, to mention a few, as Lowes Dickinson, Georg Brandes, E. D. Morel, Bertrand Russell, Francis Delaisi, H. N. Brailsford, Francis Neilson. These writers have pointed out that the guilt of this war is too heavily interlaced with the whole European system of imperialistic plunder to allow any but a casuistic division of responsibility, and that no nation has the right to indict another nation when by its own greed, duplicity and blood-lust it has helped sting that other nation into fury. But our American thinkers turned their backs. They were too busy and too happy among their prejudices.

How far astray their catch-phrases, militarism, autocracy, Prussianism, have led American leaders of opinion is shown by the confusion into which the Russian Revolution has thrown them. The program, “no annexations and no indemnities” evidently pushes democracy and idealism too far. From the doctrinaire point of view, of course, the new Russia is a better ally in a war for democracy than the old oppressive Russia of the autocracy, but a new Russia liberal enough to insist on a peace without victory collides alarmingly with the will to conquer.

The only road along which a better European order can be reached is a revision of the temper and purposes of the major European powers. Russia has made the revision. She has purged herself by the drastic physic of revolution. For the moment she is a democracy, and a real democracy; in her the masses really rule. She may outgrow this. Give her time, say ten or twenty years, and she may become a republic like England and France, pluto-

cratically controlled. But for the moment she speaks with the voice of common humanity.

And Russia has announced that she does not propose to be hoodwinked. She understands that the dethroned autocracy talked the same phrases that are talked now by the Western Powers. She does not forget that these Western Powers gave that autocracy enormous loans. She does not propose to repudiate her national honor, but she declares, quite unequivocally, that she is done with cant. In May, the newspaper organ of the workmen's and soldiers' delegates, after quoting two English newspapers to the effect that the declaration of the Provisional Government and the pronouncements of the revolutionary leaders show that the Russian peace formula coincides with the Anglo-French war aims, said:

"You are deceiving yourselves, gentlemen, or rather, you are vainly striving to delude your fellow countrymen concerning the real policy of the Russian revolution. The revolution will not sacrifice a single soldier to help you repair the 'historical injustices' committed against you. What about the historic injustices committed by yourselves, and your violent oppression of Ireland, India, Egypt and the innumerable peoples inhabiting all the continents of the world? If you are so anxious for justice that you are prepared in its name to send millions of people to the grave, then, gentlemen, begin with yourselves."—New York *Tribune*, May 30, 1917.

Here speaks a new and harsh diplomacy. I do not profess to know if it expresses the policy Russia will pursue. But certainly it promises more for the ultimate peace of the world than the expressions of implacable hatreds we are hearing from other belligerent camps.

VI.

I wish, in conclusion, to offer a little advice. I would not give advice to the officials in Washington, because they would consider it an impertinence; and they have intimated that they do not care to receive advice, even on the question of the terms of peace. I wish rather to advise those persons, few or many, to whom this war has brought mental distress and resentment.

A large number of dissatisfied persons are not expressing themselves openly these days, but in the utterances of those who do speak out, I detect a note of bitterness, of intolerance, of anger, that reminds one of our advanced jingoes. Undoubtedly the shrillness of these protests is due in part to their authors' feeling of

impotence, and to their conviction that, had the issue of war been submitted to popular decision, we should still be at peace. There they have a genuine grievance. It is extraordinarily difficult, in America, to secure an authoritative expression of the popular will on any question. The decision to resort to war and the decision to resort to conscription, for examples, are not reached through a referendum to the people. Congress does not have the power, in a crisis, to force a general election, as does the Parliament of Great Britain. A presidential election in America presents a jumble of issues, political, economic, and personal. Almost never, in this republic, do the people have the opportunity to debate and decide a definite issue. One of the reforms that will come up for consideration after the war is some change in our democratic machinery that will ensure that the major policies of our democracy are wanted by a majority, at least, of our citizens.

The present war was declared, however, in entire accord with our present constitutional methods. It is the present policy of America, and it imposes on all of us the duty of backing up that policy. So long as that policy is in force it commands our loyalty. I know that such language rasps the nerves of those who are weary of patriotic cant. But I submit that in the present situation the spiritual unity of America is at stake, too precious a thing to be lightly shattered. The men who have willed this war are, speaking generally, high-minded and sincere, holding the same ideals and principles that we all hold. The differences of opinion that the war has disclosed are probably irreconcilable, for they are after all differences of opinion, not of purpose. Many Americans abhor this war, holding it futile to accomplish the ends for which it is ostensibly fought. But the critics of present American policy should at least be as generous as are some Germans. Leopold von Wiese recently said in Berlin: "We Germans should realize that Americans often really believe in what they proclaim in high-sounding language.... It is a mistake to disbelieve the honesty of intention of the majority of cultured Yankees to bring about a world peace. They mean what they say, however small their competence may be."

There are persons in the opposition who evidently are persuaded of their infallibility, in quite the same degree as the war party. But from such intolerance, wherever manifested, the world will never arrive at sanity. With America fighting for a program of international idealism, I do not see how any American can refrain from helping in the prosecution of that fight, in any way that he conscientiously can. I put in the weasel-word "conscientiously,"

because I approved of the provision in the conscription law that exempted from the business of actual killing, members of certain religious sects, and I should have liked the law better had it exempted all conscientious objectors. Our leaders are right, it seems to me, when they urge the obligation to push the war with full vigor, that America and her purposes may be saved from defeat. That obligation does not nullify the right of any citizen to insist that the high objects with which we entered the war shall not be perverted or lost from sight.

The second consideration I would urge upon the disaffected element in America is this: that in this country the popular always in the end prevails. If the war drags out for two years more, no power in America can prevent the war from being the dominant issue in the next Congressional elections. In what form the issue will be presented no one can predict, for the face of world politics may be greatly altered by then. But the war and its aims will be voted on, just as our Civil War was voted on. That the war party is not unaware that it must vindicate itself before the people is indicated by the nervousness displayed over the utterances of pacifists, and the hysterical efforts of some newspapers to attribute all criticism of the war to pro-German sources.

If a political struggle is inevitable, it ought, obviously, to be conducted with as little rancor as possible. American tradition calls for open discussion and quiet acceptance of results. Any lingering indifference to the war will disappear—when the casualty lists begin to come in. Before two years have gone by the struggle may have been won by arms, or it may have been won by statesmanship, through a negotiated peace. But whatever happens the American will to peace and the American will to justice will persist, and it will choose courageously the best means to encompass its ends.

THE NEW SOUL OF INDIA.

BY BASANTA KOOMAR ROY.

AMERICA, through a chain of causes, has come to know of the present-day unrest in India only in connection with the bomb and the Bengalee Babu, the conspiracy cases at home and abroad, and the execution of young Indian patriots for the crime of patriotism. And it is not out of season for the Americans to know something of the underlying forces that are remaking that ancient land.

and that the political unrest there is but a part of a greater unrest which embraces almost every department of human activity. Our arts and sciences, our society and religion, our literature and outlook on life are undergoing a tremendous change. A new soul of India is being born. And in this renaissance the new literary movement is the most potent factor. Even the absorbing political problem of India owes much of its depth and virility to the poets and writers. It is a spiritual as well as an intellectual movement. The Motherland is sacred to us. We are taught from our early childhood: "*Janani Janmabhumiṛcha swargadapi gariāshi*," i. e., "The Mother and the Motherland are higher than heaven itself." This naturally leads to morbid nationalism, but the new nationalism of India stands for something higher, nobler and purer. It seeks to unfold the soul of India for the strengthening of the dilapidating rocks of human liberty and the enrichment of human civilization.

Bande Matarani is the slogan of New India. It means "Hail Motherland!" And the soul-stirring song that bears the name is the leading national anthem of India. The best translation of this song is by an anonymous poet, and it runs as follows:

"Mother, hail!

Thou with sweet springs flowing,
Thou fair fruits bestowing,
Cool with zephyrs blowing,
Green with corn-crops growing,

Mother, hail!

"Thou of the shivering-joyous moon-blanced night,
Thou with fair groups of flowering tree-clumps bright,
Sweetly smiling
Speech-beguiling,
Pouring bliss and blessing;

Mother, hail!

"Though now three hundred million voices through thy mouth
sonorous shout,
Though twice three hundred million hands hold thy prowess out
Yet with all this power now,
Mother, wherefore powerless thou?
Holder thou of myriad might,
I salute thee, saviour bright,
Thou who dost all foes afright,

Mother, hail!

"Thou sole creed and wisdom art,
Thou our very mind and heart,
And the life-breath in our bodies.
Thou as strength in arms of men,

Thou as faith in hearts dost reign,
And the form from fane to fane
Thine, O Goddess!

"Lotus-throned one, rivalless,
Radiant in thy spotlessness
Thou whose fruits and waters bless,
Mother, hail!

"Hail, thou verdant, unbeguiling,
Hail, o decked one, sweetly smiling,
Ever bearing,
Ever rearing,
Mother, hail!"

This song was written by Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyaya about fifty years ago and it appears in a Bengali novel entitled *Ananda Math* (The Abbey of Bliss). When in his youth Rabindranath Tagore was being assailed on all sides for his voluptuous love lyrics, it was this great genius, the greatest of all Bengali novelists, who encouraged him and held him up before the public as the coming man in the literary world of Bengal. To-day Tagore is one of the greatest literary geniuses of the world, and has done a great deal for this new birth of India.

Indeed the songs of Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyaya, Hem Chandra Bandopadhyaya, Nabin Chandra Sen, Rabindranath Tagore and many others ploughed the national ground for the political workers to sow their seeds of patriotism in. And no poet in India has written a more exquisite group of patriotic poems than the ones that are written and composed by Rabindranath Tagore. A few insufficiently-informed American critics have called Tagore effeminate. But the trouble lies in the fact that it needs a little imagination to appreciate the virility of the subtle suggestions in Tagore's patriotic and other poems. Here we translate one which is rather plain-spoken:

"To thee, my Motherland, I dedicate my body; for thee I consecrate my life; for thee my eyes will weep and in thy praise my muse will sing.

"Though my arms are helpless and powerless, still they will do the deeds that can only serve thy cause; and though my sword is rusty with disgrace, still it shall sever thy chains of bondage, sweet mother of mine.

"Goddess, I know that the little blood I have in my veins cannot be of much service to thee; yet, be assured that I can shed every drop of it to wash away one iota of thy disgrace and to assuage thy sorrows.

"Mother dear, I know that my flute is not powerful in the least; and yet I shall deem myself fortunate if at its call even one lonely soul is awakened from its lethargic sleep."

Rabindranath is not the only one in his family that has written stirring, patriotic poems to inspire the young and the old. The "Namo Hindusthan" of his niece Sarala Devi Chowdhurani is one of the most powerful of our national songs. Rabindranath's elder brother, Jyotirindranath Tagore, has been a propagandist for Indian nationalism from his early youth. He has written several splendid national songs, but the most popular one—the one that is quite often sung in mammoth procession in the streets of our cities, towns and villages may be translated as follows:

"March on, march on, ye children of the Motherland, for she calls, she calls!

"The Motherland calls, she calls! So march on, march on, ye children of the Motherland, and serve your country with heroic prowess and manly pride. Who else but a true son can unselfishly wipe away the tears from the eyes of the Mother?

"Awake, arise! And sing ye in a chorus in praise of the Motherland, and say in unison: 'Mother, we sacrifice ourselves at thy feet.'

"Let your aims and ambitions be the same; inspire yourselves with new ideals and ever sing in newer tunes; mind not the flattery or the frown of the public, and hesitate not to dedicate yourself to the good, the permanent and the just.

"Unfurl, unfurl, ye children of the Motherland! Yes, unfurl the flag of unity between the contending creeds and parties and follow the same path in harmony, to crown our cause with success."

The majority of the women of India, like millions of men all over the world, are too busy with their family problems to give any thought to the vital problems of humanity in general and the nation in particular. So the women of India need awakening, as do the men, and it is being done by purdah mass meetings where special songs are sung and lectures delivered mostly by men—from outside the curtains. These meetings are generally opened by the following song of Dwarakanath Gangopadhyā. Even beggars sing this song nowadays as they beg from door to door. Translated it reads:

"Awake, arise, ye women of India! Unless you arise Mother India can never rise. So awake, dear sisters, awake, and be wives of heroes and give birth to heroic children.

"When you nurse them with the milk of your breast, pray tell them of the deeds of valor of our heroes of old, so that their pulses may quicken and their hearts may throb with legitimate pride.

"Unless you, the women of India, take this sacred vow, Mother India can never rise again. So awake, arise, ye women of India! Unless you rise, Mother India can never rise."

And listen how an awakened Hindu woman sings, Kamini Roy, one of our best poetesses and patriots. Such is the tune and the message of her song that multitudes are moved to tears when it is properly sung. In translation it reads:

"Come, come, my countrymen, and listen to the tale of my sweet dream and the words of my hope. The tears still linger in my eyes and yet the pain of my heart has disappeared.

"The night was dark and quiet, and I was floating on my tears. A mystic charm overpowered me, and I do not know when I fell fast asleep here for a while.

"I slept and dreamt—and I heard sacred hymns being solemnly sung on the banks of the Ganges and the Indus; and I heard the same on the banks of the Krishna and the Narmada, the Kavery and the Godavary.

"And I saw the children of the Motherland march with a divine glow in their faces. They looked powerful in unity and dignified in knowledge, and they marched as our heroic forefathers were wont to march in the heyday of our beloved Motherland.

"In the homes I saw the women fill baskets with fruits and flowers to welcome the victors; the heroic children were clapping their hands crimson; the maidens were weaving garlands for ovational sacraments and singing songs of victory in rapturous joy."

DEMOCRACY FOR OURSELVES.

BY ALICE EDGERTON.

TO permit the intellectual classes to talk gallantly about the war and abstract democracy is like leaving the farmers to cultivate red geraniums. There is no use now in talking about the war. Whether or not it is a war for democracy is as unimportant as the question who started it. It is a war; and we all contend—or did contend before we had a war of our own—that war should end as quickly and recur as seldom as possible. But with all our loose talk and high fervor, we are working ourselves into a desire to fight to the bitterest end. Furthermore, it is a war in the name of democracy, and we have neither the institution nor the spirit of democracy. But now that democracy is the fashion, we may be able to give the word some meaning, to prepare the soil for the growth of democracy after the war.

Some of us should be denied the luxury of large talk about the patriotism and glory and sacrifice of war and be assigned to the tough task of reminding the United States that war is black. We

might well conscript a squad of humanitarians to talk the world out of war. They might not like it; it is far easier to talk war than means of bringing war to an end. But as Mr. Wilson remarked, "the nation. . . . needs each man not in the field that will most pleasure him, but in the endeavor that will best serve the common good." A sense of the failure and defeat that cause the noblest war, and the sorrow that comes with it, might encourage the formulation of a basis of peace with the least possible fighting. We should be pamphleteered and posterized with such realities as that fostered international prejudice and costly restrictions upon trade beget hostility; and that a "predisposition to war. . . . inheres in nationalism." Devices for ending wars and a desire for the ending of war are feasible, if we devote to them the time and publicity that we have devoted to the making of war. War, to be sure, is picturesque, it appeals to an instinct; but the peace task, though subtle and difficult, is not impossible. Unremitting insinuation of the peace idea, which is the international idea, into the mind of the group must produce its effect.

The same thing is true of democracy. If we choose to have democratic ideas and institutions, we can have them. But unless our intellects apply themselves to talking us into democracy, we shall be in sorry plight when our democratic bluff is called. Tomlinson himself was better prepared to come to judgment. We have said in the old days that the people—in Europe—did not want the war. "This war," said Mr. Wilson in 1916, "was brought about by rulers, not by peoples, and I thank God there is no man in America who has authority to bring on a war without the consent of the people." Perhaps in this country the people did want the war; many persons on both sides of the fence think they did not, but we do not know. But we do know that the war was not "brought about" by them; for when our turn came a referendum to the people was decried as a demand which "grazed the edge of treason." "We have seen," says the *New Republic* (April 14, 1917), "a democratic nation forced into war, in spite of the manifest indifference or reluctance of the majority of its population. . . . If the several important professional and social groups" (they who have been able to "impose their will upon a reluctant or indifferent majority") "could have voted separately on the question of war and peace, the list of college professors would probably have yielded the largest majority in favor of war, except that contained in the Social Register." In a democracy the people determine their course and the broad outlines of its administration. But we have neither the vehicle

for direct expression of the popular will nor faith in the popular will.

We have said that we were a free people, free from the secret diplomacy, the autocracy, the little compulsions of the old world. "It has been our pride," said the *New York World* editorially in 1916, "that. . . our government has never been compelled either to resort to a conscription of its citizens or employment of foreign mercenaries. . . . It is an hereditary and therefore honored tradition of the Anglo-Saxon race that exemption from extorted military service is one of the peculiar privileges of freemen." Now we are calling conscription democratic and jailing anti-conscriptionists, on the principle which we have denounced as Prussian: that democracy is "rather equality of sacrifice than self-government." The Attorney-General has asked us to do each his bit of spying in connection with the registration; we are living under the secrecies and censorships and compulsions of European autocracies. Now that the Czar is out of the running, no European ruler has power more imperial than the President's power to take this man and leave that. We used to decry a German tendency to absorb every decision of government; now with us the mark of the good citizen is unquestioning acceptance of every act of the administration. In time of stress, we say, democracy is slow and inefficient; the efficient and undemocratic Germans would take New York and annihilate New England in twenty-four hours if we were democratic and inefficient. This talk may satisfy us to-day; everybody knows that Massachusetts would like nothing so much as child labor laws if it were not for South Carolina—that we should all abide by the Golden Rule if it were not for the competition of the wicked. But when the war is over, we shall have no presentable excuse for our undemocratic ways, and battalions of political scientists should be preparing constitutional provisions that will make impossible hereafter the nullification of popular government.

Congress as an institution we have always vaunted as the palladium of representative government. But in practice we elect it, laugh at it, and forget about it. Academically we have criticized it, but we have done little either to tear it down or to build it up. In its lumbering way Congress can be used to carry through the plans of the few men in control, men frankly distrustful of democracy in the concrete. But its committee system blocks legislation and conceals responsibility. Small traffic in private interest clogs the calendars. The candor of roll calls is avoided: Congress goes in the dark its rather dull way, and when stress comes, power goes

out of it, and its duty, like ours, is to support the administration. We know, too, that many other things are undemocratic: the courts, the electoral system and the suffrage, the irresponsibility of administrative officers, the constitution, and the organization of industry. The first patriotic pleasure of the intellectuals might well be to re-mould these institutions into instruments of democracy.

But first we need to be headlined into thinking about these matters. We have applied an outer coat of democracy in this country; at heart we hardly know the feel of the thing. But democratic feeling can be developed, in time, just as war feeling has been developed. The process is slower, more delicate, but its technical instruments are the same: art, drama, school, pulpit, press. By the constant subtle processes of social control, the group will feel anything it chooses to feel. So far we have not chosen to have our youth breathe in democracy. Freedom of speech, specially curtailed just now, we have in small measure at the best of times. Tolerance, an active respect for the thought of other people, is a part of so few of us, and so little a part of us, that it vanishes in time of strain. Give us a war and every one heaps contumely upon the pacifist, while the pacifist bitterly doubts the sincerity and intelligence of those who desire war.

Still harder to ascertain, and still more important to democracy is the willingness to be as inefficient as need be. Families, industries and nations probably look tidier and get along faster if one good manager runs them. To people who like to see the rows straight, the buttons on, and no tag ends, democracy is likely to prove irritating. We need to be willing to be patient through mistake and hesitation, and find our satisfaction in the slow growth of intelligence and individuality. We need to get the feeling that self-government is more important than accomplishment and supremacy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. E. GRIFFIS ON WANG YANG MING.

Professor Frederick G. Henke of Allegheny College has translated *The Philosophy of Wang Yang-ming*, published by the Open Court Publishing Company. The teaching of this ancient Chinese sage is important as it represents a practical philosophy of idealism in some respects resembling Kant, and it has exercised a wholesome influence not only in China, but also in Japan and on the Asiatic world in general. It was an ardent follower of this philosophy who sent the first Japanese students to America in 1868.

The value of Mr. Henke's work may be better appreciated by the general reader from the following tribute sent to him by no less an authority than the

celebrated William Elliot Griffis, who has done so much to interpret the far East to the West. His letter to Mr. Henke reads as follows:

"You will pardon a stranger, I trust, for addressing you, but I feel I must thank you most heartily for presenting to the world so admirable a book as that of the life, letters and philosophy of Wang Yang-Ming. When in educational service of the Japanese—feudal and imperial, 1870-74—I found that the Oyomei (so we there pronounce it) philosophy was the very bread of life to the thinking men, and, more than armies, navies or the clash with alien ideas and forces, it had *prepared* the Japanese for openmindedness and national re-creation. While you can never expect adequate reward for your labors, in the form of money, I trust that the consciousness of having helped grandly to build the bridge that shall yet unite the Orient and the Occident, will cheer you. In my self-conclave, I salute you as 'Pontifex'; and would that the future (*exitus acta probat*) would add 'Maximus.'

"I shall do all I can to make your book known, and earnestly hope your life, in this fruitful direction, as well as in personal happiness, may be prolonged."

The letter was signed "In the 50th year of acquaintance with the Japanese."

It goes without saying that the Occidental student will be interested to familiarize himself with so marked a personality as that of Wang-Yang-Ming, and Professor Henke's translation will prove of value to all students of philosophical thought.

THE POLISH UNIVERSITY AT WARSAW.

One of the earliest acts of the German invaders of Poland was the re-establishment of the Polish university at Warsaw, on November 15, 1915, and the man who presided over the ceremony was the German General von Beseler, the conqueror of Antwerp and Novo-Georgiewsk, who, in the name of Emperor William II, declared it formally opened. From one of the weekly letters of Dr. Adolf Deissmann of the University of Berlin we quote the following passage relating to this solemn occasion which fulfils a desire long cherished by the Polish people:

"There existed in Warsaw a so-called university under Russian control, and according to Russian ideas with students in uniform. These were selected according to the discretion of a board which restricted the various confessions and favored the Greek Catholic element in a Roman Catholic country. Freedom of speech was unknown at this university. Polish professors were rarely seen and typical Russians filled the chairs. The language used was Russian. The so-called students were under stringent control, and among themselves dared only converse in the tongue of the 'holy empire.' Their homes were continually subject to search by the police, and the least suspicion of their being politically objectionable entailed exile to Siberia or else imprisonment in the Citadel of Warsaw. The teachers of the new university lecture in Polish. The institution is happy in having academic liberty as the Germans understand it and as it is practised at German universities. Its professors are leaders in Polish art, literature and science. With the students no exceptions are made as to faith or birth."

CORRECTION.

In Mr. Whitzel's article "Regarding Christian Origins" in the July *Open Court*, page 389, line 1, "interpretation" should read "interpolation."



SIR THOMAS MORE.

From an engraving by S. Freeman after the picture by Holbein.

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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SIR THOMAS MORE.¹

BY C. H. WILLIAMS.

SIR Thomas More's *Utopia* may be read and superficially enjoyed for its literary qualities. But it will not have been understood if it is dismissed as nothing more than a piece of fine imaginative writing. Its true significance can only be appreciated when the conditions to which it owed its inspiration are fully known. Any real study of the work therefore must begin with a survey of the man who wrote it and the age in which he lived.

More lived at a time when a new age was beginning (1478-1535). Medieval conditions were breaking down and new institutions, modes of life and ideas were springing up to take their place. Any one who looks somewhat closely at the foundations of English society just when the fifteenth century was yielding place to the sixteenth may detect signs of decay everywhere, even in the fundamental institutions of the medieval commonwealth. Feudalism and all that it meant to the medieval world was losing its significance. The wars of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had depleted the ranks of the nobles, the military inventions of the period combined with the growing power of the middle classes to overthrow the importance of the military caste which had dominated English life in the earlier centuries. The lord of the district gradually shed many of his pugnacious habits through loss of military strength and was forced to dispense with a number of the retainers who had helped to win his battles and make his name a terror in the locality. These men, soldiers of fortune as they were, skilled in no trade or craft, had been cast aside by their impoverished lords: they were

¹ This study of More's life and period will perhaps be read with greater interest when it is remembered that last December was the four hundredth anniversary of the publication of the *Utopia*.—Ed.

acceptable to no employer of labor: there lay before them no means of obtaining a livelihood by their own energies: there was nothing save a life of vagabondage in which the quickest witted and the most unscrupulous alone survived. The retainer became a vagabond and all which that term implied, a thief, a rogue, a card sharper, a cut-throat. Here was a promising nucleus around which the growing crowd of vagrants might accumulate.

Owing to their depleted resources the nobility were transformed from chivalrous knights and feudal lords into shrewd close-fisted landed gentry whose sole object was the replenishing of the family coffers and the increase of their manorial estates. The growing independence and scarcity of labor suggested neglect of arable land and the popularization of sheep farms. Success in the new enterprise was an incentive to sheep rearing on a larger scale and as this needed increased land an enclosure movement was soon in progress which snatched large tracts of the common lands of England from the people and claimed them as private property.

The enclosure movement meant the break-up of medieval rural economy. The old state of affairs when every one had his place in the manorial machine and found a means of employment no longer held good. The lower strata of rural society which had been able to eke out a fairly comfortable living by performing menial duties for the lord and enjoying the benefits of common pasturage and woodland found themselves without a hope. Their labor was no longer acceptable in the fields of their lord, there was no more common land in the district. They were ejected from their tenements to make room for a sheep run and they found themselves confronted by starvation. The situation is ably reviewed by More:

"Therefore, that one covetous and unsatiable cormoraunte and verye plague of his natyve contrey may compasse abowte and inclose many thousand acres of grounde to gether within one pale or hedge, the husbandmen be thrust owte of their owne: orels other by coueyne or fraude, or by vyolent oppression, they be put besydes it, or by wronges and iniuries they be so wried that they be compelled to sell all. By one meanes therfore or by other, other by howke or crooke, they must nedes departe awaye, pore, sylie, wretched soules: men, women, husbandes, wyues, fatherless chyl-dren, widdowes, wofull mothers with their yonge babes, and their hole housholde smal in substaunce and in much nombre, as husbandrie requireth many handes. Away they trudge, I say, out of their knowen and accustomed howses, fynding no places to rest in. All their housholde stuffe, whiche is verye lytle worth, though it

myght well abyde the sale, yet beyng sodeynelye thrust out, they be constrayned to sell it for a thyng of nought. And when they haue, wanderynge about, sone spent that, what can they els do but steale, and then iustelye God wote, be hanged, or els go about a begging?"

To those who were unaffected by ejectments and dearth of agricultural employment, to the weavers and small craftsmen of the town and countryside disaster came in the form of higher prices consequent on the small amount of land in cultivation and in scarcity of employment. When they found themselves threatened by unemployment and poverty they, like the agricultural laborers, yielded to the fascination of the large towns of whose prosperity wonderful tales were told, and sold all to come to them only to find on their arrival that conditions were as bad there as in their original homes. That was the disillusionment awaiting hundreds of respectable craftsmen on their arrival in London and the larger towns. There was nothing before them but a life of vagabondage and begging.

It was from the ranks of all these unfortunates that the pestilential army of vagabonds and sturdy beggars which was so serious a menace to Tudor society, was recruited. Nor can it be wondered at if these social outcasts, left stranded by the fluctuations of commercial development, regarded the prosperous classes as enemies whom they could justifiably rob and attack. Necessity developed to the full predatory instincts which needed little encouragement, and the state was forced to deal with the very serious menace of the vagabond problem. The legislation of the reign of Henry VIII is in itself sufficient evidence of the gravity of the problem and the violent measures adopted to meet it. The thieves, tramps, card-sharpers, tavern haunters and tricksters who were the ordinary travelers along country roads were a serious menace to the moral and physical health of the decent members of society and needed sharp and severe treatment.

The church was not of much assistance in dealing with the question. The extraordinary number of friars who swarmed the country simply increased the number of beggars and imposed on the simple villagers to a more shameful extent than the lazy wasters because they were in a position to emphasize their maledictions with scriptural tags and ecclesiastical jargon which neither they nor their frightened victims understood but which served their purpose and extorted money. It is true that the monasteries attempted to deal with the matter, but their policy of indiscriminate

charity simply aggravated the evil and justified men going on tramp by supplying them with food.

But while we criticise the church for her policy let us temper our condemnation by the reflection that the spirit was genuine even though the methods through which it worked were often foolish to the point of madness. The church did attempt to deal with a serious social problem in an age when sociology and charity organization were unknown. It was a rough age when few men had the time and less the inclination to bother with social problems. It was a time when every man had to look out for himself and the weak went to the wall. Success in life belonged to the strong body and subtle mind which could take advantage of its neighbor's infirmity. There was little sympathy for suffering, no appreciation of the causes at work behind social conditions, producing the evils which troubled the body politic. Poverty and vagabondage were not understood. A man who sank into poverty was a fool or a rogue. In either case the remedy was straightforward—whipping and body branding. Few as yet realized that poverty has its roots deep in the social conditions of the age: that the pauper is the result of heredity, environment and training rather than the author of his own unhappy lot. The legislators of the time worked upon the assumption that men became beggars by choice and upon that assumption they built up a series of penal statutes which attempted to whip poverty out of England.

It was a policy in keeping with the spirit of the age, a harsh policy which took things as they were, and tried to solve problems in a rough and ready fashion. There was no sympathy wasted in sixteenth-century police organization. Crime was crime however misdemeanors might vary, and punishment took the drastic forms of hanging, branding or burning. There was no examination of details and extenuating circumstances, no carefully regulated code of punishments. Life was rude and so was justice. Men had not yet adopted the enlightened habits of later days. The same rough spirit ran through all the life of the age. There was little attention paid to the sick. Medical study was a luxury rather than a science, hospitals were rare extravagances. Men were too busy in worldly affairs, in business and war to pay much attention to refined manners and the more sympathetic graces which ease the strain of modern life.

The time was not yet come when life was regulated by hygienic principles. Towns were small and badly planned, streets were narrow and filthy, drainage systems were only just beginning to be

recognized as essentials of civic life, houses were small and crowded together in unhealthy spots. Plague and disease were epidemical for there was little or no municipal superintendence of sanitary arrangements and hardly any inclination on the part of individuals to transform their dwellings into ideal homes or their districts into garden cities. Men lived a rough life in uncouth surroundings because they knew of nothing better and because as yet their resources did not enable them to devote time or attention to personal comforts until they had repaired a little of the damage which their fortunes had undergone in the destructive wars of earlier years. The typical man of the age was a trader keen on making his fortune and his activity gave him small time for the amelioration of social conditions.

This sixteenth-century activity quickly made itself felt. The country became prosperous. Side by side with great poverty and social distress existed growing wealth and prosperity. The few grew wealthy while the many starved. Trade increased, especially trade with the continent, and England became a rich, important and consolidated nation. The trading classes played an increasing part in the national activity and Englishmen stepped daily more and more to the front among the speculators and traders of western Europe.

Contact with the continent made Englishmen realize the supreme significance of their insular position. Europe at this time was alive with scheming diplomatists, representatives of the fully awakened entities of the Renaissance era. The Papacy, no longer a divine institution commanding the obedience of Christendom, was now a temporal principality whose representative devoted all his energies to the consolidation of a papal state. France and Spain intrigued and fought to win possessions in Italy and entered upon a long and fierce rivalry which was to be the overshadowing event of sixteenth-century history. England's position made her a neutral whose support would profoundly modify the position of either of the powers. Under Henry VIII the island kingdom definitely embarked upon a continental policy and became mixed up in all the sordid intrigues and spiteful quarrels which divided Europe for so many years.

But not all the influences consequent upon the connection with the continent were bad for England. It was through close intercourse with Europe that Englishmen were brought into touch with the remarkable revival of learning which at this period characterized the western world. The Renaissance had its home in Italy. It

was from Rome with all its radiant memories of pagan culture that western Europe heard the message of the new learning. To Rome and Italy the scholars of the continent flocked and they revelled in the glorious sunshine of intellectual enthusiasm which had burst upon the world. Under the influence of the new learning men took a new interest in knowledge. The scholar looked out upon life with the freshness of childhood and the enthusiasm of youth. He sought inspiration in the literature of the ancients and was seized by a desire for knowledge. The world of the intellect lay before him to be examined and explained. His buoyant imagination broke the chains of medieval scholasticism and soared into realms of literature and art which the monkish scholar of an earlier age had never thought of even in his wildest moments of religious frenzy. The spirit penetrated into all departments of life. Men possessed with the enthusiasm set out to explore the physical universe and discovered new lands with their strange inhabitants. They were ever on the watch for novelty, were these Renaissance men, no matter where or how it was to be found, and their lives they gladly spent in searching after truth.

England was not untouched by the new spirit. Even as early as 1491 Grocyn had returned to Oxford from Italy infected with humanism. Here he was joined by Linacre and between them they began to instil into their Oxford pupils a love of Greek literature and a desire to visit Italy, the home of the new learning. In a few years there grew up at Oxford a school of men whose lives were devoted to the new spirit and who commenced to refashion the English universities and inspire them with an enthusiasm for knowledge and culture. In 1496 Colet startled English scholars by his humanist lectures on St. Paul's Epistles and in company with Grocyn, Linacre, and Latimer formed a bold and enthusiastic band of close friends whose lives were dedicated to humanism.

* * *

Among the band of colleagues whose labors were stimulated by encouraging letters when apart and by cheerful conversations when they came together was a young lawyer, Thomas More. Born in 1478 the son of Sir John More, a puisne judge of King's Bench, Thomas More's early days had been spent in the household of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury and Chancellor of England. In 1492 he went to Oxford where he met Colet and came under the influence of Grocyn and Latimer to whom he probably owes his enthusiasm for Greek literature. But this enthusiasm had

to be concealed from a stern unimaginative father who had destined the young man for the bar, to which profession, he contended, Greek literature was no qualification. In 1496 Thomas More was admitted a student at Lincoln's Inn where he read assiduously for a few years.

Two years later the English humanists were overjoyed to have with them in that country the great cosmopolitan man of letters, Erasmus. He was brought to England by his former pupil Lord Mountjoy, the accomplished courtier and patron of letters. Mountjoy and More were friends, and it is probable that when at London on their way to Oxford the Earl introduced his friend to the great Erasmus. A far less acute judge of character than Erasmus could not have failed to recognize the charming personality of young More, and an intimate friendship sprang up between the English lawyer and the scholar of European repute. What Erasmus thought of More is seen in a letter written about 1498-9 to a friend in which he says, "Whenever did nature mould a character more gentle, endearing and happy than Thomas More?" The influence of this friendship on the life of More will be realized at more than one point in his later career.

About the year 1500 More was called to the bar and the days of his legal studies were over. Being free to employ his time as he pleased he again took up his beloved literary studies. In 1501 he is found delivering a course of lectures on St. Augustine's *De civitate Dei* at St. Lawrence's Church, Old Jewry, where Grocyn was rector. The subject is a sufficient indication of the direction of his studies.

At the age of twenty-five (1503-4) the young lawyer was elected a Member of Parliament at a time when the country was being ruthlessly fleeced by an avaricious king. Young as he was, More spoke his mind and successfully opposed the king, reducing the grant which the latter received from the £110,000 asked to £30,000. Little wonder that the lawyer was in disgrace and passed out of English parliamentary life for the next few years. The period of his disgrace was spent by More near Charterhouse where he thought of throwing up his legal work and becoming a monk. By this time the circle of college friends was gradually drawing together again. Lilly lived with More near Charterhouse. Grocyn was rector of a London church. Linacre had become a doctor and attended the Court. Finally in 1505 Colet left his Oxford lecture-room to become dean of St. Paul's. The reunion of so many old friends all keenly interested in the same things must have had a

great deal to do with the decision that More came to of rejecting all thoughts of a monastic life. The pleasant evening chats and close intimacy with those among whom a happy college life had been spent fired his soul afresh with an enthusiasm for letters and he became once again the student.

It was about this time that More came into touch with the writings of Pico della Mirandola. That these works influenced him profoundly is clear from the fact that he translated many of them, chiefly those parts which explained Pico's religious position and advocated the contemplative life. Mention will be made at a later point of the impression the Italian made on More's life and thoughts.

On April 23, 1509, Henry VIII became king and the hopes of the English humanists rose high. Henry was a Renaissance sovereign. He numbered among his friends all the scholars of the younger generation; he was known to be responsive to the call of learning and was looked up to as a successful patron of the fine arts. English scholarship anticipated a prosperous future under a king who could appreciate the new learning.

It was with a sense of relief that More heard of the death of the old king. He could come from his seclusion and take a part again in the life of his times. He was a personal friend of Henry who, forgetful of the defiance displayed by More to the old king, hailed his approach with delight and thought of him as a valuable asset to the government. Almost immediately More was chosen Undersheriff of London, an appointment which caused great satisfaction to the Londoners who trusted More for his bold stand in 1504.

Reference has been made already on more than one occasion to the close intimacy of the little band of English scholars. This period in the life of More is an opportune occasion to illustrate the significance of the fellowship and its influence on the life and thoughts of the young man.

The year 1510 was a happy one for More. He was popular in the city where he performed his judicial duties and where he had made a comfortable home with the wife he had married in 1505. His happiness was complete when a message from Erasmus told that the wandering scholar had at last yielded to the solicitations of his English friends and was on his way from Italy to spend some time with More in England. The great man arrived and passed the first days in comparative quiet and rest after the fatigues of his journey. When health and good spirits had been recovered he

entered with great zest into the little gatherings of kindred spirits who were accustomed to come together in each other's rooms.

We may picture the company gathered at Thomas More's to meet Erasmus. The conversation probably wanders for a time on the sights the traveler has seen in Italy and the news he has of foreign affairs. Suddenly Erasmus darts out to return in a few minutes with a small manuscript. It is not hard to see the twinkle in his eyes as he prays the indulgence of the company while he gives them some of the impressions his late travels have made on his mind. He looks quizzically at his host as he explains that he has taken the liberty to call his work the *Encomium Moriae*—a delicate play on the name of his friend which wins the applause of the party and the good-tempered smile of his victim who nods indulgently and settles down for an evening's entertainment. Erasmus continues his explanations. He has painted a picture of Folly bedecked with cap and bells and making a speech to her particular friends on the world and its affairs. The reader proceeds to make good-humored attacks on all prevailing institutions. Those who watch him closely will see him raise his merry eyes from his manuscript and smile at More as he gives sly hits at lawyers, schoolmen, monks, friars, theologians. Sometimes he joins in the hearty laugh of his hearers and fails to proceed with his reading as when he speaks his mind upon the papacy, and the Roman institutions which he has been examining at close quarters during his Italian travels. In short his contribution to the evening's entertainment was a delightful satire on the age, which pleased his hearers and made them insist on its completion and publication. Such were the merry gatherings of the enlightened scholars who had clung to More since his Oxford days.

The visit of Erasmus came to an end, and with his departure More became so immersed in business that he had little time to devote to literature. His private practice increased considerably and was worth £4,000 a year. His duties as undersheriff were heavy and he was winning a solid reputation among the citizens of London. In 1515 a tribute was paid to his ability as a man of business. He was appointed a Commissioner of Sewerage, an appointment which brought him into touch with the evils of his day, the insanitary conditions of London streets and the squalid misery of the districts around his city home. The sights he saw and the knowledge he gleaned while he carried out his duties on this commission made him realize some of the great evils crying for reform and gave him material to work upon when he came to discuss the

conditions of his town and country in the work we shall later examine in detail.

It is at this period that More came forward as a leading man in English politics and business affairs. England was being drawn into many disputes with continental states, very largely through the activity of her traders and the jealousy of Flemish merchants. Consequently it was necessary in 1515 to ease the friction by a conference between English and Flemish merchants to come to some agreement about trade difficulties. Nothing would please the London merchants save the appointment of their own favorite, Thomas More as their representative at this conference and accordingly the king yielded to their wishes and appointed him along with Archdeacon Tunstal, Richard Sampson, Sir Thomas Spinely and others to meet the Flemish ambassadors.

The party left London May 18, 1515, for Bruges. During the four months spent at this city More could not help comparing all that he saw on the continent with the sights he had been accustomed to see in London. He contrasted the streets and districts of Bruges with the mean and crowded alleys of London (to the disadvantage of the latter); he watched the growing interest in social problems and contrasted it with the apathy of Englishmen. He came to the conclusion that bad as many things were on the continent, they were not as bad as the evils existing in London, and his mind set to work. The thoughts which had been suggested to him by Erasmus crowded into his brain and he realized the great work which needed immediate attention, the work of calling Englishmen to the study of the problems of their age. Slowly, almost unconsciously, ideas took shape and there was evolved during his four months stay at Bruges, a September spent at Brussels and an October given up to the pleasant company of Peter Giles at Antwerp, a series of thoughts on the question which he committed to writing in the form of Book II of his *Utopia*.

At the end of 1515 he returned to England intending to finish his work and having promised to send a printed copy to Peter early in the new year. But his arrival in England drove all thoughts of leisure from his head. He had performed his work as a diplomatist satisfactorily. The skill he had shown in the conduct of affairs quickened the king's anxiety to win him over to himself and his government. Henry, like all the Tudors, knew a useful man when he saw one, and spared no pains to attract such a person to his Court. He urged Wolsey to win More, and the Cardinal proceeded to show how little he understood the temperament of the man with

whom he was dealing by offering More a pension as though financial considerations would have altered for a moment the attitude taken by the lawyer. Needless to say, More rejected the bribe, but he knew that slowly he was being drawn into the whirlpool of court life and official responsibility. As Erasmus said in a letter: "The king really dragged him to his court. No one ever strove more eagerly to gain admission there than More did to avoid it."

There was one thing which he wished to do before he renounced his freedom finally and gave his time and strength to the strenuous labors of royal office. It was to leave his friends an explanation of his attitude and in some ways an apology for it. This had to be done carefully and More could think of no better way of doing it than continuing the fantastic work he had written on the continent and putting his opinions on royal office in the mouth of a fictitious character. He adopted this idea and the first book of the *Utopia* was the result. In October 1516 he sent the manuscript to Erasmus who with the help of Peter Giles put it into the hands of Thierry Martin by whom the work was published in December of the same year.

It has been necessary to follow rather closely the life of More up to the publication of the *Utopia*, for that work cannot be understood or appreciated without a knowledge of the events which led to its publication. It is the irrelevancy of the later years of More's life to the subject under examination rather than lack of interest which prevents an account of the man Thomas More until his death in 1535. It would be a pleasant task to watch the quick promotion of the undersheriff of London when finally he gave his decision to enter the royal service: 1523, Speaker of the House of Commons; 1525, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; 1529, Lord Chancellor of England. Nothing would be more pleasing than to watch him perform his judicial duties to the delight of the crowd of suitors whom he put at ease within his court. Nor is it difficult to understand the satisfaction he gave when one remembers the maxim which guided him in his judicial duties: "If the parties will at my hands call for justice, then were it my father stood on one side and the devil on the other the devil should have his right if his cause were good." (Roper, *Life of More*, p. 12.)

But such scrupulous justice was not always the surest road to Henry VIII's favor. He preferred a royal partisan to an unbiassed and incorruptible judge. It was plain to More that he had not satisfied the hopes Henry cherished about him. He was not sufficiently pliable to the royal will, so in 1532 he resigned the Chan-

cellorship. Another interesting problem would be the intolerance which marked More's public life, his persecution of religious heresy and his bigoted Catholicism; but as it does not bear directly on our subject it must be ignored.

It is not pleasant to watch the clouds of ruin and adversity overcast the twilight hours of a well-spent life; least of all is it bearable in the case of a man of such outstanding virtues and delightful temperament as Sir Thomas More. Already suspect because of his views on the divorce question, the year 1534 found him in disfavor because of a trumped-up charge of implication in the case of a religious fanatic—the Holy Maid of Kent. True, More's name was grudgingly removed from the bill of attainder but the mud stuck and he never regained royal favor. His failure to support the bill for the limitation of succession finally ruined him. On July 1, 1535, he was brought to trial after fifteen months of imprisonment, and on the 6th he paid the penalty of his convictions with death.

One of the saddest sights in English history is that picture of the old man torn against his will from the studies he had loved, and now after a life of service cast out by an ungrateful king. One could linger long and lovingly over the last few scenes of the life. The heart goes out in sympathy to his favorite daughter as she bids her father farewell and receives his gentle comfort: "Patience, Meg, and grieve not, for God hath willed it thus." One marvels at the fortitude of the old man a few days later as he climbs the scaffold and even then cannot refrain from a joke. "Friend, see me safe up, I prithee, and for my coming down let me fend for myself." Or again as he raised his head on the block and smilingly explained his desire to remove his beard from out of the way of the axe for "that at least is innocent of treason."

More died as he had lived, a happy English gentleman resolutely determined to face life with its difficulties or death with its mysteries and to be surprised at nothing which came his way. A glance at his portrait reveals the man. The strong features explain his success in life. Here is one with views of his own and a dignity which impressed all who came in touch with him. More could be strong and stern when the occasion demanded it. He could be fired by a holy indignation and be angry for a righteous cause, but he could not let the sun go down upon his wrath. Even as he thundered out his stern commands those kindly eyes of his twinkled reassuringly to tell the victim that his wrath was not so awful as it might at first appear to be. The stern set face was brightened

suddenly by the smile which all the while had hovered round his lips and the angry mood was gone, dismissed by a kindly word; a little jest and all was sunshine once again. For More could not be dour and gloomy. He always saw the comic element in life. He loved a joke. He was always teasing his friends, playing with them mischievously and acting for all the world as though he were a schoolboy once again. That is the secret of his wonderful family life and the affection which his children bore him. It is the secret, too, of most of his writings, particularly the *Utopia*. No one can hope to understand that work who does not remember that More never could be serious or stern for long. He was always jesting and if a great deal of what he wrote in the *Utopia* reveals the man's indignation at things as they were it is important to bear in mind that much was purely mischievous fun deliberately written for the enjoyment of his colleagues, fun which More did not mean to be taken seriously and which his friends who most enjoyed the work did not attempt to construe according to the letter. Behind the idea they saw the man with his quizzical smile, and they forgave much for they remembered that Thomas More would always have his little joke.

He was typical of the Renaissance thinkers, witty, courteous, versatile, above all lovable. In him met the man of the world and the student, the politician and the philosopher, the social reformer and the lawyer. His time was spent in dealing with hard facts of life and knotty legal questions in an English law-court. The remarkable thing is that he did not become as abstract and serious as the facts which which he dealt. He still retained his early enthusiasms and youthful ideals. He was a visionary who never lost himself in the fairy lands to which his fancy led him. He always returned from his imaginative wanderings to a world of cold hard facts and tried to adapt the visions he had seen and the dreams he had dreamed to the realities of life around him. He was a shrewd observer of life in the concrete and that happiest of all combinations, a visionary who is also a man of the world.

LOKE'S PUNISHMENT.

BY CORNELIA STEKETEE HULST.

FOREWORD.

THIS mythology of the north presents a triple tragedy: (1) that of Loke and his kindred, the Jotuns; (2) that of Odin and his Circle of Asas in Asgard; and (3) that of Balder and those who join him in Hell. Loke's is the blackest tragedy, of evil done and not repented; Odin's is the tragedy of evil done that good may come of it, but acknowledged as evil; and Balder's, the tragedy of the good and the just and the peaceful who seem to be overcome by evil, but transcend it and prevail in spirit.

The cycle of northern myths, then, presents a world-theme, and the utilitarian ethics of Odin in building his Circle is the provoking cause of calamity in the whole series. As Rydberg shows, even while the immediate object for which Odin does evil is attained, evil results follow and develop, until at Ragnarok they will overwhelm him and his Circle. But after Ragnarok justice will prevail in Balder's Realm of the Spirit.

Before he is caught and bound by the Asas Loke has plotted the domination of the world by his evil offspring, the Serpent, the Wolf and Hel; and with his own hand he has slain Balder, the Lord of Light, the Father of Justice, "whose palace has sheltered no evil." But bad as he is, this devil must be given his due. If we find him crafty and dishonest in his dealings with the Asas, we must admit that he is only meeting craft with craft, and bettering the example; if he does wrong that he and his may rule Creation, he is imitating Odin's policy for his Circle. Loke becomes the personification of destructive fire, a spirit of revenge, but was, until he was perverted, a loved spirit of warmth and brightness. From his own point of view he is more sinned against than sinning, for Odin had tried to exterminate the Jotuns in order to ensure his own dominion, and where he did not destroy Jotuns, bribed them or enticed them to turn traitor to their race and join his. Odin overreached the Jotuns, and stole from them, that he might add to the power of his Circle, thinking it his manifest destiny to prevail because he had the chance. It is entirely fit that his career should end at Ragnarok by the swords of all whom he has wronged, the dwellers at the ends of the earth, Jotunheim, Maspelheim, Elfheim,

and Hell. When all of Creation has been purged by fire, only Balder's Realm of Justice will remain, to become New Heaven and New Earth. In poetic justice, the race of Asas, that seemed the fittest to survive, goes to its doom because it has done all manner of injustice to gain power and prevail. So perish all that do such deeds.

After the
death of
Balder, Loke
laughed in
spite.

WHEN the plot of that evil one, Loke,
Was sped, and Balder the Bright
Was doomed with Hel to abide,
While o'er Balder's bale, save for Thok,
The whole world wept,
Thok's self was Loke, who cackled
With laughter and ran to his cavern
Refusing to weep for Balder.

He fled from
the Asas in
fear.

That laugh was the last of his misdeeds,
For then Loke knew that the Asas
Would never forgive, and he fled them.
In many strange guises he fled them,—
As fly, bird, beast,
As fish in the flood, as earth-elf;
And, still as he fled, still transforming,
Through the open he glided, a-shrinking,
Through the shadows he slunk, a-skulking,
And ever he felt in his hiding
That Odin's eye was upon him,
And ever abandoned his cover
To wander afresh.

Without the
apples of
youth and
strength, he
grew aged.

He dared not return to green Gladsheim
To visit young Idun and Brage
And eat of their Apples immortal,
So apace old age crept upon him,
The fire in his eye burned to ashes,
His cheek hung wrinkled and withered,
And his foot dragged heavy and languid.

Haunted by
fears, and
lonely,

Very many the fears that oppressed him—
Was there nowhere a soul would assist him?
In all the wide world was no creature
A friend, for all he had injured

And now of all must be fearful.
When he swam in the sea, Jormungand,
His Serpent-son, rose up and hissed him;
To an island he neared, but Fenrer,
His Wolf-son, there snarled
When he saw him approach—
He hated the source of his being;
In a cavernous hillside he hid him,
But the Dwarf Andvare crawled forth
And drove him away with deep cursing
For wresting from him that Ring
That has carried gold's curse to Earth's kingdoms,
*"A bane to the bearer shall be,
Bitter grief to the greedy of gold,
Haunting sorrow to all who possess
Gold weighted with wrong."....*
How many and many have sorrowed!
And alas! how many will sorrow
Ere that curse of Andvare shall pass!
And when as a hawk Loke soared,
The son of Thjasse, the Eagle,
Remembering young Idun, his sister,
That Loke led forth from her kindred
With her casket of youth-giving Apples—
Them the skill of Thjasse had fashioned
And now her kindred must hunger
While her foes may feast—
Pursued him to rend him in pieces.
So wherever he went some old deed
That was done in spite or in mischief
Raised its head like a snake's head, and hissed him,
And threatened to strike him and sting him.

Almost he was willing to perish,
Or to seek his old hag, Angerboda,
And their wolf-sons that lurk in the forest
Afar in the North, the dun Mirkwood—
But hate was the tie that bound them....
And Hel, his cold daughter in Helheim—
Her he fain would forget....
Not only he hated.... he dreaded.

he sought
hiding in
Helway,

Grown weary with wandering, haunted,
At the foot of a rock that looks northward
He hid in deep shadow,
Whence downward and northward leads Helway,
Bleak, and steep, and forbidding.
There never a living thing grows,
Gray lichens, or grasses, or mosses,
But hoar frost lies white in the moonshine.
And when, muffled close in her mantle,
Dark Midnight had passed on her mission,
Hel's hounds came a-baying from Helheim
And a pale form rose from the Deep
That he knew, as a dream, in his slumber,
For Hel, his daughter, his tyrant,
And naught he could do to 'escape her....
His heart grew cold with its knowledge.
It was then for the first time he feared her,
This child of the worst in his being,
Supreme of her kind, Queen of Evil....
That thought wrung his heart with foreboding—
His Queen, to himself anguish-boding.

where he
saw his
daughter
Hel coming,

but was un-
able to flee
her,

Loke struggled to rouse him, to flee her—
Far less did he dread the wronged Asas
Than Hel, as he saw her ascending—
But slumber still held him in bondage,
For Odin's Rune risted in aether
Turned evil upon the ill-doer.

And Hel came still closer, and closer,
Till the cold of her breath blew upon him;
The cold of her hands chilled his body;
Her eyes, cold-gleaming, transfixed him;
And her voice spoke, coldly, his doom:

and received
her curse,

"So Loke would flee me? Fool, Coward,
And author of what he'll not look on!
Nay, yet thou shalt pray and beseech me
To take thee to Hell from thy torments!
This thy doom, and hope not to escape it:
Hell on Earth, Death in Life,—
To know goodness and light, but still hate them:

*To see joy, but be banished forever;
 To live in the world of the living,
 But still without power to injure;
 To will still to do, but lie bound;
 To suffer in sight of Heaven's Asas,
 Enduring their scorn, while the pity
 Of her thou hast injured protects thee,—
 Hell itself has no pains worse than thine be,
 No chains like the chains that shall bind thee....
 Live, languish, agonize,
 Impotent, vacant, immortal—
 Nay, look not for end to thy sorrow—
 And remember, Loke, remember,
 Wherever thou art, thou art mine."*

in utter
loneliness.

And Loke moaned as he listened,
 And bitter he groaned when he wakened,
 Though the evil Queen had departed
 And naught he beheld but bleak Helway
 Downward and northward extending,
 And naught he heard.... There was silence,
 A stillness that throbbed with foreboding....

Alone was Loke, so lonely
 He would fain have kept Hel there beside him—
 Her cursing was better than silence....
 Alone with the stars and the heavens,
 And the stars and heavens were aching.

II.

He is joined
by his Asa-
wife, Sigyn.

But not alone to remain,
 For before the first flush of the morn,
 In the hush that awaits a new Dawn
 Slow footsteps approached from the South,
 And a voice, low and soft as a wind-harp,
 Breathed, "Loke, Loke, my lord!"
 That he knew; then a presence like sunshine
 Illumined the place of his hiding,
 Fair Sigyn, the True and the Tender,
 Whom he had deserted in Asgard
 To wed the foul witch Angerboda.
 Now she had come down from high Asgard,
 Womanly, motherly, wifely;

And still, if Loke had loved—
 What might not the future have seen?
 For she knew the wrongs he had done—
 And she knew the wrongs he had suffered—
 She would have found joy in forgiving.

He repulses
 her,

But was there no love in his heart?
 Hateful and spiteful and vengeful
 Loke answered. He hardened his heart
 And accused her, suspicious,
 That she from the Asas had come
 To betray him, to bait him;
 And so he reproached and reviled her.
 And Sigyn looked sadly upon him
 And silently bore his upbraiding;
 And with him she stayed, that fair goddess,
 Still living her dream of devotion,
 Fulfilling the troth that she plighted.
 And still she had hope.
 And patiently went she with Loke
 When later he hid in the mountains,
 And steadfastly held her high purpose,
 Sustaining her heart in its sadness
 By telling it o'er the sweet tale
 Of the days of their love, in far Asgard.

but finally
 suffers her
 to stay with
 him and bring
 their sons.

And Loke half feared her, and wondered
 That still she should stay, but endured it,
 Though he felt her presence but irksome.
 And he suffered her summon their children,
 The wilful Vare and Nare,
 Whom she loved with the love of a mother
 Though they tore her heart with unkindness.
 And Loke, too, had no kindness
 From them, but dread and dire danger,
 For his sons did not care for his safety,
 But under the vault of the heavens,
 In the crystalline light of the Day Star,
 They threatened and shouted,
 Though Odin was watching on Air Throne.

He lives in
 retreat,

In the long, anxious days that succeeded
 Loke sat in his house with wide windows

To all quarters of space, whence he watched
 For the Asas to come from the North,
 From the South, from the East, from the West.
 While in thought he did over the deeds
 Of his life. And not in the least
 Was he sad for the wrongs he had done.
 But all for the tricks that had failed him.
 And those long anxious days was he busied
 In netting a net, cunning meshes,
 That seemed, as he made them, a symbol,
 His life and the lives his had met,
 Intermingled and knotted together.
 The knots were the deeds he had done.
 For each knot that he knotted was hard
 And not to be loosened. . . .
 Each life his had met had been marred,
 And was not to be mended.
 But he joyed in the life he had lived
 And the net he had made, as he pondered,
 And so intently he netted
 That the shouts of the Asas surprised him.
 For he had forgotten his danger.
 War-ready, their ranks closed upon him—
 Wise Odin, strong Thor, calm Tyr,
 Shining Frey, swift Hermod, white Njord,
 And Heimdal, that hated him ever—
 The band that fills Asgard with glory.

but is discov-
 ered by the
 Asas.

With shouts hateful Vare and Nare,
 His sons, wished him ill
 And mocked their old father: "Lo, Loke,
 The Asas! What youth, and what splendor!
 Such the gods are, but thee! Art not jealous?
 And such might we also now be
 But for thee, thou old Jotun and wizard,
 Whom we hate—Alas, for our birthright!
 Flee? Do, but they'll catch thee—
 And may they!"

His sons
 rejoice at his
 danger.

III.

Loke hides in
 the guise of
 a salmon,

And flee Loke did, wild with terror.
 He flung his net to the fire

And flew to the Force, in whose flood
 He leaped and he plunged, in the guise
 Of a salmon, so seeking escape.
 But the Asas saw him and knew him,
 And taking a net, woven meshes
 Like his, that they found in the ashes,
 They followed him down in the water.
 Twice he sought to pass to the ocean....
 To dive under the net....to leap over....
 But they caught him, strong Thor and wise Odin,
 They caught him and, spite his guise, held him.

but is caught
 in the Asas'
 net,

And when Loke's struggle was over,
 And he lay there, no longer a salmon,
 They dragged him into a valley
 Where ledges of rock beetled o'er him
 And mountain crests rose and enclosed him
 That the heavens themselves scarce could see him—
 None save Odin when seated on Air Throne.
 And there to three rock-ribs they bound him
 For a bed, and the thongs that they used
 (A horror—he scarce could endure it!)
 Were the entrails of wolfish Vare,
 His son, that hated and mocked his old father
 And killed and devoured his brother.

and is bound
 to the rocks
 in a valley.

Loke struggled, and groans shook his body,
 Though proudly he strove to control him
 While the Asas stood by looking on him.
 Then a Serpent from over the summit
 Came to torture and feast, as a spider,
 When a fly is caught in its meshes,
 Comes to play with it struggling, and kill it.
 But so fearful the play of the lightning
 That leaped from his eyes when he saw it,
 So piercing, so hunted, so blinding,
 And so fearful those serpent-eyes stony
 That, alike fixed in terror, they gazed,
 The Serpent and Loke, bound both
 By a spell that neither can break,
 And binding each other forever
 By a spell that neither can lessen.

He struggles
 proudly,

but is tor-
 tured by a
 serpent

Prone lay the snake,
 Its thin neck stretching down
 And its flat head depressed,
 Its cleft tongue hanging limp,
 Dropping venom distilled
 Where Loke lay rigid beneath it.
 As it dropped, drop by drop,
 It encrusted his body, and burned,
 That he writhed in his anguish
 And fought with the strength of his godhead,
 While the Asas stood by, and derided.

until his
 pride is
 broken.

Then his pain broke his pride, spite of Loke,
 Cries of agony startled the mountains,
 And backward and forward they hurtled
 Through the vales, o'er the plains, up to Asgard,
 And down to the nether abysses.

The Asas
 torture him
 with taunts,

In all places their tidings were welcome
 That the days of his misdeeds were done
 And that Loke lay helpless and harmless.
 The wide world listened, rejoicing, it seemed,
 And with mocking and laughter:

"Thy desert now thou hast, dost thou like it?"

Said one, and "Could we but do so

With usury we would repay thee!"

"Aye, aye," cried the rest, taunting Loke.

"Thy chickens come home to their roost

With their broods; count them, Loke!"

"Thou wert wont to pour vials of torments

On victims in sport. Dost remember?

Now ours is the sport, thine the torment;

And remember the pain of thy victims!"

His base deeds to remembrance they brought

In wrath, and for vengeance,

To requite ill with ill in like measure,

For so it seemed good to the Asas.

To torture their prisoner, Loke.

but his wife,
 Sigyn, in
 mercy

To all save his sad-eyed wife Sigyn.

To her tender heart, wise in sorrow,

No rejoicing it brought that Loke

Must sing that terrible song

In torment, but she pitied his pain,
An added weight to the woes
Of a world but too woful without it.
Her soul was sad as she heard them,
Mourning her mood:

pleads for
him,

"Oh Father, oh brothers, have pity!
Our world is too heavy with sorrow
To wring one cry that is needless
From the bitter breast of a captive.
Long bitter with wrongs ye inflicted
On those dear to him, as his kindred.
Now Loke is bound and harmless,
And Loke's children are outcast,
The Wolf, and Hel, and the Serpent.

reproaches
the Asas
with their
own wrong
doing,



SIGYN, LOKE AND THE SERPENT.

Enough let it be that the safety
Of Asgard and Earth are assurèd—
The brave never injure the helpless....
Leave Loke to me, give your blessing,
And perhaps, some day in the Future—
Perhaps—for he may repent him—
Perhaps I may bear to glad Valhal

and an-
nounces her
purpose to
stay with him.

A word for peace and forgiveness.
 If not—but let me not think it—
 Still here will I stay,
 And will labor to lessen his anguish;
 And still I can hope for a whisper
 Of love, that will long to be voiced
 When it wakens to life, toward one....
 And toward all....
 In mercy now go....
 I will bear it!"

The Asas were touched by her pleading,
 That goddess' so sad and devoted;
 The laughter died from their voices,
 And their taunting, scornful and biting,
 Lay hushed on their lips into silence.
 And pity entered their hearts
 For Loke, that he must be lorn
 Of her love, that his heart had cast from him....
 And awe came upon them at Evil
 Itself. Whence came it? How comes it?
 Why did Loke succumb?—and why they?
 For they—they, too, were infected.
 Each knew in his secret soul
 Of hopes and desires and deeds
 That he wished he need not remember;
 And it softened their hearts toward Loke
 To know that no Asa was blameless,
 And that they themselves had been tempters.
 And it seemed an inscrutable Other
 Moved him and moved them divers ways.
 Were they puppets alike? and warped
 By the stuff that was theirs from their forebears?

Thor agrees
 with her
 words,

"Sigyn is right," Asa Thor spoke,
 "Bound is Loke, and harmless,
 And the brave never injure the helpless!"

IV.

"Aye, Sigyn is right," said All-Father;
 and Odin also. "Now that Loke is bound and harmless,
 For us 't is enough that the safety
 Of the Heavens and the Earth are assurèd.

And bound are the children of Loke,
 The Serpent, the Wolf, and that other,
 The Queen of ravenous Hell.
 Do ye see the shade in the valley?
 It is spread by the wings of the Eagle;
 Do ye hear his screaming eerie?
 'T is Thjasse's son threatening Asgard—
 Alas for our Heavenly City
 That its gold must be weighted with wrong!
 Do ye hear the call from the Sea-Stream
 Sucked down in a whirlpool? The Serpent.
 And the howl of the Wolf? 'T is wild Fenrer!
 The baying? Hel's hounds—Angerboda's.
 Ye know those sounds and their portents.
 Ye know the mustering foes
 To be met in the Future as erewhile....
 And not the less to be feared
 Because they give evil for evil
 To destroy the fair world that we fashioned
 By seeking advantage from theirs.
 It was I for myself and my Circle—
 Was it well?... *Was* it well?

"Do the Norns themselves know the outcome,
 They that sit at the roots of the World-Tree
 And weave the web of the World-Life?
 Know they the End and Beginning?....
 Or draw they the threads from the Unknown,
 And toss the torn shreds to the Unknown?....

Ye know how, late, in our Valhal,
 In winter, since Balder is dead,
 We sat at our tables, heroes
 Eating and drinking, and singing
 The hero-deeds we remembered,
 In the warmth and light of our fires,
 While without all was hoarfrost and storm.
 Then in swam a swallow, skimming
 From one wide door to the other.
 For a moment he circled, he twittered,
 Enjoying the warmth—
 Welcom guest with feathers at banquet—
 And then, in a twinkling, was off,

Odin shows
 the present
 perils of
 Asgard

and reminds
 the Asas of
 their vows of
 brotherhood.

He compares
 life to the
 flight of a
 swallow.

And had passed—from Winter, to Winter....
 E'en such, methinks, is our life.
 It comes from no man knows whence,
 It goes to no man knows whither.
 It flutters a space, and in it
 We build for ourselves and our Circle
 And strive to do action heroic....
 And at last we may fail of our purpose....

He glories
 in action

"But ah! the glory of striving,
 The joy of our work for our World's Good!
 If vanquished, victors it leaves us.
 Foes surround us, and we must endure it.
 Foes surround us, shall Asas surrender?
 Nay, Asas, life is a Battle,
 The day of the Present is passing,
 The darkness is coming, Time's flying:

and urges the
 Asas to action

Let each ere he die do the deeds
 That he may, and rejoice in the doing
 Though he know not the end....
 Else belong he to Hel and her sluggards.
 If we die, as the Vala foreshadowed,
 Let us die dealing death for our Circle,
 To Hel and to hers;

against Hel
 and her
 brood.

And after, as Vala foreshadowed,
 When the Battle that Last Day is ended
 Our Balder, the Bright, will arise,
 For his Palace has sheltered no evil,
 The Peaceful and White,—
 Him our souls still sigh for —
 And Nanna will rise from dark Helheim,
 And the same World will rise that bred us,
 But refreshed and ever renewed,
 As Asgard the Golden anew,
 But higher, more splendid, new named,
 Will rise in the glorified heavens,
 In the Land of Spirit eternal....

He rejoices
 in Vala's
 prophecy of
 the kingdom
 of Balder,
 and

And we—shall we, too, spring anew?
 We know not and we need not to know.

inspires the
 Asas to meet
 Fate as
 heroes.

And Evil—will it spring anew?
 We know not and we need not to know.
 Enough that to-day is our own.

Let us gather the brave to our banners
And trust that cause to wise Skuld—
To a hero will death come but once....
Come gather about me, and hear me.
I will rist you the Rune I created
What time I o'erhung the Abysm.
Touch ye each the hand of a brother,
Fix your eyes on Asgard above us,
Lift up your voices in union
And sing the New Song that I sung."

v.

He rists the
runes of Peace
and Strength,

Then Odin the mighty Rune risted
That gives peace and strength to the Asas,
And together they chanted his verses,
Brave hearts!—the song they will sing
When he leads them into the Battle
That Last Day, in the Dusk of the Nations.
Rising and falling like breakers
That beat on the sands of the seashore
It sounded under their shieldboards,
And deep, like the roll of far billows,
Rolled the voice of All-Father in union.

and sings the
Song that
gives courage,

and finally
leads them
back to Asgard,

Then, lifting their hands over Sigyn,
They wended their way from the valley,
Ascending to pinaced Asgard;
And Loke, the wanton and Evil—
Very willingly would they have eased him,
But Hel's dread curse was upon him
And on hers she must work out her will.

leaving Sigyn
with Loke, to
render him
service and
win him from
vengeance
and hate.

Alone beside Loke stood Sigyn.
She could not loose him, and would not,
But she strove to lessen his anguish
And open the floodgates by kindness
That the streams of his love might start flowing.
A cup she made, joining her fingers,
To catch the withering venom
That fell from the fangs of the Serpent,

To spill it or ever it burned him.
 So, unsleeping, his pain she endures,
 In the glare of the sun in the summer,
 In the pinch of the cold in the winter,
 Through the watches of noon and of midnight;
 And she listens, by hope still sustained,
 Again to-night, and forever,
 Till he whisper that Word.

But Loke does not relent,
 But Loke relents not, and speaks not,
 Save when, her cup overflowing



THE ASAS ASCENDING TO ASGARD OVER BIFROST.

And the venomous drops on him spilling
 And rankling, he cries aloud and he curses,
 And save when, at midnight,
 When the stars are most awful in heaven,
 The howling of hounds heralds Hel.
 Then he moans and he mutters, by turns
 Praying Hel, *now to pass, now to take him.*

though Sigyn
is steadfast,

Still she listens and watches, lone Sigyn,
That Goddess of Sorrows; and her face
Is alight with a passion of pity,
Transfigured by self-abnegation
And unthanked devotion—the steadfast!

But who shall say it is thankless?

And who shall say it is useless?

Still Weird will go as it will.

until Ragna-
rok and
Doom.

Surely Mercy is better than Vengeance,
Mayhap Love will prove stronger than Justice
And Sigyn win Loke from Hel.

DEMOCRACY AND REACTION.

(A BOOK REVIEW.)

BY HENDRICK MARTIN PELS.

YOU have had the experience, possibly, of groping along a long dim hall in search of a door, and then suddenly finding the knob and entering a well-lighted room. The light brings relief, even if you have been unafraid in the dark. It has been with a similar feeling of relief that I have read *Democracy and Reaction*, by L. T. Hobhouse. Here I find what I have been groping for, a matter of some importance, nothing short, indeed, of the intellectual and ethical background of the world war.

To find this background in *Democracy and Reaction* one is compelled, I admit, to read something into this little volume of 250 pages. It was published in London in 1904, some thirteen years ago. It contains not so much as a hint, from cover to cover, of the danger of Armageddon. It discusses, at times, foreign policy and international politics, but it does not prophesy war. And this is one of the reasons it holds so clear a value for interpretation,—that it has escaped the color and bias of later discussion.

The thesis of the book is given in the very first sentence: "During some twenty, or it may be thirty years, a wave of reaction has spread over the civilized world and invaded one department after another of thought and action." After the great reforming movement of the nineteenth century a period of lassitude has set in. The ideals of the reform era have lost their efficacy, and its catchwords have ceased to move. The gap has been filled in by

shallow philosophies or sheer materialism. The reaction has threatened to swamp the older conceptions of humanitarianism, and of justice and right. Such is the thesis of the book, brilliantly sustained throughout. The writer undertakes to define precisely the nature of the reaction, and to probe its causes.

"It had long been recognized," he says, "that the liberalism of Cobden's day was in a state of disintegration. The old cry of peace, retrenchment and reform had for many years ceased to awaken any response. The ideal of peace had given way to that of extended dominion. Retrenchment was impossible as long as new territories were constantly being acquired and retained by force, and the demand for domestic reform was silenced by the imperative clamor of foreign difficulties or frontier entanglements. The conceptions of personal freedom, of national rights, of international peace, had been relegated by practical men to the lumber-room of disused ideas. The whole set of conceptions which group themselves about the idea of liberty appeared to be outworn and unsuited to the needs of a generation bent on material progress and impatient of moral restraint.'

The older liberalism had won sweeping victories. It had put through its reforms, and carried out a program of mutually dependent principles: free trade, peace, economy, self-government for the colonies, democratic and social progress at home. But these principles had lost their charm, and no longer inspired enthusiasm. "And without inspiration liberalism, unlike its opponent, is helpless." Silently but effectively the reactionary element, always pushed on by its economic appetites, had crept back into power. The most conspicuous evidence of the reaction was the revival of the imperial idea.

Imperialism did not boldly announce selfish aims. "It was the older liberalism which made the colonial empire what it was, and it was to that empire as liberalism had made it that imperialist sentiment in the first instance appealed." The imperialist called attention to the fact that where the British flag goes, go British freedom, British justice, an incorruptible civil service, and local self-government. He asked: "Are you insensible to these achievements of your country, and can you not rise above the narrow patriotism—by comparison a 'parochial' view—which is limited to one small island?... You say that Empire means force, aggression, conquest. That may have been so in the past, but we live in an age when Empire is free, tolerant and unaggressive, and if we

still acquire territory we acquire it not for ourselves but for civilization."

But this specious appeal cannot hide the actual trend of events.

"A political theory must be judged not only by its profession but by its fruits. What, then, were the fruits of imperialism, i. e., of the actual policy urged by imperialists and defended on the ground of imperial necessity? Did it, for example, give us peace? On the contrary, the perplexed observer, looking vainly for the British peace which was to be, was confronted with an endless succession of frontier wars, some small, some great, but all ending with the annexation of further territory. Under the reign of imperialism the temple of Janus is never closed. Blood never ceases to run. The voice of the mourner is never hushed. Of course, in every case some excellent reason has been forthcoming. We were invariably on the defensive. . . . The naked fact is that we are maintaining a distinct policy of aggressive warfare on a large scale and with great persistence, and the only result of attempting constantly to blink the fact is to have introduced an atmosphere of self-sophistication, or in one syllable, of cant, into our politics which is perhaps more corrupting than the unblushing denial of right. No less than one-third of the present territory of the empire and one-quarter of its population have been acquired since 1870, and the bulk of the increase dates from 1884, i. e., it falls within the period during which imperialism has become a conscious influence. And notwithstanding the disappointments attending on the South African adventure there is as yet no sign of slackening."

The author quotes from Mr. Hobson (*Imperialism*, p. 20) the following list of territories acquired between 1884 and 1900 (inclusive):

| | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| British New Guiana | Rhodesia |
| Nigeria | Zanzibar |
| Pondoland | British Central Africa |
| Somaliland | Uganda |
| Bechuanaland | Ashantee |
| Upper Burma | Wei-hai-Wei |
| British East Africa | Kow-lung |
| Zululand (with Tongaland) | Soudan |
| Sarawak | Transvaal and Orange River Col- |
| Pahang (Straits Settlements) | ony |

The total area of these territories amounts to 3,711,957 square miles, and the population is estimated at about 57,000,000.

The policy of retrenchment had been abandoned together with the policy of peace. "Meanwhile, partly through the direct needs of the conquered territories, partly through the dangerous jealousies awakened by the march of empire, but most of all through the mood of nervous suspicion engendered among ourselves by the consciousness of our aggressions, the policy of expansion fastens on us an ever-increasing burden of military and naval expenditure." Mr. Hobhouse goes on to quote figures showing to what extent the naval and military budgets of Great Britain had grown since 1905.

Thus far, as can be seen, there is nothing startlingly new in what Mr. Hobhouse has to say. All well-informed persons (all too few!) had noted the recrudescence of imperialism in Great Britain. And they had seen the same sinister drift in the rest of Europe. France was piecing together the second largest empire overseas, and her policies were being dictated by her financiers and rentiers. The thought of Germany was being hardened and coarsened by the doctrine of *Realpolitik*, and she had entered, a little late, the scramble for colonies. Russia, Italy, Austria, each entertained an unscrupulous program of expansion. The major powers were piling up armaments at an unprecedented rate. All this, I say, was not unknown to those who followed the European situation closely. Mr. Hobhouse gives us the key of interpretation. He enables us to understand how such a deterioration of moral and political purpose was possible.

In his chapter on "The Intellectual Reaction," the author finds three influences at work, each tending to vulgarize current philosophy. The first of these, he says, is—curiously enough—the philosophy of idealism. The vivid and profound religious convictions of an older generation have decayed. For a time the rise of a humanitarian feeling, partly in alliance with the recognized churches, and partly outside of them, promised to take the place of these weakened convictions, and stimulate social endeavor. But that promise has not been fulfilled; humanitarianism has lost its hold. The popular philosophy of our time has become a good-natured skepticism. For thirty years and more English thought has been subject to powerful influences from abroad. "The Rhine has flowed into the Thames," and the stream of German idealism has been diffused over the academical world of Great Britain. "It would be natural to look to an idealistic philosophy for a counterpoise to those crude doctrines of physical force which we shall find associated with the philosophy of science. Yet, in the main,

the idealistic movement has swelled the current of retrogression. It is itself, in fact, one expression of the general reaction against the plain, human, rationalistic way of looking at life and its problems. Every institution and every belief is for it alike a manifestation of a spiritual principle, and thus for everything there is an inner and more spiritual interpretation. Hence, vulgar and stupid beliefs can be held with a refined and enlightened meaning, known only to him who holds them.... Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that the effect of idealism on the world in general has been mainly to sap intellectual and moral sincerity, to excuse men in their consciences for professing beliefs which on the meaning ordinarily attached to them they do not hold, to soften the edges of all hard contrasts between right and wrong, truth and falsity, to throw a gloss over stupidity, and prejudice, and caste.... To judge by the popularity of teaching of this kind, what people who think a little mainly want at the present day is to be told that they need not follow where their own reason takes them." They are glad to be assured that there is no "rational groundwork for morality, in particular for that humanitarian morality which they have found so exacting." In these ways idealism, or rather the popular perversion of idealism, has had a retrograde influence.

Again, the trend of events in the political world has appeared on the surface to justify philosophical doubts of humanitarian duty. "Hegelianism had its political sponsor in Bismarck, and Hegel's teaching.... was upon the whole reactionary. For him, the ideals of the eighteenth century on which, say what we may, political liberalism is founded, were merely a phase in the negative movement of thought.... In place of the rights of the individual, Hegel set the state—and for him the state was not to serve humanity, it was an end in itself.... There were no limits to its authority, nor was there any necessary responsibility on the part of its government.... Bismarck's career was a concrete exemplification of the Hegelian state, crushing out popular resistance, and in relation to other states a law to itself. Bismarck first showed the modern world what could be done in the political sphere by the thorough-going use of force and fraud. The prestige of so great an apparent success naturally compelled imitation, and to the achievements of Bismarck, as we are dealing with the forces which have molded opinion in our own day, we must add the whole series of trials in which the event has apparently favored the methods of blood and iron, and discredited the cause of liberty and justice. The spectacle of the Turkish Sultan persisting in a long series of massacres with

absolute impunity could not fail to affect opinion.... The spectacle of Italy using her regained liberty to build up a great military power upon the sufferings of her people, and to embark upon a policy of aggression utterly unsuited to her genius, was sufficiently chilling to the ardor of men brought up on the teachings of Mazzini.... In every direction there was disappointment for those who identified liberty with national self-government, while there was everything to encourage men prone to be impressed by force, order, discipline, and the setting of national efficiency above freedom."

However, Mr. Hobhouse finds that the most potent intellectual support of the reaction has been neither idealism nor contemporary events, but the belief that physical science, particularly biology, had given its verdict in favor of the rule of the strong. "The doctrine that human progress depends upon the forces which condition all biological evolution has in fact been the primary intellectual cause of the reaction. Just as the doctrine of Malthus was the main theoretical obstacle to all schemes of social progress through the first two-thirds of the century, so the doctrine derived in part from Malthus by Darwin has provided a philosophy for the reaction of the last third.... Those who have applied Darwin's theories to the science of society have not as a rule troubled themselves to understand Darwin any more than the science of society. What has filtered through into the social and political thought of the time has been the belief that the time-honored doctrine 'Might is Right' has a scientific foundation in the laws of biology. Progress comes about through a conflict in which the fittest survives. It must, therefore, be unwise in the long run—however urgent it seems for the sake of the present generation—to interfere with the struggle. We must not sympathize with the beaten and weak, lest we be tempted to preserve them.... Bagehot, I believe was the first to point out.... that human progress might be thought of as resting on the struggle not of individuals but of communities.... Internal peace, harmony, and justice, with all the moral qualities they imply, are readily recognized as necessary to national efficiency, but as between nations these principles cease to apply. If it is the business of the individual to be a loyal and law-abiding subject of the state, it is the business of the state merely to advance itself and trample down all who cross its path. The rule of right, it appears, stops short at the frontier. It hardly seems to need arguing that this is not in the end a tenable view.... Not only the central conception of the biological theory of society, but its secondary and consequential doctrines, have militated as though by a

perverse fatality against social justice. The very belief in race and the value of inheritance are hostile in tendency to social reform. . . . The biological conception, working upon an easy confusion of ideas, has led to a distintegration of the painfully reared fabric of humanitarian justice, playing into the hands of what is called the relative, and sometimes the historical, view of right and wrong The black man, for example, is accustomed to slavery, and the only logical conclusion of the argument is that the white man may justly preserve this institution for the common benefit. The flaw in this argument is first that it lays down an inequality of endowments and proceeds therefrom to a denial of equal rights."

This chapter on "The Intellectual Reaction" is summed up in the following paragraph: "Thus in diverse forms and sundry manners the belief that success is its own justification has penetrated the thought of our time. At one time the appeal is to destiny, at another to natural selection, at a third to the inequalities implanted by heredity, at yet another to the demonstrated efficiency of blood and iron. The current of thought has joined that of class interest, and the united stream sweeps onward in full flood to the destruction of the distinctive landmarks of modern civilized progress."

At the root of everything greatly wrong with the world lies a selfish economic interest (a thought expressed more tersely by St. Paul). Mr. Hobhouse knows that the primary impulse behind the reaction he depicts and deplores is greed; and he stresses, here and there, the augmented role played by finance in our modern world. "Our danger is rather that through the development of joint-stock enterprise, the masters of wealth may acquire an ever-extending clientele who will prefer their sectional interest to the common weal." Again: "The corruption has, in fact, spread from above downward. All classes alike give way to Jingoism, and shut their ears to reason and humanity; but the initiative comes from the world of high finance or of high officialdom. In 'society' and among the educated middle class the applause is universal. . . . The artisans and laborers have failed to check the great interests which are forever dragging a nation into schemes of aggression." Speaking of the middle class the author says, "Never, perhaps, has there been material prosperity so widely diffused as in the last three or four years. While the rich have grown richer beyond the dreams of avarice, the poor have by no means grown poorer. . . . Old workmen who still remember the privations of the forties look on the present state of their class as a paradise in comparison. . . . On the other hand whole classes have been won over definitely to the side

of the established order. The great middle class, in particular, which seventy years ago was knocking at the gates of political enfranchisement, now finds all the prizes and privileges of public life open to its sons, the ablest of which crowd into the public services at home and abroad. If this favors conservatism in general, it fosters imperialism in particular. . . . The great middle class has become contented with its lot, and is far more moved by its fear of socialism than by any desire for further instalments of privilege. . . . In particular it applauds the lead given it toward imperialism. It applauds it in its capacity of respectable parent with sons to put out into the world, of merchant with trade to develop, of missionary with religion to push, above all, of investor with capital to seek higher interest than can be gained at home. The true leaders of the middle class are the financiers, who show them how to get more than three per cent on their investments." Once more: "We find the cause of the reaction in the growing concentration of material interests. The power of wealth has increased, and the different interests, for which wealth is a higher consideration than life, have learnt the secret of cooperation."

We see, therefore, that a sordid and callous spirit has become dominant, fostering the sway of expediency, or even of brute force; that selfish economic interests win a constantly increasing clientele, avid of higher dividends; that aggression and imperialism do not openly avow their ends, but work behind a screen of cant and spurious liberalism; and that the dominant social forces find for themselves that justification they need in the prevalent popular philosophy. By this reaction, declares Mr. Hobhouse, "the winnings of our civilization are threatened." The Cobdenist principles of progress have been replaced by "aggrandisement, war, compulsory enlistment, lavish expenditure, protection, arbitrary government, class legislation." Human wrongs and human sufferings do not move people as they did. A significant illustration may be found in the change of the national temper toward slavery. "Thirty years ago the whole empire was anti-slavery. Now, far from putting it down, we have on more than one occasion suffered the introduction of one form or another of servile labor under the British flag. It is difficult to conceive any great white nation waging war in these days on the slavery question. On the contrary, the prevailing, though perhaps veiled, opinion seems to be that the black or the yellow man must pay in meat or in malt for his racial inferiority. The white man is the stronger, and to the strong are the earth and the fruits thereof. If the black man owns land and lives on

its produce, he is an idler. His 'manifest destiny' is to assist in the development of gold mines for the benefit of humanity in general and the shareholders in particular."

I shall not try to summarize the able arguments of the book in favor of a return to the ideals of liberalism, and to a higher conception of international right. With a merciless logic Mr. Hobhouse cuts to pieces the pseudo-science that attempts to justify fraud and force. He demonstrates that neither sociology nor biology, any more than ethics, gives a verdict against just dealing, both within and without the nation. He is an ardent believer in self-government, but he is by no means blind to its mistakes. Indeed, one of the most illuminating chapters of the book discusses "The Limitations of Democracy." I cannot forbear to quote a paragraph or two from his defensive criticism of self-government, for they hold a peculiar pertinence just at present, when so much attention is being paid to forms of government, and when the words "democracy" and "autocracy" exercise so potent a spell.

"Self-government, it may be said, has in practice broken down. In embracing imperialism it has, as the phrase goes, 'contradicted itself,' for the fundamental idea of democracy is not any particular form of government, but the reconciliation of government with liberty, and imperialism is the negation of liberty. . . . The corruption of opinion and the lowering of the moral standard in public affairs which has so profoundly depressed all thoughtful observers is not by any means especially imputable to the popular element in our government. . . . First, it is not democratic self-government but democratic imperialism that 'contradicts itself,' and secondly, it is not the popular element in our constitution that is primarily responsible for imperialism. The only illusion that is destroyed is the belief, if it ever was definitely held, that a people enjoying self-government could never be imperialist. That was, indeed, a hasty belief, for it implied an expectation that self-government would change human nature. The love of ascendancy is not peculiar to any one class or race, nor does it arise from any special form of government. All men, as Mill long ago remarked, love power more than liberty. All nations are, with opportunity, more or less aggressive. All are firmly persuaded that in their most inexcusable aggressions they are acting purely on the defensive. All believe that in conquering others they are acting for the good of the conquered; that the only charge that can be laid at their door is that of undue forbearance; that they are ready to be just and even generous if the others will only submit. All nations believe implicitly in their

own entire rectitude and place the worst construction on the motives of others. All approve of their own civilization and are inclined to think meanly of the personal habits of other people. Savage tribes advance upon the enemy with yells; we hurl defiance at them through a certain portion of the press....The general conditions of pseudo-patriotism which consists in hostility to other nations are permanent and universal. The form in which it appears varies in accordance with varying conditions of national life.

"We in England, through long immunity, had become wholly ignorant of the nature of the passions raised by war. History does not tell us much of these things. It preserves the glory of war, but suppresses its barbarities and its meannesses. It says little of that secondary war of tongues which accompanies the war of weapons and keeps up the flame of passion. It preserves the fair exterior of chivalry, and does not turn its light on the calumnies, the barbarities, the credulity as of savages which luxuriate in the national mind in war time. I remember shortly before the South African War broke out asking one of the ablest and most consistent opponents of the policy of aggression whether he did not think that those who were then shouting for war would, when it came, be revolted by its realities. My friend, who remembered the Crimean War, took a very different view, and gave me clearly to understand that from the very first moment of bloodshed it would be all over with argument. This is precisely what Cobden had found.

"Some of us are inclined to look back on the time of Cobden as the halcyon days of peace and sobriety and justice between nations. We have been led to think the orgy of barbarism which we have witnessed something wholly peculiar to our time, something that points to a real retrogression toward savagery. There is, in fact, as I have pointed out, a real intellectual reaction. The humanitarianism of Cobden's day is no longer popular. But let us not exaggerate. Human nature has not changed in fifty years. Cobden was a peculiarly able and successful apostle of peace, with a peculiarly noble and eloquent brother in arms. He had behind him all the prestige of his great success in the Free Trade movement, and the economic conditions were more favorable to his protest than to that of Mr. Morley and Mr. Courtney. But Cobden had precisely the same forces to fight. There was precisely the same pugnacity, the same callousness to outrageous deeds done in the British name, the same ferocity of vindictiveness fed by the same agencies. 'You must not disguise from yourself,' he writes in 1847, 'that the evil has its root in the pugnacious, energetic,

self-sufficient, foreigner-despising and pitying character of that noble insular creature, John Bull.'

"Clearly, John Bull was no less warlike in the forties than he is now, no less convinced of the necessary justice of his own cause, or of the service which he rendered humanity by condescending to conquer and to rule it. Nor when incidents occurred to throw a very ugly light on those civilizing influences of which he was wont to boast was he a whit more inclined to listen to the truth about himself and his agents. He received the account of the things done in his name with the same callous indifference which is familiar to us.... Nor is the howl for vengeance anything new.... Then, as in our own time, the non-combatants were the most furious for blood.

"In a word, the moral conditions of the controversy were the same in Cobden's day as now. Jingoism and imperialism were not known by name, but the same pseudo-patriotism which takes the form of hostility to all countries but one's own was there, and was no less powerful.... Now it is imperialism, which is at its best a belief in the 'civilizing mission' of the Anglo-Saxon race, and at its worst what we have seen in South Africa, but in essence the same blind, unreasoning, unimaginative, callous, collective self-assertion. What we have to lament is not that something new in essence, and in essence bad, has been hatched out by the devil that is in humanity, but that the real progress that has been made in other things has left us not one whit better—and perhaps, temporarily and in degree, worse—in this relation. This change must be attributed to the coincidence of those intellectual and political causes which since Cobden's time have fostered the growth of materialism—that is to say, the tendency to over-value physical force and to ignore the subtler and less obvious conditions on which the public welfare rests."

"If our analysis has shown that the ideal of the democratic state is intrinsically sound and necessary to the onward movement of western civilization—upon the other hand, the bare facts prove that that ideal will not, so to say, act automatically or maintain its supremacy without the most jealous watchfulness on the part of its supporters. Self-government is not in itself a solution of all political and social difficulties. It is at best an instrument with which men who hold by the ideal of social justice and human progress can work, but when those ideals grow cold, it may, like other instruments, be turned to base uses. In the immediate future much will doubtless have to be done toward the perfection of the democratic

machine, yet the fundamental reform for which the times call is rather a reconsideration of the ends for which all civilized government exists; in a word, the return to a saner measure of social values."

Here I end the review of *Democracy and Reaction*. I have given, I believe, an impartial, though inadequate, survey of the book's contents. Any one will be compensated by a careful reading of this volume; for no summary can render more than an indication of the vigor, the logical cogency, and the moral earnestness that Mr. Hobhouse brings to his exposition. I venture to say that this book is more enlightening than nine-tenths of the "literature" on the war that has been produced in the last three years. It cannot honestly be turned into propaganda for either set of belligerents; it lifts one definitely "above the battle" and enables one to breathe the clean air of sympathetic understanding.

Two questions arise that may well be briefly considered. First, had the reaction which Mr. Hobhouse explains in 1914 passed its crest before the beginning of the war in 1914, and was the world returning to a saner estimate of social values? Second, was this reaction also felt in the United States, and was its significance perceived here?

The first question cannot be answered dogmatically; yet the answer is undoubtedly, no. The decade preceding 1914 witnessed several of the most shameless episodes in modern diplomacy: Korea, Morocco, the Congo, Persia. Everywhere the small nations and the weaker peoples were despoiled. The great powers continued their policy of snatching everything they could lay their predatory hands on, and of never yielding an inch to their rivals if they could help it. The pace of armed preparation was quickened. Germany increased her army and her navy, Great Britain launched her fleet of dreadnaughts, Russia built her strategic railroads, France passed her Three Year Law. New diplomatic groupings were made, and fear dominated the foreign offices. The English press, under the leadership of the *London Times*, became steadily abusive of Germany. In Germany the national temper was embittered by the empire's ill success in colonial expansion, and the Pan-German movement, proclaiming with brutal candor a policy of national piracy, grew conspicuous. Meanwhile, the materialistic temper of the times had not been altered, and the underlying economic pressures had not been lessened. At the beginning of the war the inhabitants of Great Britain had about fifteen billions of dollars in overseas investments, outside of government bonds; and those of

France and Germany each about eight billions. The conscience of the world had become hardened to long distance sinning. What chiefly interested governments may be seen from the text of the 1907 convention between Russia and England for the partition of Persia: "Concessions for railways, banks, telegraphs, roads, transports, insurances."

The reaction against humanitarianism, it must be remembered, had been going on in Europe for more than a generation; the men who had ridden that reaction were in power; and the poison had eaten so deeply that it was possible at the last to start a war that slaughtered millions, for false values. Of course, there were warnings and protests. Socialists of France and Germany foretold the gathering storm. Small groups of influential men in both England and Germany worked for reconciliation. In England a number of free-lance liberals endeavored—in vain—to arouse the public. E. D. Morel exposed the Congo outrages. H. N. Brailsford ripped the mask from the Moroccan intrigue. The conspiracy that nipped Persian freedom in the bud evoked numerous protests, among them an eloquent poem by Israel Zangwill. This poem, entitled "Lament," was published in 1912, and contains the following stanzas:

"Time was my voice as lightsome rang—
In childish darkness lapped secure,
Self-shut in innocence I sang,
The world was pure as I was pure.

"And now my England I behold,
A Sancho Panza Land, supreme
In naught save land and ships and gold
Security her highest dream.

"I see the sun-lands where the flow
Of black men's blood is harvest rain;
Congo, San Thomè, Mexico,
And many a secret place of pain.

"I see what drives the wheels of state,
How nations hide their blood-stained loot,
Greatness that comes by murder's gate,
And glory by the all-red route."

Yes, many a secret place of pain—in order that the brilliant life of Paris, Brussels, London, Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg might be brighter, gayer, more luxurious.

Despite all exposures, however, and despite the signs of the times, this war took many honest men in Europe by surprise. Two

tendencies obscured their vision. One, for want of a better name, may be called the socialistic movement. Up to the very eve of the war there was a growing disposition on the part of the western nations to seek social justice at home. They were passing workmen's compensation acts, old age pensions, better land laws, higher income taxes. As we have seen, Mr. Hobhouse indicated that a policy of domestic reform may be wedded to a policy of national aggression, and that internal harmony is readily recognized as necessary to national efficiency. These concrete advances toward an ideal of social and industrial justice blinded many men to the international immorality of the times. The second obscuring influence was pacifism. The pacifists, noble as their purposes were, sadly misjudged the world they were living in. They went about declaring that a war between the great powers was improbable, in fact, "impossible." Mr. Norman Angell went further in his *Great Illusion*, which attained a great vogue, and attempted to prove that aggression was no longer profitable, ignoring the strength of the sinister economic interests that reap blood-money from colonial exploitation. And thus pacifism aided those influences that lulled men to tranquility, from which they awoke only when the deluge burst.

The United States of America? Intellectual conflicts are not so sharply defined in America as in Europe, but it is safe to say that America did not feel the reaction within herself, and did not know it was going on abroad. American thought flowed in its own channel. The Civil War was followed by a period of industrial expansion and spiritual apathy. Then, under Roosevelt, came muck-raking and "the awakening of the national conscience." Humanitarianism took the helm. It manifested itself in social settlements, in the new "social vision" of the churches, in the impatient idealism of the younger generation, in political progressivism. America during the opening years of the twentieth century was in the same mood as England in the Victorian period. It is this belated wave of humanitarianism, mingled with ignorance of the reaction in Europe, that explains why nearly all Americans were astonished to see the European war break out. It explains, further, why the bulk of our cultured classes even now, despite our own entrance into the struggle, have not arrived at a sound interpretation of the causes or the potentialities of the conflict. And it explains the naive and generous assurance with which Americans look for the speedy establishment of a better world order, when in truth the ills of the world are too virulent to be cured in this generation at the best.

DEMOCRACY AND THE CONSTITUTION.

BY LIDA PARCE.

A CONSTITUTION is not necessarily a written document. As in the case of the English constitution, it may consist of the customs of the country expressed in acts of parliament and in the decisions of the courts. In such case it is perpetually in process of revision by new enactments of parliament and by decisions of the courts which establish new precedents by rendering decisions in cases which present new features.

Life itself is constantly changing its ways, and when a majority of the community have adjusted themselves to the new ways there is a demand that laws shall be passed which will compel the more backward members of society to make the new adjustment for the public convenience and welfare. Cases come before the courts in which these new points are to be decided; they are decided on the basis of the prevailing custom, and thus the constitution is revised. Laws are passed in response to the demands of the progressive majority, and thus again the constitution is revised. In England this revision is final until superseded by further revision through the same process.

In America the situation is different. Life, to be sure, changes its ways here as elsewhere. From year to year the methods of human association are tried out by experience; and some of these ways are shown to be serviceable and therefore good, while others which were developed under earlier conditions are seen to be out of date, and perhaps to hamper more than they facilitate the community life. At the same time new situations arise as a result of the new processes by which the necessities of life are produced, and new methods of association and new principles of conduct are developed by these situations. They are first understood and adopted by the more progressive members of society, then gradually the average run of people fall in line and in time they are adopted by the majority. Laws are then demanded for the purpose of bringing the backward ones up with the average of their fellows.

These laws are passed by the legislative branch of the government here as in England, but in America this does not revise the constitution. Even when the courts decide cases on the basis of the new laws, and these decisions are in harmony with the public will and the public conscience, the constitution is not revised thereby.

For such a case can be carried to the supreme court, and it then decides whether the law is in conformity with the constitution, which was written by our great-grandfathers in the days before the community life was altered. If the law conforms to that ancient form of government it stands; otherwise it is void, and in any case the constitution remains the same as it was before. As a matter of experience such cases are always appealed by some special interest, because some favor which it has received at the hands of government under the constitution is restricted or withdrawn by the new law. Thus the constitution acts as a bulwark in defense of the special interests and against the common good.

A decision that such a law is unconstitutional is usually followed by a clamor of protest; whereupon the people are informed that they are unreasonable. The law must conform to the constitution, and if they do not like the decision all they have to do is to change the constitution which they themselves have made and for which they are responsible. But a bare numerical majority of votes in the legislature is sufficient to enact the law; while a number of successive votes, the final one expressing a concurrence of three-fourths of the states, is required to change the constitution.

Even to revise a state constitution two-thirds of the legislature must first vote in favor of revision, and in some of the states this vote must be passed in two successive sessions, after which a majority vote of the people is required. While to revise the federal constitution it is required first, that two-thirds of the members of congress shall vote in favor of revision, after which the amendment is referred to the people. If three-fourths of the states then concur by a majority vote the amendment becomes a part of the constitution.

But note the difference between the concurrent majority and a simple numerical majority. The numerical majority would be ascertained by a simple counting of votes. The concurrent majority consists of a majority of votes in a majority of the states. For this purpose Delaware with its 148,735 (1900) population counts for as many as New York with its 7,273,605 souls. Under the rule of the concurrent three-fourths majority, the thirteen least populous states, which in the aggregate have a population of only, 8,000,000, by voting in the negative would be able to defeat an amendment, even though the remaining thirty-five states, whose population totals 92,000,000, should vote solidly for it. The majorities in those thirteen states might be ever so small, yet these few votes, totaling possibly only a few hundred, would rule the United States. We are

accustomed to thinking that the majority rules in America; yet so far is this from the truth, that one more than one-fourth of the states can rule one less than three-fourths under the constitution, and the discrepancy when populations instead of states are counted may be many times greater.

This is not an argument against states' rights; it can perhaps be demonstrated that the states ought to have very important rights of which they are deprived. The purpose of this argument is to show how far the constitution falls short of securing democratic control.

Our theory that the majority rules in America is not to be reconciled in any way with the plain fact that a small minority controls the majority. There is a wide discrepancy between the theory and the fact. Nor is this discrepancy merely an inadvertence perpetrated in an hour of preoccupation. The fact that the minority rules is not merely an unforeseen accident against which it was impossible to provide. The intention to place the ruling power in the hands of the minority, and the motives for doing it, are set forth with a clearness and precision which precludes every possibility of doubt, in the debates of the convention which formed the constitution. The debates were recorded by Judge Yates of New York, who was a member of the convention. The report is incomplete because Judge Yates left the convention in wrath, before its work was finished. The record was not published until after the death of the last member of the convention; and it shows that body and the constitution framed by it in a light surprisingly different from that in which our fond faith has viewed it for a century and a quarter.

But that is in part because our faith has been foolish as well as fond. We have been vain and not very intelligent theorists. We have read into that time the social and economic conditions of the present, along with the political and moral ideals of a later century; and no greater injustice is ever done by men, than when they judge the acts of the men of one era in the light of the conditions and by the standards of another era. To avoid injustice it will be necessary for us to get in mind a few of the facts and conditions of that time and to understand the language which must be used in this discussion in view of those facts.

To begin with, special interests had always been the basis of representation in the English House of Commons. It was the corporate entities of the shires and the towns which were represented in parliament, not the people thereof. The only political function

of the common man was exercised in the local government, from the earliest summoning of a parliament. The tun (town or township) was the only place where an individual counted as such. The theory that "all men are created equal," and the proposition that all government ought to rest "on the consent of the governed," were then the latest fad in political ideas. Every one was enthusiastically convinced in regard to them, so much so that none dared openly deny them; but no one had as yet realized their implications. The conduct of the American people themselves is the strongest proof of this. Political philosophical ideas had been worked out with great care, but there had been no experience in the application of them, and the people themselves seem not to have been able to imagine how to apply them, beyond the point of the local self-government of the town, in which they had been applied time out of mind.

Beyond this point it was absolutely necessary for government to go. Force of habit and the economic interests of the dominant class suggested that it should go on in the same beaten path and by the same steps which it had followed in England. But that path ran counter to the new political maxims, and the people were quick to see the conflict of theoretical ideas. After the Declaration of Independence, the practical question of carrying on the public business had to be met, and there were no new methods ready made. The vested interests of the country had been acquired under the terms of the old regime and the forms of the old regime were required to keep them intact. These forms were part and parcel of the old political ideas; but these ideas were tabu. It was, at least, very unpopular to defend them openly, yet the vested interests must be protected.

We are just beginning to acknowledge that the purposes of political institutions are economic, not romantic. Therefore we cannot reasonably denounce the founders of the government because they fabricated a practical and not a theoretical constitution. Yet because the practical requirements of a government which should protect the vested interests were inextricably bound up with the old theories it was impossible to discuss them openly and honestly. The people had no methods formulated to comport with their new ideas; they had not the faintest notion of what such methods should have been and did not even perceive that such new methods were required in order to put their new principles into practice, yet they would no longer tolerate the old ideas. The result was that practical discussions were carried on in secret, and open discussions

were upon questions of political philosophy. Methods and philosophy made liars of each other, yet faithful efforts were made to reconcile the two. Many ingenuous and many disingenuous things were said in the effort to clothe practical debate in the language of idealism. The debates of the federal convention abound in language of the new-fashioned sort which clothes ideas of antique model in garb so thin and so misfitting that the exhibit not infrequently falls to the level of the ludicrous.

The fact that all open discussion of political questions had to be carried on in the terms of the new philosophy marked an epoch in political evolution. The fact that means had not been devised for putting the maxims into practice created a predicament. Government business had to proceed without delay. Those who had vested interests took steps to safeguard them under the forms of government. So long as they could discuss these forms in the terms of the new political philosophy they did so openly; when that was no longer possible they retired behind closed doors, but the discussions went on. By these discussions a written constitution was finally hammered out, and that constitution first of all protected the vested interests of the country. But in doing so every concession was made to the popular political ideas that could be made without injury to the interests at stake. The promulgation of the constitution was then followed by a systematic education of the people, the purpose of which was to make them forget their disappointment and to make them believe that their ideals were really embodied somewhere in the constitution. From that day to this the politicians have by common consent promulgated the fallacy that this is a real democracy ruled by the majority of the people.

It is probable that neither at that time, nor at any time since, has the real magnitude and competence of the task performed by the founders of this government been appreciated by the American people. We have no comprehension of it, and we have not burdened ourselves greatly with an effort to understand it. But at the same time we have been perfectly besotted with an ignorant and superstitious contentment with it, as if each and every one of us were to be credited with having some share in the performance of a sort of supernatural feat. Hence, until within the present decade, the attitude of all loyal Americans toward the constitution was one of unquestioning adulation: the fathers were a company of Olympian Joves—not one lesser deity among them. To question the constitution would have been treason, to inquire into its formation a sacrilege. Formerly we thought that there was no flaw whatever in the

American system; but now we are approaching maturity, the time of self-questioning has arrived and a reaction is setting in which threatens to shatter our complacency and wreck our vanity. Now it almost seems at times as if there is very little about the constitution which can be admired or recommended. It has fostered corruption, graft, exploitation. It is not a democracy at all, but a crafty and disingenuous reproduction of the monarchical system even more tyrannical and less enlightened than the original. We clamored for a democracy, and they gave us something else and told us it was the thing which we demanded. We have unmasked the imposition now; we are in the strenuous temper of crusaders; we are righting wrongs. Evil deeds cannot be condoned even though the sinner has certain noble and distinguished qualities. We cannot maintain an attitude of tolerance.

True, but a just understanding is better than tolerance. And while we refuse longer to grovel before the constitution, while we dissect it dispassionately as if it belonged to our neighbors instead of to us, let us make and file away for constant future reference a note of the following facts.

When the American government was formed it was a new kind of thing under the sun. For the first time in the world a national government proclaimed the theory that "all just government rests on the consent of the governed," although it made the "consent" ineffective by the "concurrent majority." For the first time a national government affirmed that "all men are created equal," though it made them unequal by a long series of checks and balances.

The nation was created out of a mass of helpless and ineffective fragments during a stormy period of world-politics, and it came safely through the storm. The framers of the constitution were not gods, they did not produce a perfect work full finished; but they laid the foundation of a nation which has lived, which has lived to awaken to an understanding of its true condition, to analyze it, discern its mistakes, and set about the correction of them. And this is the proof that the work done in that secret convention was a great work, with all the faults which it possessed from the standpoint of absolute democracy, and when criticised by the standards of present political and social ideals.

THE STABILITY OF OUR CONSTITUTION.

BY THE EDITOR.

OUR constitution is an object of reverence and awe. It might almost be regarded as our national fetish, and certainly one thing is true about it, that we have lived through times of enormous changes without having found any essential defects in the constitution itself. It is broad and adapts itself to new conditions. Indeed when the South proposed to separate from the North they took over the constitution practically unchanged and made no objection to it, thus proving its usefulness for a confederacy of states which in many respects showed quite a different temper from the original group of thirteen which were the foundation of the union. Now comes a critic of the principle underlying the constitution of the United States, Mrs. Lida Parce, who claims that the constitution is not sufficiently adapted to new and radical changes, whereas it has always seemed to me that the constitution can adapt itself to reform very easily indeed when the reform is needed or proves itself to be wholesome.

It is true that a simple majority is not sufficient to change the constitution. I have always believed that this is an advantage rather than otherwise, for what would become of us if a constitution which it took great care to construct could be upset with every change of the majority's will? If certain changes in the constitution were desirable to a majority to-day, and these changes should again be upset by another majority to-morrow, we would present a spectacle of mob rule and might pass through phases of alteration like the different developments of the French revolution during the reign of terror.

A constitution should be well considered in an impartial spirit and should allow either party to carry on the administration according to the will of the majority, but a simple majority should not possess the power to make such radical changes as to abolish the constitution itself. Nor should it be able to legalize such conditions as would please the majority in perpetuating all the privileges it acquired by a temporary preference of the people. Nevertheless we present Mrs. Parce's discussion of the desirability of changing the constitution by introducing a method which would so alter the character of the legislative branch of our government

as to make it equal to administrative bodies which depend solely on a simple majority. Are there any regulations in our constitution which represent interests of a specially privileged class? Does not the constitution rather intrench the spirit of conservatism by making it impossible for privileged classes to take hold of the government if they succeed in establishing a temporary majority which might become a czar, ruler and autocrat as the autocracies of primitive savage governments have been?

I am reluctant to say that our critic has really a case which ought to invite us to take steps toward changing certain well-founded principles in the constitution. So far as I can see I am inclined to believe that it is a wise safeguard of the permanency of the constitution which provides for keeping it from being dependent on a simple majority. If changes were needed in the constitution which would involve important and beneficial reforms, it seems to me that the assent of the people ought to be and certainly would be so overwhelming that the difficulties presented by the innovation could easily be overcome. Such innovations could only be expected in the practical spheres of taxation, labor and kindred subjects. At present it seems to me there is no question before the country which could not be settled by a majority in congress, except perhaps questions of vital importance where the majority of the whole people, not merely of congress, should decide. One of such questions would be the decision as to whether or not the country should go to war, but we might enact a law which would demand a referendum in these cases, and that could easily be done without changing the constitution. So I am at a loss to see why we ought to take steps to make such changes in the constitution as to render it directly dependent on a simple numerical majority, which would change the very foundation of all law.

In order for a law to be just and valid it must be universal. In other words, we ought never to pass laws which are made for the benefit of one class, not even if that class be the majority. The majority has no right to make a law which puts a minority to a disadvantage, nor ought it pass laws which are exclusively beneficial to majorities. A law must be formulated in such a way that it is of a universal character and makes no discrimination between different parties. If a law is not capable of being formulated in universal terms it is an unfair law and ought not to be passed, and it seems to me that laws which now are unconstitutional have a tinge of partisanship which favors one class only and takes advantage

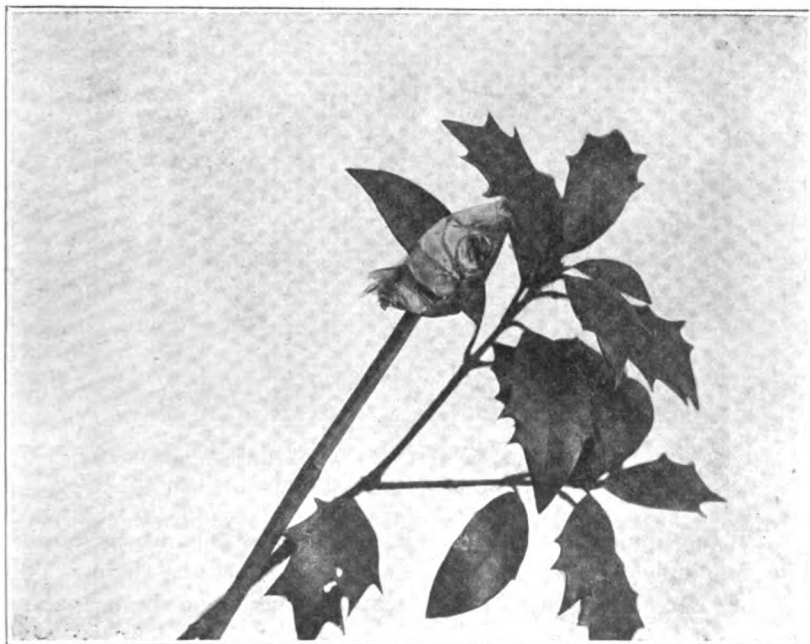
of the power which a temporary majority possesses by having a hold on the administration.

The question is not without practical significance, and not being in the least disposed to suppress an opinion that might advocate a reform difficult of investigation or definite decision, we take pleasure in presenting Mrs. Parce's statement concerning the alleged shortcomings of the constitution.

EXORCISM AND SARDINE HEADS.

BY NORITAKE TSUDA.

THERE is an old religious custom in Japan still observed by some conservatives which consists in exposing a sardine's head together with a spray of hiiragi (*Osmanthus aquifolium*) at the



SARDINE'S HEAD AND HIIRAGI.

doors of the houses. The head is fastened on the end of a pointed beanstalk. An observer will note these strange adornments even in the streets of Tokyo for a short time following February 4. They

are exposed on that night every year, and are left until they fall away. The custom is connected with a popular ceremony called *Oniyarai* or *Tsuina* observed on February 4 at the Buddhist and Shinto temples to expel demons.

In the Buddhist temples the officiating priests celebrate by a service consisting of reading scriptures and so on. When they have finished this ceremony, the chief priest inaugurates a ritual known as the bean-strewing ritual. He cries "Luck in and demons out," and certain persons selected for the purpose follow him and, repeating the same cry, throw parched beans upon the multitude who are waiting for them.



ONIYARAI CEREMONY.

Held at a Shinto Temple in Tokyo on February 4, 1915.

In the Shinto temples, persons disguised as demons (generally two in number) come out and the priest catechizes them. The demons, defeated in catechism, run away, whereupon the beans are thrown at them, or in some cases the demons instead are shot at with arrows by the priest, as seen in our illustration. On the same evening parched beans are also thrown in the homes, and the sardine's head and hiiragi spray are fastened at the doors as above explained.

The *Oniyarai*, or demon-dispelling ceremony, is very old in

Japan. The earliest extant record is that related in the *shoku-nihongi*, the imperial historical record compiled in the latter part of the eighth century, and it is mentioned that when the pestilence prevailed under the heavens and peasants died in great numbers in the last month of the year 706 A.D. oxen were modelled from terra-cotta and disease demons were exorcised at the imperial court for the purpose of suppressing the world-wide pestilence. The oxen were put at the gates of the court, according to other sources. According to the record found in the *Engishiki*, compiled early in the tenth century, the ceremony was to be performed by the officials of the imperial Yih and Yang institution; and the leader of the ceremony wore a mask with four yellow eyes and held a halberd in one hand and in the other a shield. When the ceremony was over the imperial prince and other high officials followed the leader in a procession to dispel the pseudo-demons from all the gates. The princes and nobles of the court carried bows of peach wood and reed arrows and leaned on peach sticks when they went forth to perform this duty. Since the principle of the Yin and Yang was indigenous in China, it is clear that the imperial Oniyarai ceremony was imported from there into Japan very early in her history. Further evidences as to the Chinese origin of this ceremony is to be found in the classics of the Chou dynasty.

It is not known, however, when the custom of exposing a sardine's head and a spray of hiiragi was first connected with the Oniyarai ceremony in Japan. The earliest instance known to us is a reference to the custom in a poem of the thirteenth century by Taméiye Fujiwara. But there was a similar custom of exposing a hiiragi spray, in another combination but for the same purpose, as early as the ninth century according to some contemporary records.

As to the meaning of the Oniyarai ceremonies, it will be understood that they were intended to exorcize demons of misfortune and disease before they should enter the house by using these symbols of terror, for the leaves of the hiiragi tree are thornset and the fish-head symbolizes the destruction of demons if they ever again pass through the door. This is a popular superstition in harmony with the Oniyarai ceremony. The same superstition can also be found in Sikhim: "The demons who produce disease, short of actual death, are called *gshed* (pronounced *she*). These are exorcized by an elaborate ceremony in which a variety of images and offerings are made. And the officiating lama invoking his tutelary demon thereby assumes spiritually the dread guise of



HAN GRAVE SCULPTURE.

Found in Shangtung, China, and preserved in the Tokyo Imperial Museum, where Mr. Tsuda is employed as an "expert."

his favorite demon, and orders out the disease demon under the threat of being himself eaten up by the awful tutelary demon which now possesses the lama." (*The Gazetteer of Sikkim*. Issued by the Bengal Government secretariat in 1894, p. 375.)

We believe, however, that even preceding this superstition, there must have been a more primitive element of superstition connected with our fish-head, namely, animal sacrifice in the age of spiritism. By animal sacrifice we mean the superstition originally intended to appease the spirits of the evil demons. To justify this inference as to the origin of the fish-head superstition, we shall here introduce similar customs as held by foreign races.

When the late Prof. S. Tsuboi made his folk-lore research in Hokkaido, he discovered that the Ainu draws a picture with the blood of dogs on a beam when building a new home for the purpose of exorcism.

In ancient China a hen was killed on the first day of the new year and put at the door of the house. Or the dog's blood was smeared on the door beam; or the head of a ram was hung at the door—in each case for the purpose of exorcism. Such Chinese customs are recorded in the *Fung suh T'hung e* compiled in the Han period and furthermore are illustrated by some Han grave sculptures. One specimen is on view in the Tokyo Imperial Museum, and others are in the Berlin Museum and in private collections in China.

Lastly we would like to remind you of the records in the Old Testament. In the twelfth chapter of Exodus Jehovah's passover is recorded, in which it is mentioned that the blood of a lamb is taken and put on the two side-posts and on the lintel of the houses where it is to be eaten. Another record of animal sacrifice, the earliest extant, is found in Genesis iv. 3-4, in the case of Cain and Abel. Here it is mentioned that the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering, but unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect; "so even in those early days in the history of the human race, the blood sacrifice, the oblation, and immolation of animals was deemed by the offerer more worthy of deity's acceptance than the fruits and flowers of the earth" (*Cyclopaedia of India*, Vol. III, p. 470).

The custom of animal sacrifice therefore originated in a primitive belief that the most precious thing should be offered, with the object of propitiating a wrathful being. Tiele also published the same idea of human sacrifice. He says: "They could not, however, have survived but for the fact that men honestly thought that the

deity was above the law, that he could require from his worshiper everything that really belonged to him; and that, in order to propitiate him, they must not hesitate to sacrifice to him their dearest possessions, the lives of their children and the chastity of their daughters." But we should say that human sacrifice developed from animal sacrifice.

Our inference may furthermore be affirmed by other exorcismal superstitions in Japan. During an epidemic some people paste on the entrance to their houses a piece of red paper a foot square, on which are written three Chinese ideographs of the word "horse." This custom was pretty wide-spread in Old Japan, and is still seen in some districts. There was a tradition that the deity of epidemics comes round on horseback and therefore we can see that the word "horse" is intended to signify the horses offered to the deity and red paper the blood sacrifice, though the people who observe this custom to-day do not know of any such meaning. An illustration of this phase of superstition is to be found in an imperial festival which has been observed ever since the eighth century.

This festival was called *Michi-aye-no-matsuri* (literally, "a feasting ceremony on the road"). It was celebrated outside the capital on the roads leading to its four gates, being intended as a peaceful defense against the intrusion of the epidemic deity into the capital. The feasting was thought to propitiate the deity.

Some days ago, while passing through a street in a suburb of Tokyo, I saw a square of paper on which were printed two small palms in black ink. This is a similar superstition intended to rid the house of disease.

It was also a very wide-spread superstition up to half a century ago that the deity of smallpox was propitiated with red offerings and utensils red in color or decorated with red paper.

Some votive relics from the Japanese prehistoric ages are likewise colored red. For example, some neolithic terra-cotta potteries have been found by Japanese archeologists who say they are clearly votive pottery. Some stone coffins are also smeared with red on the outside; they are excavated from Japanese dolmens built by the ancestors of the present Yamato race.

There is no need of enumerating other superstitions connected with the color red. But it may be instructive to mention some similar superstitions in other countries.

In Sikhim the *Zhi-dak* demons of monasteries and temples are always red demons, who usually are the spirits of diseased novices

or ill-natured lamas, and they are especially worshiped with bloody sacrifices and red-colored substances:

"Rowan tree and red threid,
Gars the witches tyne their speid."

—*The Gazetteer of Sekhim*, p. 356.

Large stones in their natural position hold a high place among the sacred objects of the New Hebrides. Sometimes in the island Aurora a stone is smeared with new earth; in Pentecost and Lepers' Island a stone is anointed with the juice of a young coconut (Codrington, *Melanesian Anthropology and Folk-lore*, p. 183).

About American Indians, Mr. James W. Lynd says: "In the worship of their deities paint (with the Dakotas) forms an important feature. Scarlet or red is the religious color for sacrifice, while blue is used by women in many of the ceremonies in which they participate. The down of the female swan is colored scarlet and forms a necessary part of sacrifices" (C. Mallery, "Picture-writing of the American Indians" in *Annual Report of Bureau of Ethnology*, 1888-89).

As to stone axes found in Italy, Mr. Angelo Mosso says: "Among the votive axes which were in use in the stone age I present three stone axes found in Apulia. All these three axes are colored red by means of ferrous ochre, which adhere tenaciously to the surface; for this reason we must regard them as votive axes. In the tomb of Sgurgola were two arrows colored red with cinnabar" (*Dawn of Mediterranean Civilization*, p. 134).

Taking into consideration all the facts we have mentioned, we may safely conclude that the use of the fish-head in Japan is a survival of primitive animal sacrifice, as we inferred at the start, and thus we may realize how long religious cults continue after their original significance is lost, even though different meanings are assigned to them to meet the altered requirements of the time.

SLAV AND GOTH.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE *Dziennik Chicagoski*, the Polish Daily News of Chicago, has devoted to the June number of *The Open Court* an editorial review in its issue of June 11, 1917, which while recognizing our sympathy with Poland condemns our attitude as being too favorable for Germany. The author of this extensive review even goes

so far as to resent the suggestion made in the editorial article, "The Poles and Their Gothic Descent," that the Poles may be in part descendants of the ancient Goths. He rejects the very idea of the proposition, assuming that its author imagines the Poles should feel flattered at being of Gothic descent.

Now I will say that the Slavs and the Teutons are so much alike in constitution and in the conditions of their origin that for anthropologists it is very difficult to distinguish the one from the other except in extreme cases. As a rule it may be regarded as commonly accepted that the characteristics of the western Slavs bear a strong resemblance to those of the Teutons, while the eastern Slavs have much in common with the Tartars. I do not mention this for the purpose of counting the western Slavs as superior to the eastern Slavs, for the Tartars possess virtues of their own. It is well known in history that the Tartars in Asia have shown themselves to be a strong and vigorous race and have furnished some of the most successful of the world's conquerors, among whom there have been men like Tamerlane.

The Huns too were Asiatics and kin to the Tartars, and they can boast of an Attila, although we must grant that even Attila was not purely Hunnish, but that his mother was a Gothic princess. His bodyguards gave him the name of "Attila" which is not Hunnish but Gothic, and is the diminutive of the term *Atta*, "father." The Lord's Prayer in Gothic begins with the words "*Atta unsar*."

Now while the Huns and their descendants the Hungarians are not free from a Gothic admixture this may be much more true of the Poles, and it seems to me no insult to speak of Gothic blood in the eastern Slavs. Among the Germanic races the Goths have always counted not only as noble and strong but also as being endowed with the finer civilizing qualities which enabled them to govern Italy with justice and wisdom.

It is certainly not an offence to propose the idea of Gothic descent. But if we regard the western Slavs as mixed with Germanic blood, the reverse is also true. The eastern Germans are strongly affected by an intermixture with the Slavs and it is not considered a disadvantage to the Germans to have received the ingredient of Slavic blood.

The Germans have never been able to agree in building up a state. On the contrary they were always too democratic to be constructive in political affairs, and it seems that large Teutonic states have been formed only where the people were no longer of purely German descent, as in the case of Austria and Prussia.

It is well known that the large majority of the Prussian noblemen (that are now called *Junker*) are of Slavic descent. The names ending in -ow and also in -itz or -witz are Slavic as their word-formation indicates. Such names as Itzenplitz, Buelow, Quitzow, etc., etc., are Slavic names, and the truth of this fact is readily acknowledged all over Germany, but I do not think that any one of them takes offense that some of their forebears were Slavic. Even the very names so often mentioned now, Treitschke and Nietzsche, are Slavic names. Their Slavic origin is a familiar fact, and Nietzsche is even known to have been an enthusiastic Slav. A family tradition relates that he came of Slavic nobility, and he took pride in the idea that there formerly existed a Count Nietzsche, who being a Protestant suffered much from persecution by the orthodox Roman Poles and was expelled from his home. When in the Crimean war the news of French-English victories over the Russians reached Nietzsche he was so moved at the outcome of the struggles against Slavism that he burst into tears.

So the fact that the blood of western Slavs is mixed with that of the eastern Germans is as true in eastern Germany as in Poland, and the mixture cannot be disadvantageous to either Slavs or Germans. Why the Polish to-day should resent the idea of a kinship with Germanic races is as unintelligible to me as the reverse would be, that the Germans should resent the idea of having strong Slavic admixtures in their eastern frontiers. The ruling families of the Mecklenburg duchies go back in a direct male line to the Slavic princes of the Obotrites, and so we may be justified in saying that considering the fact that the beloved Queen Louise, the mother of William I, was a descendant of these Obotrite princes, Slavic blood runs in the veins of the German emperor as well as the blood of Queen Victoria of England.

The tangle of descent is pretty great, and I believe it would be as wrong to object to Germanic descent as it is difficult for the King of England to do so. He can do no more than renounce his German titles when he tries to shake off the taint of being a German by descent. But in spite of all his efforts he remains the same. So the Poles remain the same, and when they settled in the land of the Goths they may very well have assimilated with the Goths as the Huns did before them.

When proposing the theory of the partly Gothic descent of the Polish people I would have been glad to be refuted not by sentimental objections but by arguments. Yet I shall content myself with saying that I look upon this statement as a symptom of

the growing strength of national feeling among the Polish people. It is a good sign and I regard a strong national feeling as an augury for the restoration of Poland, but I think it should not be used as an argument to darken the issues of investigations as to origin. I must confess that my critic has not convinced me, but on the other hand I hope that the conviction of related ancestry will bring the Polish inhabitants of Poland and their German liberators into closer sympathy than ever—closer than when the Muscovite influence dictated the policies of Europe and rendered the King of Prussia subservient to the Czar. There seems to be no question that the German government did much in those days to help in oppressing Poland at the behest of the Muscovite autocracy; but at present Germany seems to be possessed of the best intention to give Poland home rule and to gain the confidence and friendship of the Poles.

It is true enough that the Prussian policy has in time gone by been anti-Polish, that they have tried to exterminate the Polish language and have shown themselves hostile to Polish interests and traditions. One of their methods which consisted in buying out the Polish landowners failed for the reason that the language of the growing generation was derived more from the Polish nurses in the children's nurseries than from the children's own parents, and the children of the owner of a large estate learned to speak Polish from the servants in the house and spoke it with more fluency than their own mother tongue. So it happened that the growing generations even of the German landowners became Polish.

Upon the whole we may consider the Prussian method of suppressing the Polish language a failure, and it is to be hoped the German government will not repeat its former mistake. At any rate the University of Warsaw was opened in Polish and the Poles in Europe seemed to feel confident that a new era is dawning for Poland through its restoration by the Germans at the present time. Let us hope that it will be so. I am sure that Poland will prosper under the new conditions and will develop an independent Poland not only in Polish home rule but also in Polish art and Polish literature.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRANSFINITE NUMBERS.

Everybody knows and constantly uses the whole numbers 1, 2, 3, and so on; and we use the word "infinite" for something which like the above series of numbers, has no end. In fact, however large a number is we can always

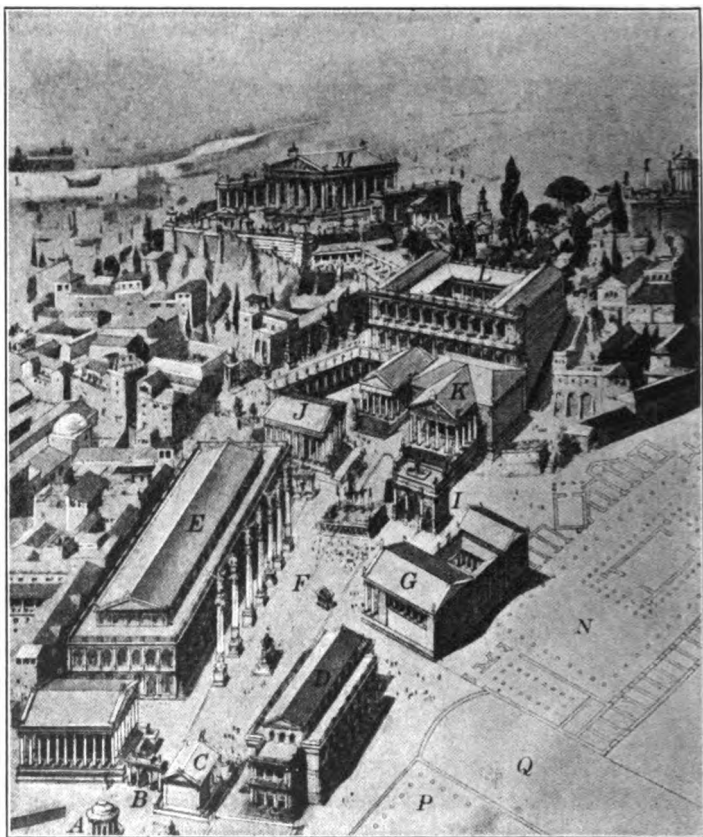
think of a still larger one, and thus we never get to an end of the above series. But the great German mathematician Georg Cantor, who is still living at Halle, first saw about 1870 that in certain branches of mathematics we must contemplate a new series of numbers each of which is greater than any of the above finite numbers, and thus has a place after all the finite numbers, just as in the spectrum a shade of red has a place after all the innumerable shades of orange though we cannot say that there is a *last* shade of orange. Cantor spent years in getting himself and others accustomed to the strange idea of infinite or "transfinite" numbers which, though each consisted of an unending set of units, could be thought of as complete wholes much as "all the points



GEORG CANTOR IN HIS PRIME.

in the line AB" denotes an infinite set and can yet be treated as a completed whole. With this end in view Cantor studied deeply the arguments of philosophers, theologians, and mathematicians about the infinite. At last, in 1895 and 1897, he succeeded in putting the results of nearly thirty years of work into a logical form which any intelligent person will not find very hard to understand. These famous essays have been translated into English by Philip E. Jourdain (Chicago and London: Open Court Publishing Co.). In his introduction, Mr. Jourdain has shown in detail how the new ideas grew from the work of Cantor's predecessors and in Cantor's own mind, and how these ideas must now be studied and used by all philosophers, theologians, logicians,

those interested in the foundations of the science of number and all mathematics, and those who think about the ultimate constitution of space and matter, besides all mathematicians. This book appeals to any one who wants to understand one of the main things that has revolutionized many of the methods and problems and applications of modern mathematics and philosophy of mathematics and philosophy in general, and feels sympathy with those who want to know what numbers and fractions and space and matter are.



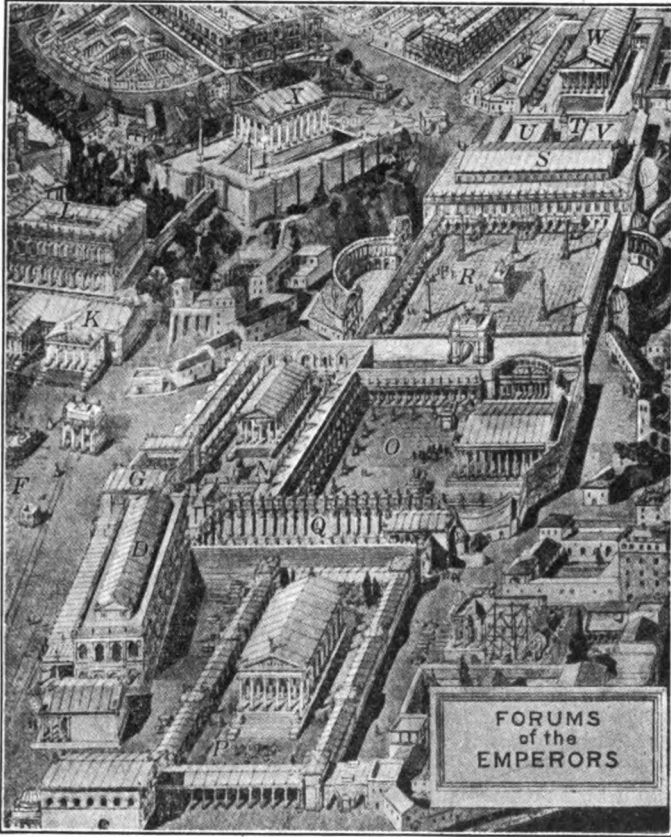
THE ROMAN FORUM AND ITS PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN THE
EARLY EMPIRE.

Why should mathematics interest everybody? Mere calculation is not interesting except to a few people. But even letting the mind rest on great and firm eternal truths is enchanting; living and working to find out more about them is absorbing. Mathematics is one of the few paths to truth, and the search for truth is the religion of all thinking men and women nowadays. Mathematics is one of the most living of all studies when treated historically so that we can follow the birth and development of great ideas. Thinking teachers know how attractive and indispensable it is to introduce

students to new ideas and the truths they mirror, slowly and, if possible, as the actual discoverers were.

THE ROMAN FORUM.

Dr. Breasted's delightful textbook of ancient history, *Ancient Times, a History of the Early World* (which was reviewed extensively in the July *Open Court*) while bringing the results of the latest research with regard to



THE FORUMS OF THE EMPERORS.

(Continuing the view on the foregoing page.)

prehistoric and early historic times to the knowledge of the high-school student, does not stop with these early periods but carries history down to the battle of Tours in the eighth century. From the time of the Roman emperors we reproduce (in a slightly enlarged form) the aspect of the Forum Romanum as he reproduces it according to the restoration of Luckenbach. It will be helpful to visitors in Rome by clearing up the chaos of the ruins in their present state. The illustrations adjoined here are explained as follows: A, Temple

of Vesta; B, Arch of Augustus; C, Temple of Julius Cæsar; D, Old Basilica of Aemilius; E, New Basilica, Business-Hall of Julius Cæsar; F, Forum, Market Place; G, Cæsar's Senate House; H, Speaker's Platform Built by Augustus (letter omitted; in front and to the left of I); I, Arch of Severus; J, Temple of Saturn; K, Temple of Concord; L, Tabularium for Public Records; M, Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol; N, Forum of Julius Cæsar; O, Forum of Augustus; P, Forum of Peace Built by Vespasian; Q, Forum of Nerva; R, Forum of Trajan; S, Basilica Ulpia of Trajan; T, Trajan's Column; U, V, Trajan's Libraries; W, Hadrian's Temple to Trajan; X, Capitulum.

CHINA AND THE WAR.

A Chinese scholar sends us the following comment on the recent political situation in China:

"China is at present in a vexatious predicament; she is confronted with the alternatives of war against Germany and continued neutrality, either of which seems equally conclusive against her. Which of the two courses China ought to follow is a question which should be decided solely on the basis of utilitarian considerations. The promises which have been made to China have not been fulfilled and probably never will be, and this has led some to think that the Entente Powers have deliberately set a trap for China, and that after China has got into it they will forsake her to her fate.

"What some have said with reference to the moral obligation of China to enter the war is, in our opinion, purely sentimental talk. We believe the danger of German imperialism has been exaggerated. It is true that Germany is looking for 'a place in the sun,' but so is every one of the Entente Powers. It is true that the theories of Treitschke and Bernhardi sound very horrible, but we must remember that there is a wide chasm between theory and practice. However horrible such theories may sound, the Germans as a people are far more amiable than Englishmen. The domineering, overbearing attitude of the latter presents a striking contrast to the friendly spirit of the former.

"Nor must we identify such theories, as some do, with what is generally known as German *Kultur*. In our view German *Kultur* is simply another term for organized efficiency, the application of scientific methods to improving the welfare of the people. And this is what China needs as a remedy for the evils that result from her traditional *laissez-faire* policy. The social and political scheme of Germany is what China needs to imitate. But such a system, as the Germans themselves, e. g., R. Eucken, fully realize, is liable to degenerate into a kind of paternalism that leaves no room for individual initiative. Hence we need to combine unity with variety, so that while there is organized efficiency, there is also room for 'different experiments of living' and 'varieties of character.' Such is the ideal for China as well as for any other nation."

In *The Open Court* for February, 1917, we made the statement that German and English blood is freely intermingled in marriage relations. We made one mistake which has elicited a correction from some of our readers, one of whom calls our attention to the fact that General Mackensen is not of English or Scotch descent but a lowland German, and that Mackensen is not different from other Holstein names of the same formation with *sen*, like Hansen, Jensen, Christensen, and so on, the meaning of son "being in the *sen* and not in the *Mac*."



THE VIRGIN MARY BY HUBERT VAN EYCK.
From the altarpiece of Ghent.

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THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.

BY ALBERT OOSTERHEERDT.

THE peace of Münster in 1648, which concluded the Thirty Years' War in Germany, also brought an end to the eighty years of war between the Dutch republic and Spain. By it the independence of the seven provinces, Holland, Zeeland, Utrecht, Gelderland, Overijssel, Friesland and Groningen, long an established fact, was acknowledged by Spain, which had by this time sunk to the level of a second-rank power, while the formerly insignificant provinces had become the strongest maritime power in the world and the pivotal state in European politics. Its commerce was world-wide, and it was the carrier of Europe; its possessions were found in all continents, and its flag floated on every ocean; it was the seat of industry, the center of learning, the mart of finance, and the home of art and science. It produced a galaxy of names still famous, as Huyghens, De Groot, Vondel, Rubens, Rembrandt, John De Witt, Tromp, De Ruyter, and many others of lesser fame. Spinoza was born in Holland, Descartes found an asylum there, as did later many Huguenots and other refugees. The Netherlands were the United States of Europe, and had proportionately as many immigrants, furnishing a haven for the oppressed of all other countries.

During the brilliant administration of John De Witt the nation was often at war but gained in power and prestige. Two wars were fought with England for trade reasons. France under Louis XIV was checkmated, and Sweden defeated in a naval battle in defense of Denmark. A medal was struck with the following inscription: "The laws made secure, religion reformed, kings assisted, protected and conciliated, the peace of the seas maintained, a splendid peace arrived at by force of arms, and the security of the Euro-

pean world established." This was in 1668, but in 1672 a different story was related. In this year a coalition of France, Great Britain and some German states made an attack on Holland which all but succeeded, as all the land provinces but one were conquered by the enemy. In this emergency, in which Amsterdam itself was threatened, John De Witt, the masterful opponent of the house of Orange, was deposed, and William III, the young prince, restored to his hereditary rights as stadtholder and commander-in-chief.

The prince displayed an extraordinary energy. An alliance was made with Austria and Brandenburg, the French were threatened in their lines of communication, Groningen was defended against the bishop of Münster, and the safety of Holland secured by an inundation. The navy fought a number of brilliant engagements against superior fleets, till finally Great Britain deserted France, with Münster and Cologne likewise coming to terms. The Dutch republic now became the center of a powerful alliance against France, but this was not sufficiently cohesive to be fully effective. Under the changed circumstances, however, France was put on the defensive, and was obliged to forego part of her ambitious designs, but by reason of her strong army and efficient organization was still a very formidable enemy. The republic, accordingly, unequally assisted by its allies, and moved by the strong party of the aristocratic regents, the hereditary opponents of the princes of Orange, made a separate peace with France, in which it itself lost nothing, but which was nevertheless indicative of the changed positions of the powers of Europe, as France from now on (1678) had become a most disturbing factor of the peace and balance of power of the continent. A period of unrest followed, in which the French sought to round out their kingdom by extending its borders, and in which the crafty Louis XIV tried to get internal unity as well by revoking the concessions and privileges of the French Protestants. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 was followed by a general exodus of the French Huguenots to Holland and Germany, England receiving but few refugees on account of itself being in danger of a second Romanization at the hands of James II.

The danger to Europe from this impending Romanization under French supremacy was especially patent to Protestant England and Holland, thus far the chief strongholds of Protestantism. As William of Orange was the son of an English mother and was married to Mary, the daughter of James, all eyes were fixed on him to prevent the coming Catholic recrudescence. The English revolution of 1688 was the answer of endangered Protestantism to the

Catholic menace, and placed William on the English throne, thereby uniting England and Holland in a common cause. From now on until the fall of the Dutch republic the interests of these two countries were merged for purposes of common defense and mutual objects, and as long as the policy of William III was followed the United Netherlands flourished, their decline being contemporaneous with a reversal of that policy.

The second French war, from 1689 to 1697, which followed the accession of the Prince of Orange to the English throne, was costly and exhausting to the Dutch provinces, as it was to England also. The Grand Alliance, in which nearly every European power was embraced, was unwieldy and heterogeneous in composition, and hardly a match for the compact and efficient power of France, which excelled on land, although not equal to the naval strength of the Dutch and the English. At the conclusion of peace, however, the Protestant powers of Europe had mastered the situation: they had the supremacy of the seas, and the greatest part in the control of European politics. Once more, nevertheless, France threatened the world with her dominion when the Spanish succession was about to pass under the Bourbons, thereby securing a united France and Spain with their vast possessions.

The renewed dangers brought about the so-called war of the Spanish Succession, in which the initiative was taken by the Dutch. They were in especial danger now that the Spanish Netherlands were garrisoned by French troops, which destroyed the security of the republic. The gigantic struggle which ensued was carried on in all continents and on all seas just like the present world conflict. The energy and determination which were shown by the Dutch republic in the early stages of the war were not kept up, however, being too exhausting for the resources of the small state. England, now fully committed to the policies of William III, took the principal role in the war and gained the most substantial benefits, thereby arousing old animosities. The French were finally, although not decisively, beaten, the republic becoming the guardian, if not the possessor, of the Southern Netherlands. This province now passed from Spanish to Austrian control, thus constituting the famous *barrière* which it was thought would both confirm the security of the republic and at the same time rid it of a possible commercial rivalry. England obtained Gibraltar and Minorca, Hudson Bay, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland besides trading monopolies, thus strengthening her commercial power and her hold upon the seas, meanwhile assuming the part formerly played by the Dutch

in the affairs of the European continent. France, although exhausted, had politically gained her ends: Spain and her colonies were won for the Bourbons, but with the provision that the two crowns should not be united. Thus ended the great war of the Spanish Succession, which was to be the last in which the Dutch republic took a prominent and decisive part. Indeed, it was the beginning of the end.

The French envoy Polignac rightly interpreted the peace of Utrecht in 1713. "On traitera de la paix chez vous, pour vous et sans vous," he said with regard to the Dutch republic, which now was compelled to accept what England and France prescribed for it. As Professor Blok says in his *History of the People of the Netherlands*: "With a neglected navy, an army weakened by the campaigns and losses of the last years, an almost exhausted treasury, the republic for many years would have to give up its importance as a great power; its commerce had suffered seriously and would hereafter, in the world's markets under less favorable circumstances, have to meet its powerfully developing rival on the other side of the North Sea. In the opinion of its best statesmen its only hope for the future lay in a close alliance with this fortunate competitor and in following the chariot of victory."

The United Netherlands, however, were still rich and powerful, and were now to profit by a long and protracted peace. The incessant wars gave place to a long-needed peace. While external conditions of trade and foreign affairs were in many respects changed, it was nevertheless the internal condition of the republic which caused its gradual decay and final overthrow. Its weak constitution was that neither of a republic nor of a monarchy, but of a loose alliance in which one province, Holland, and in that province one city, Amsterdam, had a preponderating influence, deciding often for selfish purposes the foreign policy of the commonwealth. It was furthermore divided by the opposition between the land and the sea provinces, the former wanting a strong army and the latter a powerful navy, with the result that the country usually got neither. The internal dissension was often of such a character that the States General were powerless, the provinces furnishing neither their quota of troops nor their required number of ships, failing besides to provide adequately for the general expenses of the government, weak and inefficient as it was by its very nature. In this century the city regents gained complete ascendancy, making each city an independent unit, a local autonomy with a strong aversion to a higher or more central authority, whether of the states or of the

stadtholder. The stadtholdership, again hereditary in the house of Orange, lost prestige and power, partly because the eighteenth-century representatives of that house were weak and vacillating men, lacking the vigor and decision of their illustrious forebears. Thus the once puissant Dutch republic drifted slowly but inevitably to its certain destruction, and became the prey of political strife, internal disorganization, foreign weakness and excessive love of peace.

While the school of William III was still living, there was a lively appreciation of his policies and aims. Heinsius and Van Slingelandt were exceedingly able diplomats, fit to cope with the complex problems of European politics, patriotic and high-minded men. But they were overwhelmed in a flood of narrowness and pettiness by the peace-at-any-price party, which looked at every question from a purely commercial standpoint. Trade and commerce were paramount to national interests—one of the reasons for the fall of the Dutch republic. The much-desired barrier against French aggression proved a delusion and a snare; it neither protected Holland nor barred France, as subsequent events were to show. Austria, now owner of the southern Netherlands, was embittered by the treatment from the states, while France was encouraged by the patrician oligarchy which habitually was friendly to France, as the party of the stadtholder depended on English favor.

The first few years after the war of the Spanish Succession found the Dutch republic in a deplorable condition. The alliance with England, endangered by the death of Queen Anne, was confirmed at the accession of George I, the Elector of Hanover. France under its regent was bent on securing Dutch friendship, so that affairs with these two powers were quite satisfactory. Elsewhere, however, the republic suffered loss of prestige by not protecting its commerce in the Baltic and the Mediterranean seas, particularly by submitting supinely to the depredations of the pirates of Algiers and Tunis. At home, there was an attempt to reform the government of the union, but although nearly a year was spent in discussion, nothing really came from it. The second great assembly to save the state failed, as did the first in 1651, and left its future again to depend on "a wonderful work of divine providence," as the council of state declared.

Under these conditions the foreign policy of the republic rapidly deteriorated. Self-interest alone determined its action. Thus when Austria permitted the organization of the Ostend Company

in 1722 the Dutch and English governments protested vehemently, the Dutch denying the freedom of the seas, one of the principles laid down a century before by Hugo de Groot in his great book on the laws of nations. The economic prosperity or prostration of the Austrian Netherlands was nothing to the Dutch, who no longer had a complete trade monopoly, being forced to share their former commerce with many other rivals, among whom were Denmark, Hamburg and Bremen, to say nothing of England and France, their chief competitors. Austria, desirous of conciliating the maritime powers, suspended the Flemish rival and placed Belgium again under the economic yoke of the Dutch provinces. This concession did not, however, avail to extend the aid of Holland to Austria in the Polish succession dispute, nor in the Austrian succession war till it was nearly too late, and then only in a half-hearted manner.

The great war of the Pragmatic Sanction, in which Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa were the heroic figures, proved the rise of Prussia, the disintegration of the Hapsburg empire, and the fatal disinclination of the Dutch republic to observe faithfully its treaties and obligations. The republic, several times assisted by Austria in its own dire perils, sought to compromise with honor when the empire was in danger, and endeavored to remain neutral in spite of its treaty requirements. When aid was finally rendered in 1743, it was done grudgingly and against the will of the regents. The Dutch name of military and naval glory suffered grievously in this war, for the help given was insignificant, and the manner of its handling egregiously ignominious. The navy was small and poorly equipped, fighting no important battle, and the army, whose special task it was to defend the southern Netherlands, was beaten back in disgrace, so that Belgium fell into French hands, the barrier forts proving no obstacle to the victorious legions of France. If proof had been needed that the ring of barrier fortresses was not invincible, the Dutch received it in 1743 and 1744, and they received still further confirmation of their vulnerability in 1747, when the French, in order to hasten peace, invaded Zeeland and Brabant, and laid siege to Maastricht. So desperate had the condition of the Dutch republic become that it was compelled to petition England, its other ally, to conclude peace, declaring that "since its existence it had never been more exposed to being invaded or overwhelmed." England was bitterly disappointed by this "shameful document," but could not carry on the war singlehanded, so that peace negotiations were soon under way. The representatives of the states naturally received but scant consideration from England

and France, and were forced to accept whatever terms these two powers agreed upon, an equal footing being from now on out of the question. In short, the republic was, as Blok says, "a miserable spectacle to its friends, an object of ridicule to its foes."

Thus the fatal internal weakness of the Dutch republic had brought about the shameful peace of 1748, which concluded the war of the Austrian Succession and revealed to friends and foes its true and nearly hopeless condition. One remedy remained as of old, the restoration of the prince of Orange to the headship of the state, but even this panacea, when applied in 1747 and 1748, had lost much of its old-time efficacy. Since 1702, when William III died, there had been a "stadtholderless interregnum," and now, when the republic had gone from bad to worse, there was a loud demand from the common people, who had always believed in Orange, to have the young prince William IV elevated to his ancestors' former position. This was indeed done, but more essential changes were not made. More authority was concentrated in the prince, but otherwise the old aristocratic system, limiting government to a number of ruling families, survived in a slightly modified form, denying to the people a truly representative system such as alone might have withstood the violence as well as the doctrines of the French Revolution.

For the moment, however, there was great relief and rejoicing, especially when an heir was born to the prince, thus providing for the continuity of the rule of Orange. The new stadtholder was more powerful than any of his predecessors, and his supreme authority was recognized. "From him were now expected a better general guidance, a greater development of the state's resources, reform of army and navy, revival of the former prosperity, a regeneration of the entire nation—a hard task for the prince placed at the head of a republic. Supported as he was by the citizens, it lay in his hand to improve the machine of state by augmenting the influence of the citizens upon the government, as the great prince, William I, had indicated, but he did not desire this. He wished to maintain the old 'aristocratical' form of government, redressing the most crying abuses, removing the most hated regents and replacing them, and balancing the still threatening oligarchy by increasing the powers of the 'eminent head' of the republic. This balance the prince could alone secure by a pernicious system of secret correspondence with the foremost regents, by intrigues and favors that raised the lowest passions to means of government. The republic could not be permanently preserved in this way."

The final fall of the republic was accordingly only a matter of fate and time. England's friendship and Prussia's aid might indeed delay the crisis, but could not avert it, as subsequent events were to prove. Nevertheless, the elevation of William IV brought a betterment in the general condition of the country. Trade and commerce revived, finance was made sound and prosperous, and a general prosperity followed which rivaled that of former days, notwithstanding the fact that the colonies had decreased, the trade of the great East India Company being especially in a state of decay. A period of thirty years of unbroken peace followed, somewhat similar to the period in American history after the Civil War. In both periods there was a general prosperity, much national disintegration of life, manners and thought, an incurable optimism based on shallow philosophies, a decline of religion and dogma, a refusal to learn from history, and a pacific tendency which reduced the military and naval efficiency of the nation. Besides the greater concentration of authority in the prince's hands, the removal of some regents, there was an improvement in internal finances by the abolishment of the system of farming, which had led to such grave abuses and scandals. The postal system was also improved, but beyond this the reforms made did not alter the constitution of the state so much as its personnel. The prince himself was an amiable, weak man, not capable of reforming a state in which privilege and aristocratic pretension were so strongly intrenched as in the so-called United Netherlands, united in name only. His early death in 1751 left the country in charge of his wife, the Governess Anne, an English princess who found the task also greatly exceeding her natural capacity. Part of her labors were taken over by the Duke of Brunswick, a German general in the employ of the States General. Thus two foreigners were placed at the head of the Dutch republic at the most critical period of its history, naturally exciting patriotic opposition and personal antipathies on the part of many Dutchmen.

A reduction was made in the appropriations by reducing the size of the army which had played such an inglorious part in the late war; the state of the navy may be guessed from the fact that peace with the pirate states of Morocco and Algiers was bought, not compelled, while diplomacy fared no better in securing a new commercial treaty from France, nor in fruitless negotiations with Austria regarding the disposition to be made of the southern Netherlands. Austria, in fact, was not enamored of its possessions, nor of restoring the barrier fortresses to protect Holland from France, especially not when in 1756 a Franco-Austrian alliance was made, which

totally changed the status of the Austrian Netherlands, changing them from a buffer state into a French outpost. The former alliance of Austria with the naval powers of the North Sea naturally was immediately broken, but instead of uniting the Dutch republic more closely with Great Britain, this made the aristocracy all the more determined to be on good footing with France, long the common enemy of England and the house of Orange.

The republic soon found itself in a difficult position. England and France were again at war, this time for the supremacy of the seas and colonial expansion. In America France's colonies and military ambitions lay directly athwart the path of English colonial domination, while in India too the French were continually in conflict with English commerce and power. England could not tolerate a chain of French forts from Canada to the mouth of the Mississippi, blocking further expansion of its own colonies on the Atlantic seaboard, nor could it view with equanimity the growing naval strength of France, heretofore surpassed only by its own mighty sea power. The Netherlands, now that Austria was no longer an ally of them and England, had everything to fear from such a war. By treaty the Dutch were bound to assist the English, yet their own powerlessness and precarious position made them wish to retain French friendship also. Hence they endeavored to maintain a complete neutrality, a position then as now impossible to hold. An English demand that the treaty be complied with was refused at the behest of France, this naturally causing British pride to be offended. While France showered favors on the faithless Dutch, England showed its resentment by capturing Dutch merchant ships. Violent disputes arose in the republic about the necessity of providing convoy to the threatened commerce, but the decrepit state of the navy and the bankrupt condition of the admiralty prevented adequate protection from being furnished. Moreover the regent Anne, being an English princess, would not hear of an increase in the navy without the army being likewise increased, but this idea, while essentially correct, was violently opposed by the mercantile cities and the partisans of the French. At the Hague, it was said, there were many English or French partisans, but "no Hollanders." The princess and her party were blamed for their English sympathies, and the party of the "States" for its French partisanship.

Meanwhile Dutch trade was seriously hampered by the war. France was furnished with war supplies, but it could not in return insure the safety of Dutch shipping. All efforts to increase the navy were met by the insistent demand of the land provinces that

the land forces be increased too, so that a general deadlock followed after most vehement discussions. The navy counted in 1757 less than thirty ships, and the army had dropped to thirty-three thousand men—a sad commentary on the fall from the glory of other days when the Dutch republic had hundreds of battleships and fully half a million of men under arms. Finally after much wrangling some additional ships were built and they performed noteworthy services but could not avail to restore the old prestige or revive the former prosperity of trade. When the war between France and England came to an end in 1763, the Dutch republic had no part whatever in the peace conferences, and found itself ignored by its powerful ally, which from now on had not only the undisputed dominion of the seas, but was also in possession of French Canada, the Mississippi Valley, the Antilles and French Hindustan, being now by all odds the greatest naval and colonial power in the world.

It would seem, therefore, that Holland, conscious of English superiority, could not afford to affront the old rival, but would assiduously cultivate British friendship, especially now that France had been decisively humbled. Such, indeed, was the policy of the duke of Brunswick and the council pensionary Steyn, who after the death of Princess Anne in 1759 had become entrusted with foreign affairs, as well as with the guardianship of the young prince William V. The duke acquired a vast power in the republic, his opponents being gradually removed from influence and Orange partisans put in their place. By a judicious diplomacy the duke even received the good-will of the "States" party, so that at the assumption of government by the prince of Orange in 1766 there were many testimonials of gratitude from the States General and the Provincial Estates for his fatherly care of the country and the prince. The prince married a Prussian princess, a woman with much more determination and courage than he was to show in the last and most critical days of the old Dutch republic.

The period now ensuing was indeed a turbulent one, not only in the Netherlands, but also in foreign countries. It was the time of the first partition of Poland, of plans to exchange the ownership of Belgium, of the American revolution, and last but not least, of the political and social philosophy of the French revolution, with its tremendous and dramatic effects. That the Dutch republic should have survived the gathering storm was extremely unlikely, nor in fact desirable. Its anachronistic constitution and internal condition were such that they deserved no better fate than that which overtook them—a warning to other countries and

times. England too was ruled by a small aristocracy, but English traditions of liberty and flexibility safely weathered the storm of the great revolution, while the Dutch republic was moribund and inert and collapsed when the visible signs of government were removed. The growth of democratic ideas in America and France found a ready response in the Netherlands, but the history and organization of the republic were not favorable to a liberal reconstruction of its form under the new conditions.

During the administration of William V the old antipathy against England was revived in an intensified form. The revolt of the American colonies against British rule found strong sympathy in Holland, partly on account of democratic tendencies, and partly because of commercial reasons, which were very potent, since the colonies depended during the war on their West-Indian smuggling trade, carried on largely in Dutch bottoms. Hence the willingness of Dutch merchants and especially of the city of Amsterdam to make loans to the struggling colonies, and the readiness to aid America at the expense and to the detriment of England. That country, already at war with France and the American colonies, naturally desired to retain the friendship of the Dutch. As before in the Seven Years' War, however, the influence of France was strong enough in the republic to cause English displeasure, and finally a break in the old relations, resulting in the fourth English war. A request for the return of the Scottish brigade, which had been stationed in the Netherlands since the days of William of Orange, was refused by the States General on the grounds that the brigade was needed in their own defense. Another English grievance was the contraband trade of the Dutch, especially the furnishing of war supplies to France, principally by Haarlem and Amsterdam. While England maintained a conciliatory attitude, France was bound to force the hands of the Dutch, threatening to injure Dutch commerce unless a naval convoy was granted to the illicit trade forbidden by the English. Thus matters stood, with France cajoling this way and England insisting upon that way, till finally proud Albion, although beset by foreign enemies and harassed by domestic revolutions, abrogated the ancient treaties in 1780, following this the next year—after the republic had entered the armed neutrality league and through its chief city, Amsterdam, made an understanding with the American colonies—by a declaration of war upon its old rival and ally.

The Dutch on their side entered the war with incredible optimism and a fatal lack of preparedness. The proud language of

the French partisans, which swore vengeance upon perfidious Albion for having dared to hold up Dutch commerce, was in sharp contrast to the defenseless situation of the country and its colonies. The coasts were nearly bare to an English invasion, and the minor colonies fell into the enemy's hands almost without a struggle. Dutch commerce was driven off the seas, the French giving no aid to their new ally; a meeting between an English squadron and a Dutch fleet at Doggersbank proving nothing except that Dutch courage was still in spite of British sneers a fine quality of the navy. Luckily for the decrepit republic, England was busily employed elsewhere and had no heart in this war, so that peace offers were constantly made and as constantly refused by the French party, which still hoped to humiliate England with French help. While France was thus encouraging Holland to persist in a foolish war, she herself secretly concluded preliminaries of peace with Great Britain, thus isolating the republic. This was the reward which a fateful friendship for France received, but it did not deter the French party, now called the patriot party, from preventing a renewal of the old alliance with Great Britain. The stadtholder, helpless as he was, received most of the blame for the disastrous war and inglorious peace, while the "patriots" now openly demanded a reconstruction of the state after French political ideas and American example. As Blok says in his history: "No treaty of peace was more humiliating than that of Paris, none showed the republic in a more disordered condition—a mockery of a state, hopelessly divided in itself, without influence abroad, without power on land and sea, without future, living alone in the remembrance of its great past and in the prosperity left by that past."

The war over, internal strife became fiercer than ever. The old-time prosperity had been largely destroyed by the war: trade and commerce had gone to England and neutrals, industry was disorganized, and the colonies were in decay. The cause of all the woes of the republic was loudly proclaimed to be the antiquated form of government, as shown in the aristocratic rule of the regents and of the stadtholder. Opposition gradually centered against the latter and his removal was demanded, while the state itself was to be remodeled upon democratic principles. Some of the regents themselves were imbued with these principles, and they consequently became the leaders of the new movement which found most of its supporters among the intellectuals of the cities. The people at large still clung to the memories of Orange, but as they were dissociated from the government their wishes were not consulted. By various

means and measures the power of the prince was much curtailed, at first to the delight of the aristocrats who meant to gather up the authority lost by the head of state but who soon found out that the forces now at work and which were to sweep them away also were already beyond their control.

A period of confusion and revolutionary movements followed the war, and French ideas and leadership became the guiding factors while English influence and Prussian interest were strong counterforces. The republic, in 1785 committed to a French alliance, thus became not only the victim of its own contending factions but also the subject of foreign power and interference. There were at first three parties in the state: the patriot, the regent and the Orange or stadtholder party. The rapid growth of the patriot party soon forced a coalition between the two latter parties, who sought to check the rising discontent and the introduction of a more popular government. Holland and Utrecht led the way in an organized resistance to the old system of government, followed closely by Gelderland, where the Van de Capellens, known for their American sympathies, held sway. The prince and his advisers at first weakly gave way, and this made the revolutionaries, counting on aid from France, bolder than ever. The army and navy were still in favor of Orange, but the prince hesitated to use them against the patriots, although the English ambassador openly advocated a counter-revolution in favor of the stadtholder party. While matters thus went from bad to worse, an incident occurred which brought about the intervention of Prussia and the restoration of the old order.

It so happened that the princess, who was a sister of the king of Prussia, was stopped and delayed on a trip to the Hague by some over-zealous citizen guards and was furious at the treatment thus received. A reparation was demanded of the Provincial Estates and as promptly refused. England and Prussia threatened, but with no result. As Holland would not punish the guards, on the grounds that no insult had been intended, the king of Prussia sent an army which soon overcame the small Dutch citizen army. The regular army, be it remembered, was still pro-Orange, and opposed to the patriotic innovations. Amsterdam alone held out for a while, but as French help did not arrive finally submitted in despair. The revolution, such as it was, had failed, and the prince was "restored" to his offices and full dignity, while the patriots were punished with removal from office, imprisonment and exile. Many went into voluntary exile, mainly to France, which welcomed the

patriots of 1787 with open arms, the "first fruits" and the promise of its own revolution.

The restoration of the archaic system in the United Netherlands naturally broke the back of the French alliance, and allied the Dutch republic once more with England and also with Prussia. A state so constituted could not forever delay its fall, nor could foreign aid prevent the final catastrophe. The last period, from 1787 to 1795, was a time pregnant with mighty events and portentous warnings. The French revolution of 1789 was casting its shadow before, encouraging the Dutch patriots and causing gloomy forebodings among the regents and all adherents of the old system. Every province was divided against itself, and only the danger of Holland's supremacy kept the rest of the provinces in common accord at all. There was no feeling of a national and indivisible unity which made them forget their separate existences; this feeling was to be instilled through many bitter years of French oppression. The army was without leaders and discipline, the navy had practically ceased to exist. Foreign commerce was declining, while colonial trade was at its lowest level. Thanks to the treaties with Prussia and England, however, the foreign position of the republic was somewhat improved, as these two powers virtually became its protectors. The last days of its existence were further brightened by the fact that in Van de Spiegel, the state pensionary, it possessed a man of uncommon intelligence, great moderation, fine patriotism and spotless integrity. The stadtholder, too, more conscious of his responsibility, applied himself with great diligence to affairs of state, while the new appointees in the government were all firm adherents of the house of Orange and of the traditional scheme of government. If the republic could be saved, then its present condition was hopeful and not beyond promise of recovery.

Foreign complications soon presented great difficulties for the republic. In Belgium the liberal-mindedness of Emperor Joseph II had caused strange results. The attempt of the emperor to change the antiquated institutions and laws for a modern representative government met fanatical opposition on the part of the people, especially from clergy, nobility and local bodies, such as guilds and cities, proud of their ancient freedom and suspicious of any attempts to coordinate their charters and organizations into a more centralized and organic whole. The opposition to the reforms became soon dangerous to the authority of the emperor and threatened to establish a new state in Europe, or merge Belgium with France. Fortunately for the Austrian government Louis XVI still ruled in

France, so that help from that quarter could not be extended to the Belgian revolutionaries. As the emperor persisted in his desire to introduce the new system of government, he abrogated the ancient bill of rights called the *Joyeuse Entrée*, and dissolved the recalcitrant councils and provincial estates, thus adding to the general confusion. Many people went into exile, among them the former leader of the opposition, Van der Noot, who went about from court to court soliciting aid to make Belgium independent. A close union with the Dutch republic was suggested also, showing the great interest the northern Netherlands had in the state of affairs in the south.

Meanwhile the French Revolution took place. A month after the fall of the Bastille, a revolution occurred in Liège, which was quelled by Prussian troops but against Austria. From Liège the insurrection spread to other parts of the country, the weak authority of the Austrian government being soon overthrown. The Provincial Estates met at Brussels in 1790 and established as States General the "United States of Belgium," maintaining the old laws and constitutions of the country. This reactionary spirit was unsatisfactory to the liberal element, now made bold by the progress of events in France and desirous of following the path of the great revolution. The three allied powers of Prussia, England and the Dutch republic resolved not to interfere in Belgian affairs, unless the emperor should request their help. Prussia now came to an agreement with Austria regarding the restoration of order in Belgium, and the short-lived Belgian republic expired without a blow. Thus another state was regulated into its former condition by the concert of Europe.

Affairs in France now required the attention of the great powers. Louis XVI, alarmed for his safety and desiring to get back his autocratic power, secretly besought Austria and Prussia to make war on the Assembly, hoping thereby to regain his former authority. War accordingly was declared, but the expected restoration did not follow. The Prussian invasion of France was stopped at Valmy, the Convention declaring the republic on the same day in 1792. All France arose as one man to repel the invaders and to bring the blessings of liberty, fraternity and equality to other oppressed peoples. The defeat of the Austrians at Jemappes put Belgium into French hands, to the great delight of the Belgian patriots but to the deep anxiety of the Dutch republic, scarcely recovered from its own uprising. Belgium was annexed to France in order to enjoy the benefits of the revolution, and Holland might expect the

same fate, once the hungry French patriots extended their zeal to free more peoples from the yokes of their governments. In this the French were urged on by the Dutch exiles, many of whom formed a foreign legion in the army of the French republic. Diplomatic relations between the two republics had already been broken off in August 1792, when on February 1, 1793, the Convention declared war on "the king of England" and the "stadtholder of the Dutch republic." England, of course, was the chief enemy, but the Dutch republic, being an ally of England, naturally must be attacked also. After some initial successes, the French were thrown back, and the Dutch republic saved once more. Dumouriez, the French general, was disowned by the Convention, but as he had monarchical leanings he evacuated Belgium, thus exposing France to the victorious armies of the allies. Great plans were now made by the coalition against France but were dashed to the ground by the unexpected resistance of the French army, now greatly enlarged under Carnot. The campaign went badly for the allies, the Netherlands again being menaced by the French, who were meanwhile still in communication with the Dutch patriots.

The following year, 1794, went disastrously for the allies and the Dutch. Deprived of Prussian aid the republic fought a losing campaign against the French, while the Austrians and the English were as decisively defeated. Belgium was lost the second time, and Dutch Brabant and Flanders occupied by the French. Only a nominal resistance would meet their armies on the march to Amsterdam and Utrecht, once the Meuse had been crossed. Maastricht and Nimeguen fell, as did Bois-le-Duc, placing the country at the enemy's mercy. With the small English army remaining inactive, and the Dutch army retiring from the frontier forts, after offering valiant resistance, the patriots were busy with their appeals to the French to come and end the hated Orange government. They wanted French aid, not a conquest, in order to found a new state based on the ideas of the great revolution. But the mass of the people, still loyal to the house of Orange, and horrified at the excesses of the revolution, did not want a change in the government, at least not in this way. The French, on their part, were not eager for a new Dutch republic, so that hope revived of concluding an honorable peace. It was not till a delegation from the Dutch patriots persuaded the National Convention at Paris that imperative action was necessary that the command was given to invade Holland itself. Once given, there was little or no opposition. Small wonder, for the Dutch troops numbered only four thousand men, while the

English and Hanoverians counted but eleven thousand. The province of Utrecht surrendered. Holland felt in like mood, for the defenses had been given up one by one. The prince's government had apparently abdicated.

Worst of all, the prince of Orange did really abdicate. Without adequate internal support, deserted by the allies of the republic, the prince stadtholder found himself a "man without a country." The French refused to treat with the republic so long as he was at the head of it, and the patriots desired him gone, while the common people were powerless to help him—reasons enough why he contemplated flight to England. At a gloomy session of the Estates of Holland he admitted that the province could not be defended any longer. On the same day he with his family embarked at Scheveningen for England—an exile from the country which his forefathers had redeemed from Spanish oppression and saved repeatedly from French domination or conquest. The long-threatened French supremacy over Dutch affairs was now an accomplished fact, to be followed during the reign of Napoleon by a complete annexation. On the same fateful day that the prince of Orange left Holland the famous old Dutch republic ceased to exist, the government almost automatically suspending its functions. Its place was taken by the so-called Batavian republic, organized upon French revolutionary principles by the committees of patriots in the various provinces. Thus perished a state which once proudly acclaimed itself as the "Commonwealth of the United Netherlands," which during a short history of two hundred years rivaled, if not eclipsed, the glory that was Greece, which transferred definitely the seat of empire to northwestern Europe, and opened the way out of ecclesiastical bondage and political tyranny to civil liberty and religious freedom, two indispensable attributes of civilization.

MORE'S UTOPIA.

BY C. H. WILLIAMS.

IN the September *Open Court* we touched upon the influences at work to make More interested in the topics discussed in his *Utopia* and which helped to stimulate that interest when it had been aroused. It is our task now to examine the material More had in his possession to assist him in the development of the plan which matured about 1516 into the book *Utopia*.

It was not the practice of sixteenth-century authors to attach

to their books a bibliography of the literature which they found helpful in the preparation of their work. But from hints dropped at different times and places it is possible to reconstruct More's library and to forecast with some amount of certainty the kind of remarks he would have made had he been inspired to preface his work with such an explanatory bibliography.

His preface would inevitably have begun with an eloquent tribute to the value of classical literature. After an elaborate account of its functions in the intellectual development of the young and a plea for more classical education in the schools and universities the author would concentrate his attention upon the Greek writer to whom he owed most. Mention of the name Plato would call for a graceful panegyric from the pen of the disciple and would lead naturally to an explanation of some of the chief debts which More owed to his master. Such remarks would inevitably be followed by the statement that More owed all his love of Greek literature to the fascination of the Platonic works. His jesting spirit found its counterpart in the sparkling wit and cynicism of Socrates with his searching examination of the realities of life and his revelation of truth and falsehood. More's frolicsome soul must have rejoiced in much of the delightful irony of the character whom Plato bequeathed to the world as Socrates. *Utopia* is animated from beginning to end with the spirit of the Socratic dialogues. It owes its very plot and form to the wonderful work of the Greek. More would have no scruples in confessing that the form of *Utopia* was inspired by the dialogues of Plato. He made use of Plato's scheme of expounding knowledge by means of a conversation between two or three characters (one or more of whom had a special message) to present in a dramatic form the message which he himself had for his generation. Nor is this the only admission that he would be bound to make. He borrowed the very idea of his ideal commonwealth from Plato's "Republic," a work which attempted to do for its author's generation what More hoped to accomplish for his own age. The basic idea of the "Republic" was its foundation on principles of communism and this thought More borrowed as the vital idea of his new state. Without it many of the points which he describes as being characteristic of *Utopia* would have been quite impossible because they owe their very existence to the fact that there was no such thing as private property in the ideal state.

By admissions such as these the author of *Utopia* would justify the statement that he owed all to his knowledge of Platonic litera-

ture. Second to Plato in his influence on More was probably Plutarch, traces of whose works (especially the "Lycurgus") are seen in the *Utopia*. Although he and Erasmus had translated some of Lucian's dialogues which probably proved helpful, More's statement that Greek literature is the most important of classical studies is borne out by the fact that he owed little to any of the Latin authors save Cicero and Seneca. But let him speak for himself: "Wherof he knewe that there ys nothyng extante in the Lattyne tongue that is to anny purpose sauynge a few of Senecaes and Ciceroes doinges."

If the assertion of Mr. Churton Collins is correct there is one other Latin writer whom More would have to mention in his prefatory note. Tacitus's *Germania* certainly coincides in many places with descriptions found in the *Utopia* and it is quite probable that More found the work helpful, if only for geographical suggestions.

We are unable to state with certainty how much More owed to Tacitus but we may have no scruples in putting Augustine's *De civitate Dei* on the list of authorities to receive mention by the author of the ideal commonweal of Utopia. The influence of this work on the newly called lawyer has been seen. He lectured upon it, and his lectures witnessed to the fact that he thoroughly appreciated Augustine's point of view. The early father was building an ideal city, the city of God; he was showing the possibilities which the ideal held and More saw in no uncertain light the significance of that ideal. He too was constructing an ideal city, but he extended Augustine's plan. He built a city and adorned it with all the genius of pagan thought. He fashioned a city of God on earth in which anything of beauty even though it were of earthly origin should find a place. That he altered the views of Augustine and used them for another purpose does not relieve him of the heavy debt—a debt which we may rest assured would be acknowledged by the author of *Utopia*.

In matters of literature and learning More was not a bigot. Citizen though he was of the great republic of letters which embraced all Europe and extended its privileges to the great men of every nation, More never forgot that he was an Englishman. He never became the cosmopolitan Erasmus was, a man with no abiding city and no strong patriotism. More loved England and things English, and it is hard to believe that such a lover of his country could have found it in his heart to reject anything of artistic value which had been produced in previous years by his English predecessors. As a lover of learning and literature he must have rejoiced

over the finished products of Chaucer. He could not have resisted the sly sarcastic hits which that light-hearted poet aimed at the institutions of his day. More's soul must have been gladdened by the character sketches of the Canterbury pilgrims with their very definite if good-humored attacks on church and state and their severe condemnation of the abuses of the time. Though the *Utopia* is not modeled on any of the Chaucerian works and owes little material directly to them it is scarcely credible that their influence on More was negligible. Chaucer's delightful satire on his age was very suggestive to one who saw very clearly the evils of his own days and must have helped to point out to More the more vulnerable parts of English society and manners which had remained unreformed even after the dashing attack of Chaucer.

It is dangerous to attribute too much importance to works unless we can trace their influence very definitely or have direct mention of them in our author. Perhaps neither test is forthcoming in the case of the early English satirist. Both are certainly evident to prove the influence of the Italian Pico della Mirandola. Mention has already been made of the fact that More translated the works of this author in his early legal days. They made a deep impression on him. He never forgot the inspired language of the Italian as he sang the praises of a contemplative literary life.

When he wrote: "Nowe I lyue at lybertye after myn owne mynde and pleasure whiche I thynke verye fewe of thes greate states and peeres of realmes can saye," his thoughts must have flown back to the days when he translated Pico's words: "I set more by my little house, my study, the pleasure of my books, the rest and peace of my mind, than by all your king's palaces, all your business, all your glory, all the advantage that ye hawke after and all the favor of a court."

He thinks of all that Pico and his thoughts have done for him, how they have ruled his life, reconciling the culture he acquired from his pagan studies with the sweet simplicity of Christian faith, leading him away from the outward show of so much that passed for monasticism and guiding him toward the true religion which is "to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world," More owed much of the tolerance which finds expression in the *Utopia* to the Italian Christian who had left all and taken up his stand by the side of the poor and afflicted of his native land. It was Mirandola who first made him realize the futility of royal pomp and the importance of common poverty, who first trained his eye to see the path of the humble

and the afflictions of the poor. Little wonder then that More should occupy so large a place in his preface with a loving tribute to the works of Pico della Mirandola.

Deep as was the influence of the preceding works on the literary style and aspirations of More no one of them in itself is sufficient to account for the production of *Utopia*. That work owes its real inspiration to an event which took place in 1507, the publication in a geographical treatise of a description of Amerigo Vespucci's *Quatuor Americii Vesputii Navigationes*. The Renaissance spirit was in the air. Men were at this time keenly interested in exploration and travel, and we may be certain that no one took a greater interest in voyages of discovery than did this man who embodied the Renaissance spirit. More read with delight the descriptions of new lands and peoples which Vespucci discussed in this little work. He had traveled in North African waters and explored the districts from the Canary Islands to Cape Verde. Here he had discovered a race of people who suggested many of the characteristics of the Utopians. The account proved very helpful to More when he attempted to draw up the customs and institutions of the islanders and was the inspiration of the new commonwealth which he described some nine years later in his book. He weaves the very narrative around a man who had accompanied Amerigo in his journeyings. More would find great difficulty in discharging to the full the obligations under which he rested to Vespucci for his suggestive treatise.

With the message of thanks to Vespucci the long task of his prefatory note would be drawing to an end. Two pleasant labors would remain for More to discharge as only his courtly and accomplished pen could have done. The longer of them would be a fond eulogy of his friend Erasmus to whom he owed so much. The chats had delighted many an hour, the letters they had exchanged, the clever satire of the *Encomium Moriae*, the worldly wisdom of the *Adagia*, the definite attacks of the *Enchiridion* upon the religious hypocrisy of the age, all these sources of inspiration would be mentioned lovingly and a tribute paid to their charming author.

Last of all would be a graceful tribute to a kindred soul. One wonders, but in vain, what would have been the lucid Latin phrase expressing the gratitude of Thomas More to the master spirit who had drawn him from the cloister to a busy life of letters and professional activity. Consciously and otherwise Colet had much to do with the book *Utopia* and his claims upon the author's gratitude would have been unstintingly discharged.

That such an explanatory note was not written was due, as we have said, to the fact that the practice had not yet arisen of attaching bibliographies to works. In More's case it was due also to another and more obvious cause. *Utopia* was written as a *jeu d'esprit* to be circulated among his friends. It was a clever satire written for the benefit of the company of well-informed critics of the age by one of their number who had been out into the world and mingled with its every-day affairs. More wanted to give his friends his idea of the world viewed from the politician's standpoint just as Erasmus gave the circle the impression of a wandering scholar and Colet the wise maxims of an educated reformer. That this was the case is clear from the fact that it appeared in Latin. Bacon wrote his more pretentious works in Latin because he had little faith in the future of the English tongue. More did not make the same mistake. He used Latin because it was the language of the circle of friends and also because it would not be understood by many in the outside world. And *Utopia* was not meant for the crowd. The veiled hints of Book I in which More attacks the royal council chamber, the sly hits at diplomacy, the scarcely veiled condemnation of war, the definite attacks on the extravagance of the English court, all these things were too dangerous to be known to the world at large, too likely to bring down upon their author's head the wrath of royal arrogance had they been openly proclaimed. Discretion, ever a virtue, is supremely so in one who attacks the powers in authority.

More was particularly anxious that his work should not bring him into conflict with the men and institutions whom he had attacked. He had taken the greatest pains to make it appear a work of fiction. To increase the illusion, and emphasize the air of unreality which shrouded his book he appended a letter to Peter Giles. After profound apologies for the delay which has attended the publication of the account "which you and I together hard maister Raphaell tel and declare." More explains that his son John Clement "who as you knowe was ther present with us" has brought him into a "greate doubtte. For wheras Hythlodaye (oneles my memory fayle me) sayde that the bridge of Amaurote, which goeth over the riuier a myle in lengthe: my Jhon sayeth that ii hundred of those paseis must be plucked awaye for that the ryuer conteyneth there not aboute three hundreth paseie in bredthe." He prays Peter to call the matter "hartely to his remembraunce."

But the matter can be remedied easily if Peter will consult Raphael himself on this point and another which had arisen through carelessness. "For neither we remembered to enquire of hym, nor

he to tell us in what parte of that newe worlde Utopia is situate." This is important because a friend of More, eager to increase religion (*sic*) "is mynded to procure that he maye be sent thether of the byshoppe, yea and that he hymselfe may be made bishop of Utopia."

Peter, like a loyal friend maintains the fiction. In a letter to "The Right Honourable Hierome Buslyde, Prouost of Arien and Counselloure to the Catholike King Charles" he brings the book *Utopia* to his notice with a tribute to More's ability: "Yet the selfe same thinges as ofte as I beholde and consider them drawen and painted oute with master More's pensille, I am therwith so moued so delited, so inflamed and so rapt that sometime me think I am presently conuersaunt euen in the ylande of Utopia." He keeps up the mystery of Utopia by his explanation that its position "by a certen euell and unluckie chaunce escaped us bothe. For when Raphael was speaking therof one of master More's seruantes came to him and whispered in his eare. Wherefore I beyng then of purpose more earnestly addict to heare, one of the company, by reason of cold taken, I thinke, a shippeborde, coughed out so loude that he toke from my hearinge certen of his wordes. But I wil neuer stynte nor rest until I haue gotte the full and exacte knowledge hereof: insomuche that I will be hable perfectly to instruct you, not onely in the longitude or true meridian of the ylande but also in the iust latitude therof."

Thus did friends in that republic of letters loyally assist the production of one another's works.

Peter was a good friend. He it was who prepared the work for its first publication in 1516 by Thierry Martin at Louvain. He appended a copy of verses written in the Utopian tongue and the alphabet of that language and also, as he explained, "garnished the margent of the boke with certain notes." The work was a success. A few months later a new edition came from the press of Gilles de Gourmont at Paris. In 1518 the renowned Froben of Basel produced two handsome editions under the supervision of Erasmus and illustrated by Hans Holbein. The Juntine Press of Venice took the work in hand and issued a fifth edition in 1519 followed next year by another edition at Basel.

Thus far the Latin text had always been published. In 1551 Ralph Robinson translated the work into graceful Elizabethan English, and it found a publisher in Abraham Vele and a patron in Cecil, Lord Burleigh. A second corrected edition came in 1556, followed by a third in 1597 and a fourth in 1624. In 1684 Bishop

Burnet attempted a new translation, but what this work gained in fidelity to the Latin text it lost in style. There have been a few modern editions of the work: that of Dibdin in 1808, of Professor Arber in 1869, the scholarly work of Dr. Lumby in 1879, an edition in 1887 by Roberts, by William Morris in 1893. In 1904 Prof. Cherton Collins published an annotated edition which is in the main that of the Elizabethan version.

THE BOOK ITSELF.

Book I. More starts out by explaining how he was sent by Henry VIII as an ambassador to Bruges to meet representatives of the king of Castile. While on his visit he was met frequently by Peter Giles, a man of learning who introduced him to a stranger, "a man well stricken in age wyth a blake sonne burned face, a large beard, and a cloke caste homely aboute hys shoulders, whom by hys favour and apparel forthwythe I iudged to be a maryner." The stranger by name Raphael Hythlodaye (which denotes one skilled in babble) is well versed in Latin and Greek and has traveled in the company of Amerigo Vespucci. The three sit down in More's garden and chat.

The stranger begins to relate his experiences in foreign lands and to describe the laws and institutions governing these polities especially those of the island of Utopia. Many of these laws are such as our cities might imitate.

After Raphael had entertained them for some time with his description of foreign countries Peter is moved to express his surprise that the stranger had not settled down as an adviser of some royal court, for any king would welcome such a learned counselor. Raphael repudiates the suggestion that any king has any desirable gifts to offer him. More meets this by suggesting that the traveler should do it even at his own cost for the sake of putting into the king's head plans favorable to the commonwealth's prosperity. Raphael replies that this is impossible for two reasons. In the first places princes have more delight in war and chivalry (of which Raphael has no knowledge) than in peaceful pursuits, and secondly the great advisers who have the king's ear despise another man's advice and insist on their own policies. Such an indictment, he adds, is true even of England.

More is naturally interested when he hears that Raphael has visited England, and questions him as to his experiences there. It transpires that Raphael had visited the country shortly after the insurrection of 1497 and during his stay owed much to the good

offices of John Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury and Chancellor. There follows a panegyric on Morton. Raphael goes on to relate an incident which occurred at Morton's table when a lawyer who was present praised the severe law which punished theft with death, though, as he adds, "he coulde not chewse but greatly wonder and maruell, howe and by what euill lucke it should so cum to passe that theues neuertheles were in euery place so ryffe and ranke." Raphael felt bound to reply that this was not to be wondered at since such a punishment for theft exceeded the limits of justice and was harmful to the commonwealth. For it is too drastic a punishment and only results in greater crimes such as murder. What was wrong, he added, was the social system which provided no means for men to earn a living and forced them "fyrste to steale and then to dye." He proceeds to enumerate some of the unemployed—old soldiers, retainers, serving men who when they are turned adrift are good for nothing.

"But," suggests the lawyer, "in them as men of stowte stomackes, bolder sprytes and manlyer currages than handy crafte men and plowe men be, doth consyste the whole powre strengthe and puissance of our host when we must fyghte in battail." This brings up the subject of military preparations and war. Having dealt with these Raphael proceeds to mention other important causes of poverty and crime. Sheep farming meets with severe treatment. "Your shepe that were wont to be so myke and tame and so smal eaters now, as I heare saie, be become so greate deuowrers, and so wylde, that they eate up and swallow down the very men them selves. They consume, destroy, and deuoure hole fieldes, howses and cities." Sheep farming has caused a rise in prices. In addition to all this, the rich are very extravagant. If poverty is to be reduced reforms must be introduced on Raphael's plan:

"Caste out thies pernycious abomynacyons: make a lawe that they whyche plucked downe fermes and townes of husbandrye, shall buylde them up agayne or els yelde and uprender the possessyon of them to suche as wyll goo to the coste of buyldynge them anewe. Suffer not thies ryche men to bye up all, to ingrosse and forstalle and with theyr monopolye to kepe the market alone as please them. Let not so manye be brought up in ydlenes: lett husbandrye and tyl-lage be restored agayne: let clothe workynge be renewed: that there maye be honest labours for thys ydell sorte to passe theyre tyme in profytable, whyche hytherto other pouertye hath caused to be theues or elles now be other vagabondes or ydell seruyng men and shortlye wylbe theues."

The lawyer would have replied to these schemes but the Cardinal cut him short and asked Raphael why he thought death too great a punishment for theft and with what would he replace it. Raphael suggests as alternatives the Roman system of sending thieves to state quarries and keeping them chained for life, or the plan of a Persian clan whom he had visited, among whom thieves lose their rights and become public slaves. At this juncture a lively quarrel between a jester and a friar is depicted and an opportunity is given the author to make several subtle thrusts at the friars. After a little difficulty the Cardinal restores order and this ends the account of Raphael's English travels.

The conversation returns to the original question of entering royal service. More still holds that it should be done if only for the sake of the commonwealth, but Raphael argues that kings will not hear philosophers unless they themselves value philosophy. Here follows an account of a contemporary council chamber in which each of the great men is seen trying to win the day without a thought as to the potentialities of the plans of their rivals. This in turn is followed by a brilliant criticism of Henry VIII's futile alliance with France though it is subtly veiled under the names of Utopia and the Achorians. Raphael explains that he would be quite out of place in a council chamber for his plans would never be understood.

The hopelessness of contemporary politics makes him think of the "wyse and godlye ordynaunces of the Utopians amonge whom wyth verye few lawes all thynges be so well and wealthe ye ordered." His praise of that country is met by Peter's, "Surely it shall be harde for you to make me believe there is better order in that newe lande then is here in thies countreyes that wee knowe."

It is to meet this challenge and to satisfy More's "I pray you and beseeche you descrybe unto us the Island," that after dinner Raphael proceeds to offer some observations on the land, cities, peoples, manners, ordinances, laws and all interesting things to be found in Utopia.

Book II. In the course of his remarks on Utopia Raphael mentions the following facts which distinguish that commonwealth from European states. The island of Utopia is an elective monarchy which guards against tyranny by the threat of deposition of the despot. The inhabitants of the island live in healthy well-planned cities where communal principles have free play.

"The stretes be appoynted and set forth verye commodious and handsome, bothe for carriage and also agaynst the wyndes. The houses be of fayre and gorgious buyldyng and in the streete

syde they stonde ioyned together in a longe rowe throughe the hole streete without anye partition or separacion. The stretes be twenty fote brode. On the backe syde of the houses, through the hole lengthe of the strete, lye large gardeynes whyche be closed in round about with the backe part of the stretes. Euery house hath two doores: one into the strete and a posternne door on the backsyde into the gardyne. . . . Euerye man that wyll maye goo yn, for there is nothyng wythen the howses that ys pryete or annye mannes owne. And euerye X yere they change their howses by lotte."

Such a communal system prevents trade rivalry among the inhabitants and does away with greed for more possessions. Instead of a self-centered activity every one labors for the good of the community and considerations of public welfare outweigh all selfish aims. To reach such a state all luxury and idleness must be abolished. No one is allowed to live on the labors of another. Every one has to take a share in the manual work necessary to the upkeep of the commonweal. Under such a system it is found that no man need work for more than six hours a day. The suggestion is made that every one take his turn at town and country life alternately so that no one is condemned for life to a distasteful occupation. The Utopians recognize the value of education and it is to enable every one to be properly trained that such a labor system has been introduced. A great part of the eighteen hours which is not spent in manual work can be devoted to training the intellect and acquiring some knowledge of the arts and sciences.

Most of the virtues of Utopia owe their origin to the stress laid on education. It is because the Utopians have been well trained to exercise their reasoning powers that they have such a sane outlook on life. They are brought up to despise the precious metals and gems. "By all meanes that may be, they procure to haue gold and siluer among them in reproche and infamy." "For they marueyle that annye men be soo folyshe as to haue delyte and pleasure in the glysterynge of a lytyll tryfelynge stone, whyche maye beholde annye of the starres, or elles the soone yt selfe." They are not the slaves of fashion. On the contrary "their clokes thorough owte the hole Ilande be all of one colour and that is the naturall colour of the wool." Vanity in all its forms is distasteful to them. "Also as they count and reckon very lyttel wytte to be in hym that regardeth not natural bewtie and comeliness so to helpe the same with payntinges is taken for a wayne and a wanton pryde not without great infamye."

It is to the benefits of education that the Utopians owe their

sane ideas on such things as gambling, hunting and hawking. "For what is there (saye they) in castynge the dice upon a table which thou hast done so often, that if theire were anye pleasure in it yet the ofte use myghte make the werye thereof? Or what delite can ther be, and not rather dyspleasure, in hearynge the barkynge and howlynge of dogges? Or what greater pleasure is there to be felte when a dogge followeth an hare then when a dogge followeth a dogge? for one thyng is done in both, that is to saye runninge: if thou haste pleasure therein. But if the hope of slaughter, and the expectation of tearynge in pieces the beaste dothe please the, thou shouldest rather be moued with pitie to see a seely innocent hare murdered of a dogge: the weake of the stronger: the fearefull of the feare: the innocent of the cruell and unmercyfull." Or again "For they counte huntyng the loweste, vyleste, and moste abiecte parte of bocherye."

Europeans are deceived by the glamor which veils the reality of war. But in Utopia "Warre or battel as a thinge verye beastelye and yet to no kynde of beastes in so muche use as it to man they do detest and abhorre and contrary to the custome almost of all other natyons thye cownte nothing so much against glorie as glory gotten in warre." It is the policy of the Utopians to avoid war wherever possible and to try to achieve their aims by diplomacy. "They rejoyse and avaunte themselves yf they vaynquishe and oppresse theire enemyes by crafte and deceyte." (It is one of More's ironic comments on the European diplomacy of his age.)

Since war is an evil the Utopians "thruste no man forthe into warre agaynste his will bycause they believe yf annye man be fearefull and faynte hearted of nature he wyll not onelye doo no manfull and hardye act hymself but also be occasyon of cowardeness to hys fellowes." War is a painful necessity which it is the duty of Utopians to avoid if possible. If thrust upon them they strive to be victorious and in their victory they do not forget to make the vanquished pay the cost of war.

Utopia is a land where physical strength is cultivated and admired. But weakness and old age are not despised. The old are honored for their worldly wisdom, the sick are cared for in hospitals and fed with the most delicate luxuries procurable. Elaborate hospitals are provided and isolation wards for contagious diseases. The sick are visited and nursed back to health with a care unknown in contemporary Europe. In their treatment of disease the Utopians anticipate some modern suggestions—should a person be afflicted with a disease which racks him with pain and offers him no hope

of cure he is advised by the priests to make an end of his misery by suicide. Such self-condemned men are held in the highest esteem and buried with full honors. But the scheme is not meant to justify suicide. "He that kylleth himself before that the pryestes and the counsell have allowed the cause of hys death hym as unworthy both of the earth and of fyer they cast unburied into some stinkyng mar-rish."

In depicting the Utopian character More is able to get several sly hits at the men and institutions of his day. Referring to their love of a simple legal system he playfully tells his fellow lawyers that the Utopians "utterly exclude and bannyshe all proctours and sergeauntes at lawe which craftely handell matters and subtelly dispute of the lawes. For they thynke it most mete that every man shoulde pleade his owne matter and tell the same tale before the iudge that he would tel to his man of lawe. So shal there be less circumstaunce of wordes and the truth shal soner come to light whiles the iudge with a discrete iudgment doth waye the wordes of hym whom no lawier hath instructe with deceit."

Monasticism with its self-punishments and fasts comes in for attack. "But yet to despise the comelynes of bewtye, to waste the bodylye strengthe, to tourne nymblenes into sloughishnes, to consume and make feble the boddye with fastynge, to do iniury to health and to reject the other pleasaunte motions of nature (onles a man neglects thies hys commodytyes, whyles he doth wyth a feruent zeale procure the wealth of others, or the commen proffytte, for the whyche pleasure forborne he is in hope of a greater pleasure at Goddes hand els for a vayne shaddowe of vertue, for the wealth and proffette of no man, to punyshe hym selfe or to the intende he maye be able corragiouslye to suffre aduersityes whyche perchaunce shall neuer come to hym: thys to doo they thynke it a poynte of extreame madnes and a token of a man cruelly minded towardes hymselfe and unkynde toward nature...."

More's attacks on war we have seen already. His opinion of treaties is no better. "The mo and holier cerymonies the league is knytte up with, the soner it is broken by some cauillation founde in the woordes."

Literature and learning are held in great esteem. They are always ready to learn and never weary of welcoming strangers to their country provided they bring news of other lands and teach them something new. All that the ancients taught in music, logic, arithmetic, geometry they have discovered for themselves, but the hairsplitting of the scholastic logician, which More refers to in very

cutting sarcasm, has not troubled them. Astronomy appeals to them and their knowledge of it is quite as deep as that of European scholars, but astrology receives condemnation as a superstition not a science.

Their moral philosophy is a curious medley of Epicureanism, Stoicism and Christianity. The Utopians believe that true pleasure is the end of life: that life should be lived according to nature and should be controlled by reason. This philosophical outlook is modified by certain religious and theological principles such as the belief that the immortal soul is ordained by God to happiness, that rewards and punishments are given for the acts of man on earth.

In the last chapter of the work More rises to a height of speculative idealism hardly to be surpassed. He is discussing the religions of the island: "For there be dyuers kyndes of religion not onely in sondry parts of the Ilande but also in dyuers places of every citie:" "All however agree in believing that there is one supreme Deity the maker and ruler of the hole worlde." The keynote of the Utopian regime is toleration. The Christian fanatic is exiled "not as a despyser of religion but as a seditious person and a rayser up of dissention among the people." One person is deprived of toleration. The atheist has no sympathy. Utopians believe implicitly in the immortality of the soul. Death has for them no sting. They approach it gladly and submit to it in peaceful confidence. Funeral rites are glad not mournful because death is part of the divine order of human affairs. The priesthood is open to women. Priests are overseers of all divine matters, censors of public morals, instructors of the young and peacemakers.

The highest flight of fancy is the description of the religious service. More speaks of religious emotion and mysticism inspired by the softened twilight of the Utopian church. No sect or creed is allowed to obtrude itself: men of all beliefs congregate to worship the supreme Deity in simple fashion. Religious rites and ceremonies are performed at home. Nothing to which any sect could take offense is done in the state church. The worship is marked by great reverence, joyful music and solemn prayer. The service is plain and not narrowed down to any sectarian form.

The ideal is a glorious one. That even its own author failed to realize it in practice is hardly to be wondered at much less censured by the present generation for with all our increased knowledge we have failed to realize Sir Thomas More's ideal.

The concluding passages of the *Utopia* are too good to be left

unquoted. They reveal the author's purpose when he wrote his work.

"Nowe I haue declared and describyd unto yowe as truly as I coude, the fourme and ordre of that commen wealthe which verely in my iudgement is not onlye the beste but also that which alone of good ryght may clayme and take upon it the name of a commenwealth or publyque weale. For in other places they speake stil of the commen wealthe but euerye man procureth hys owne pryuate wealthe. Here where nothyng is pryuate the commen afayres be earnestly loked upon....

"Here nowe woulde I see yf anye man dare be so bolde as to compare with thys equitye the iustice of other natyons. Among whom I forsake God if I can fynde any signe or token of equitie and iustice. For what iustice is this that a ryche goldsmythe or an usurer....should have a pleasant and a welthy lyuyng other by Idilnes or by unnecessary busynes? when in the meane tyme poore labourers, carters, yronsmaythes, carpenters and plowmen by so greate and continual toyle....do yet get so harde and poore a lyuing and lyue so wretched a lyfe that the state and condition of the labouring beastes maye seme meche better and welthier....

"Therefore when I consider and way in my mind all thies commen wealthes which now a dayes any where do flourish so God helpe me I can perceauie nothing but a certain conspiracy of riche men procuringe theire own commodities under the name and title of the commen wealth....

"So must I nedes confesse and graunte that many thinges be in the utopian weal publike which in our cities I may rather wisse for than hoope after."

With this acknowledgment of its idealism the *Utopia* ends. It remains to examine the work as a whole and to draw some conclusions as to its value and importance.

ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

Bearing in mind the genial love of fun of the author we shall do well not to take the work too seriously. It is a satire—More's contribution to the lively literature of his jovial humanist friends. It expressed the views of the little band on many subjects. Its attacks on friars, monasticism, war, society, were not new. Such views had been expressed by his friends in many conversations, and had seen the light in Erasmus's works. The *Utopia* is the shadow cast by coming events. It is the harbinger of change, of social evolution, religious reform and political reconstruction. But its

satire is different from anything that had gone before. It is a kind and genial work which hurts no one with bitter insinuation or contemptuous insult. Nevertheless, its geniality does not destroy its influence. Its satire does not blast its victim by its bitterness but it often raises a laugh against him and makes him look a fool. It is fatal for a man or institution to lose prestige through the slashes of a ridiculous humor, and many sixteenth-century men and institutions felt the cuts of More's *Utopia*.

As a satire its chief merit lies in the way in which it is concealed. The trick of the prefatory letter, the air of unreality which pervades the whole work, disarms suspicion and yet does not allow one's interest to flag. The author's main object was to ridicule existing governments, particularly that of England. Erasmus distinctly states that More had his own country in mind all the while when he wrote *Utopia*. As we have seen, the work abounds in attacks upon Henry VIII or his diplomacy, his wars, his extravagance. But there is nothing definite to attack in it. The satire is cleverly concealed and the vague comparisons between Europe in general and the ideal state of Utopia completely disarmed the critics who might be looking for mention of England by name.

It is this original treatment which differentiates the *Utopia* from the work of satirists like Chaucer and the author of *Piers Plowman*. They state the evils of their times in good set terms and proceed to condemn them violently. More often ignored the present but by his skilful painting of an ideal world he tempts his reader almost unconsciously to compare the ideal with the sixteenth-century reality. Others too often speak at their audiences through their characters, More hides the fact that he is speaking and Raphael seems to be depicting a real commonwealth. They have never any real solution to the problems which they mention; they are content to draw up a long and severe indictment of the age. More is not satisfied with criticism. He has schemes of reform to bring before the public, and a remedy for every evil he depicts.

It is this air of practicality about the whole work which makes the *Utopia* so valuable. True, it would live in literature were it only for the fact that it is a unique exposition in bold terms of man's real sympathies just when he is being drawn into an office which he heartily dislikes. Surely no courtier ever wrote such dangerous heresies before. But that is not the *Utopia's* greatest claim to perpetuity.

Its chief importance lies in the fact that it is a political pamphlet of the utmost value, a reformer's handbook to the social prob-

lems of the age and a practical attempt at reconstruction. More's object was not to draw a picture of the new Europe which was to rise out of the swirling flood of social change consequent on the collapse of medievalism. All he wished to do was to set men thinking and to put into working order in an actual society some of the ideas whose practicability contemporaries denied. They ridiculed the doctrines of Lollardy and medieval socialism. He built a commonwealth founded on communism where he disproved the sixteenth century assumption that some were born to labor and others to employ. He showed communism at work and the results which flowed from its success. They scorned the idea of free thought and toleration. He showed how these things could be and even though he failed to regulate his life by his own ideals it is no condemnation of the ideal, rather is it a tribute to the sensitive genius of his imagination which could grasp such vague and unheard-of visions and set them down concretely before the eyes of an admiring crowd of readers. Contemporaries emphasized the value of treasure, honors etc. He showed how unimportant all these things could be. They never thought of exercising the virtues of kindness and charity. He showed them how impoverished human life would be if graces such as these were never brought to bear upon the ugly cruel facts of suffering and pain.

The objection is sometimes made that the *Utopia* is an absurd exaggeration. So it is. More meant it to be so in order that the changes he suggested should be understood by those who read his work. In his attempt to excite the interest of his contemporaries in the subject which he thought was all-important if England was to be a progressive nation. More often made deliberate exaggerations. He wanted to make men think. He saw that the great evil of his age was that men were content to leave matters connected with the commonwealth to chance. They never tried to understand the problems of their age, and until they did begin to think of social questions there could be no great improvement. The *Utopia* was intended to be a stimulant to thought. Had it fallen for examination into the hands of some twentieth-century reviewer his criticism would be in some such words as these: "Mr. More has written a highly entertaining and stimulating book. We cannot agree with many of the whimsical suggestions which fill his pages and show the academic and somewhat theoretical nature of his thought. But there are many good ideas which we commend to the thoughtful attention of those who are interested in social reform. The book abounds with brilliant thoughts and is a very original

treatise on an important question." And indeed not even the most superficial reader could fail to see originality in the *Utopia*. The book was a new departure in political literature. It was a clever work of fiction which attracted attention and made men think. That was the object More had in mind and he achieved his aim.

The ideal state depicted in the *Utopia* was not meant to be a plan for English reformers to adhere to, line for line. Many of its suggestions were far too unpractical for a nation set in the world among other states to adopt *en bloc*. There were grave objection to many of the ideas expressed in the *Utopia*. Not a few of the damaging criticisms made by Aristotle upon the communistic schemes of Plato can be urged with quite as much success against More's plans. Nor can the scheme of education he outlined be accepted as perfection. The products of that scheme have many serious faults. We feel that the Utopians were not a pleasant people. They give one the impression that they were intellectual prigs. They are not lovable. Education has made them cold and rational and has transformed them from men into mere automata open to no suggestions of sentiment, softened by no emotions, moved by none of the passions that inspire common men. Like Pater's ideal man they "burn always with a hard gemlike flame." They are extremely practical—even war is turned into a paying business affair by the levying of indemnities—but we miss the romantic touch in their character which would have brought them into closer connection with ordinary mortals.

These people as drawn for us by More seem to be supermen in embryo, whose characters do not attract our sympathy or win our admiration. And even if they did appeal to us it does not seem as though the human race could evolve their characteristic qualities for many generations. The Utopians are the product of an educational system which would have to be introduced in the nation which adopted the Utopian ideal and it would take a long time to develop such a system. Heredity and the influences of any other obstacles would have to be removed before the system would begin to make itself felt in the development of character.

These and similar remarks are what the critic who takes More's suggestion seriously would level at the book. They do nothing to destroy the value of the *Utopia*, but they show us very clearly what the author had in mind when he wrote his work. More painted no New Jerusalem that any disciple of his could bring to earth before he reached the limits of the appointed threescore years and ten. His state was not intended as a model for a nation in the ordinary world.

More's state was definitely *ὁ τόπος*. It was a brilliant suggestive example of what could be done if men had the courage to initiate revolutionary changes. The secret of his work lay in the emphasis it placed upon the need for change if men desired social evolution. To show what he was aiming at More made changes and revealed the influence they had on civilization. He did not make his suggestions as though they were the only changes possible or desirable. They were examples of how reforms would work, and the benefits that would accrue to civilization by the policy of change.

Some of the thinkers of the time saw the point that More was laboring to present and they followed his lead. That is the reason for the rapid advance of social reforms during the next few generations. The *Utopia* did a great work by teaching men to think on social questions. And that is where we must still look for its value. Even though many of its ideals are fanciful, not all of them are meaningless to the world even in the twentieth century. Many of the problems with which it deals are still important. If Thomas More could pay a visit to our age he would not feel a stranger. There would be many things to interest him, things quite familiar to him from his sixteenth-century experiences. More would come to us filled with his old enthusiasm for social questions and eager to see how we have solved the problems that had worried him. Some of our solutions would undoubtedly be pleasing to him. More would be proud of modern England because she has realized the great importance of the problem of town life. He would be glad to see that there is growing up a desire for well built pleasant towns and garden cities. His sympathy could not fail to be attracted by our attempts at town planning. Our care of the sick and impotent would meet with More's approval. Hospitals and well-organized schemes for medical attendance, the thorough supervision of our schoolchildren by officers of health, baby crèches and a thousand other schemes of modern reformers would delight the man whose life was spent in stimulating interest in such problems in the sixteenth century.

His keen enthusiasm for education would enable him to see the value of libraries, museums, and other places intended to be used for the enlightenment of our population. He would be glad to see that men to-day realize the value of education and make some attempts to train the young. Such an enlightened outlook would be very pleasing to the man who lived in an age when such views on education were unknown.

But in his wanderings around the world our visitor must meet

with many things to give him pain. How sad at heart a London slum would make him! What a load of sorrow would oppress him as he saw the sights of poverty that meet the observant passer-by in any of our streets! In his visits to the factories and workshops of our great industrial districts he would not be able to prevent the thought that all the sights he saw proved plainly that many of his schemes were yet ideals. We have not reached the stage at which all work a little and no one is condemned to spend more than six hours a day in manual labor. We still have slaves of industry and while this is the case we cannot hope for any real scheme of education. We have technical schools and evening classes. These would win More's sympathy; but he could not refrain from pointing out that while we have our present labor system these can be of little use. He would not be satisfied with our system and would realize that even modern England still has far to go before it is *Utopia*.

More would be very much in sympathy with all these serious problems that we have to solve. He would know how difficult they are and how they worried thoughtful men of his generation. Such questions as the reconciliation of church and state was one that was beginning to trouble people in his day. He had a scheme of settlement. England to-day is bothered with the same problem. Modern thinkers are trying to settle the problem of the church's position and are talking of a reconciliation of the sects and the formation of a national church. We seem to be returning to a solution something like the one proposed by Sir Thomas More. This problem calls upon the modern world to solve it as does the greater question of the future of the state. What are to be the lines of progress along which the state will travel in the future? More's generation had to face the same question. The author of *Utopia* found the answer in communism and advocated it as the solution of a number of the troubles in the commonwealth. More realized the futility of social work without radical reform. He began by altering the state and founding it again on communistic principles. The modern world has not decided whether More was right. Meanwhile it has not tampered with the state and has made no vital changes in the distribution of wealth. The question must be settled before we can have great reform. And men to-day are wondering whether More was right and whether they will be well or ill advised in following the example of the *Utopia*.

Looking at the world to-day, More would be sorely disap-

pointed. To his distress he would discover that the tragedy of war still occupies the stage of human history. His soul was sickened at the brutal means adopted by his age to settle national disputes. What would he say if he could see the ghastly scenes that make us sad to-day—devastation, death, calamities of all kinds everywhere. His great soul would go out in sympathy to us—a generation which he thought had grasped the meaning of civilized society, and which has solved so many social problems only to be beaten by the most appalling and yet the most absurd of all of them. We know the great calamity of war better even than Sir Thomas More could know it, and this fact alone would bring some consolation to the great man's disappointed soul. Sad at heart he would be at our failure to stop war but idealist as he was he could not be too pessimistic. The fact that the world is sick of war would give him hope, and he would turn to us with an encouraging promise that great progress would be bound to come after the calamity if men would grasp their opportunities. And so with all the things that he had seen. Praise would be ever on his lips at any signs of progress he could see: and even if at times he saw our failures he would pass them with a word of comfort that would bid us pull ourselves together and begin to solve the problems still ahead. What he would insist upon is that we shall always need reform. He wrote his *Utopia* as a vindication of change in the body politic and he would still maintain his profound belief in the efficacy of reform.

Every age brings its own problems but no age solves them all and what it does not solve it passes on to its successors. Many sixteenth-century difficulties have been settled for all time, but many more have lingered as festering sores in the body politic growing worse as time goes by and the conditions of modern life irritate them. Then we muddle on and all because no statesman has been bold enough to apply the remedies of the man who knew his age and prescribed for many of its complaints. Our age lacks courage to make the great reforms and wherever we are cowardly we make no progress. We are on the threshold of a new age. The proud edifice of modern civilization is being tried as by fire and no man knows as yet what parts of it will stand the test. Much has already fallen in and other things will be destroyed before the end of the disaster. Such destruction forces on us schemes for reconstruction. In the work which must begin almost at once men will have to be courageous. They will have a great work before them and they will need inspiration. They must seek it everywhere and at all

times. It must be said of them as it was said of the Utopians "for they have delyte to heare what ys done in everye lande."

They could do many worse things than start their search for inspiration in the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More.

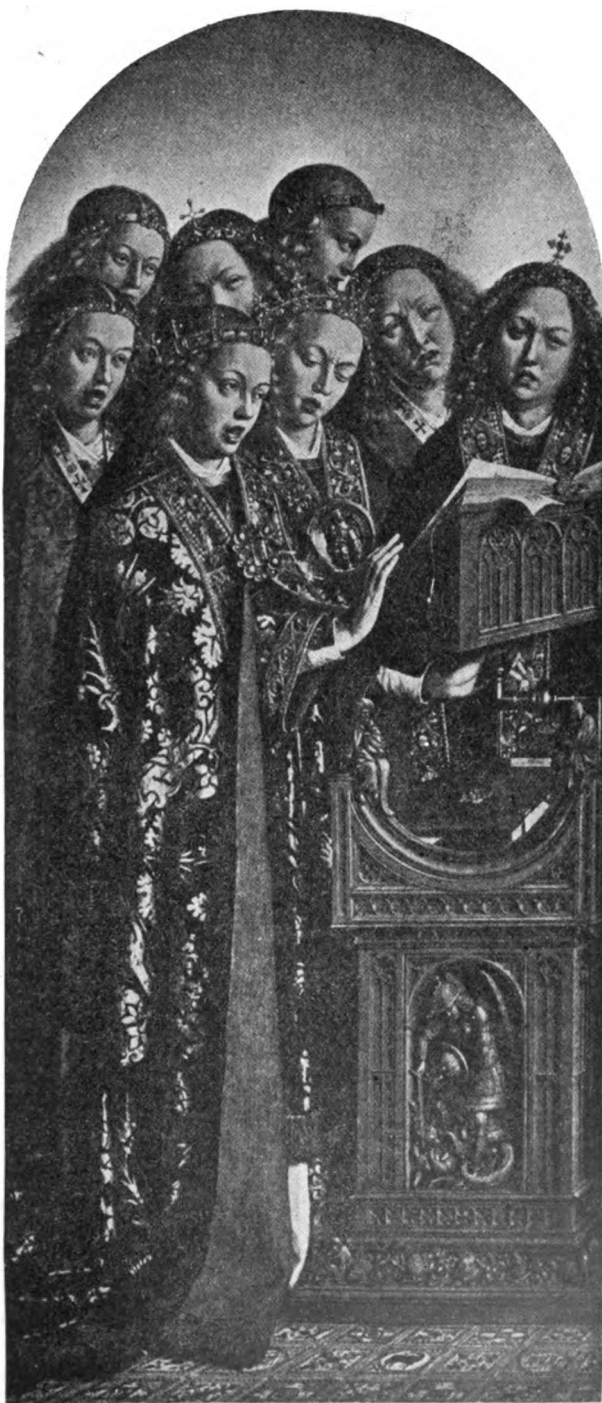
EARLY DUTCH ART.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN presenting in this number the significance of Dutch history for the Anglo-Saxon world we should mention that the Netherlands form an important link in the development of modern civilization. It is here that almost every industry developed at the end of the Middle Ages and at the beginning of modern times, and the little Dutch republic, brave little Holland as it has been aptly called, was the first people that dominated the seas though small enough in proportion of number to be easily thrown out by the English when that nation entered into the first period of its strength.

It was in Holland that the English printers learned their trade; the first English book was printed by Caxton in Holland. Weaving too was imported into England from Holland. The commercial centers of the world were to be found in these days in the Dutch cities including Belgian Antwerp, Bruges, Ghent and other Flemish cities.

In art, however, their influence has been of lasting significance. Soon after the Renaissance of Italy artistic life showed itself in the Netherlands, and here there originated a peculiar style influenced by but independent of the Italian Renaissance. The old school of Dutch painters were peculiar in their imitation of nature. It is astonishing how true to life they were in reproducing their own surroundings, even where they presented the ideals of religious or classical subjects. The first great masters of the Dutch school are the Brothers Hubert and Jan van Eyck who painted the altarpiece of Ghent, and how natural are the faces pictured there! The work was begun by Hubert, but when he died in 1426 it was continued by his brother Jan who completed it in 1432. Our frontispiece represents one detail in which the Virgin is represented as the Queen of Heaven. It is true she is adorned with a fantastic crown but otherwise she is a Dutch woman dressed in the gorgeous style of the rich merchants' wives. Another detail which we reproduce shows



THE ANGELIC CHOIR.
By Hubert and Jan Van Eyck (Altar at Ghent).

a choir of angels singing their anthems. These too are healthy Dutch girls with blonde hair and buxom figures.



THE UPRIGHT JUDGES.
By Jan Van Eyck (Altar at Ghent).

The same altarpiece contains also a collection of "Upright Judges," and we may be sure that all of them are pictures of Dutchmen. There is no face among them which is not a real living personality, and in fact it is known that two of the number are por-



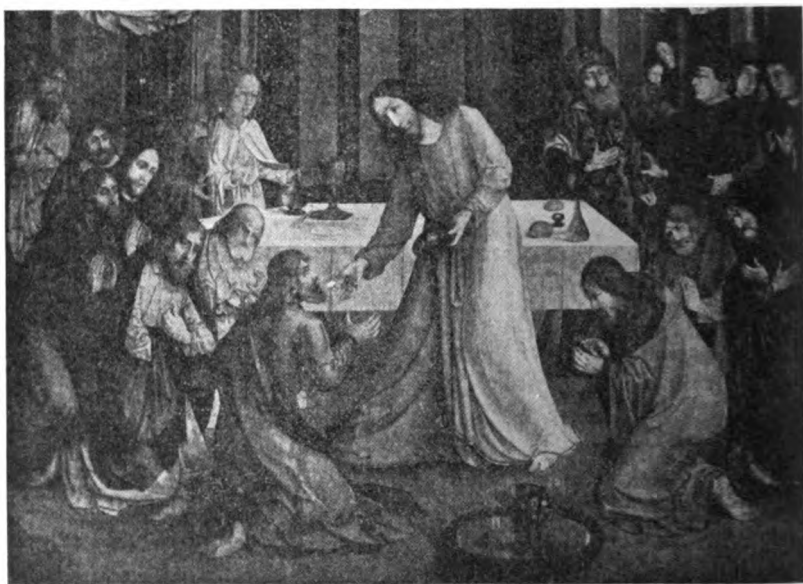
ST. ELIGIUS.
By Petrus Cristus.

traits of the artists of the frieze, the one in the foreground on the white charger being the older brother Hubert, and the fourth in the procession directly facing the observer, Jan.

Money-changers played an important part in Holland, and here is a typical instance of how the Dutch wove their own lives

into their religious ideas. A young couple who have become engaged have bought their wedding rings, and their portraits are to be perpetuated by some artist who in this case bears the strange name Petrus Cristus. The bride and groom are represented as standing behind St. Eligius, the patron saint of the goldsmiths. So a young Dutchman is arrayed in the robes of a monk to impersonate the saint, is decorated with a thin and elegant golden halo and is represented as weighing the rings of the young couple to show that they possess the right weight.

The institution of the Lord's Supper is painted by Justus of



THE LAST SUPPER.

By Justus of Ghent.

Ghent approximately in the style in which the Dutch celebrated the sacrament in those days. The bread is in the shape of a wafer and the recipients kneel, passing the administrant (in this case the person of Christ himself) one by one in a kneeling posture. Among the disciples the Dutch type prevails, but in the attempt to make the Christ supernatural he becomes a fantastic figure without reality. The washing of the feet is indicated by the bowl and pitcher in the foreground of the picture.

A peculiar humor not uncommon among the Dutch is illustrated in a picture by Hieronymus Bosch which is called "The Stone-

Cutting." In a Dutch phrase, "to have one's stones (*keye*) cut out," means to get rid of one's follies and eccentricities. The artist represents the moment in which the man who suffers from *keye*



THE STONE CUTTING.
By Hieronymus Bosch.

submits to the operation for their removal. His wife is sitting opposite with a book on her head. The surgeon has his head covered with a Nuremberg funnel, the instrument through which dullards have the juice of wisdom poured into their heads. The hole in the head cannot be made by the skilful operator without inflicting pain on the patient for whom sympathy is expressed in the faces of the spectators. A friend sits near with a flask of some soothing lotion in his left hand. The background is a landscape with a church in the center. The inscription reads: "Meester snijt die keye ras, myne name is bibbert das," which means, "Master cuts the stones out; my name is Trembling Badger."

THE BLOSSOMING ROD.

BY PHILLIPS BARRY.

A LEGEND of St. Joseph, that when a husband was being chosen for the Virgin, his staff put forth leaves and blossoms, and the Holy Spirit was manifested in the form of a dove, is locally current in Malta.¹ The first documentary record of it is not earlier than the eleventh century;² by the thirteenth it is well established in the hagiography.³ The miracle of the dove alone is found already in the *Protevangelium Iacobi*, written about the year 358.⁴ Obviously, the later tradition of the hagiography embellished this simpler form of the story when the legend found its way into folk-lore. As now current save in Malta, however, only the marvel of the blossoming rod remains.⁵ With the etiology of this miracle as part of the lore of the pastoral staff the present essay will deal.

¹ O. Dähnhardt, *Natursagen*, II, p. 265: "Als für die hl. Jungfrau ein Mann gewählt werden sollte, befanden sich in einem Kloster viele Jünglinge. . . . Man versammelte sie alle im Chor der Kirche, und brachte lange Wanderstäbe herein, worauf jeder einen wählte. Auch brachte man mit den Stäben zugleich eine weisse Taube herein, welche nun auf den Altar gesetzt wurde. Jene Stäbe waren aber sämtlich dürr und abgelagert,—der Prior sprach jedoch, 'Derjenige dessen Stab grünen wird, soll der Bräutigam sein.' Und gleich darauf blühte der Stab des hl. Joseph, trieb Blätter, Knospen und Schösslinge,—die weisse Taube aber flog ihm zu."

² C. Tischendorf, *Evangelia Apocrypha*, p. 67, an interpolation in Codex B of the Pseudo-Matthæan Gospel.

³ O. Schade, *Narrationes de Vita et Conversatione B. M. Virginis*, VII: "[Joseph] virgam aridam. . . . ad manum pontificis dedit, que vidente populo universo Iudeorum, frondibus et fructibus et floribus germinavit, et spiritus sanctus descendit, et in columbe specie in ea resedit."

⁴ C. Tischendorf, *Evangelia Apocrypha*, p. 18, "τὴν δὲ ἑσχάτην ῥάβδον ἔλαβεν Ἰωσήφ, καὶ ἰδοὺ, περιστέρα ἐξῆλθεν ἐκ τῆς ῥάβδου."

⁵ O. Dähnhardt, *Natursagen*, II, pp. 265-6, from Italy and the Tyrol.

In the hagiography the staff is a characteristic attribute of a saint, the case type of which was suggested by the habit of the monk whose staff was allowed him by St. Pachom as a part of his equipment.⁶ When seen in a vision the saint appears staff in hand⁷—in his capacity of thaumaturge he cannot be without it. In fact, its prominence in legends of miracle-working is sufficiently marked to suggest hagiographic influence in folk-tales of wizards and sorcerers. Even Christ, as Dr. Carus has pointed out, was early represented with a magician's wand.⁸ Of the miracle of the staff which, when planted in the ground, comes to life and grows into a tree, numerous instances are on record down to the seventeenth century.⁹

The earliest known documentary witness is *The Martyrdom of Matthew*, an early hagiographic romance of the second half of the fourth century, most probably written in Egypt.¹⁰ In this text Jesus, appearing to St. Matthew, gives him a staff which according to directions he plants in Myrna, a city of the cannibals. The staff forthwith becomes a great tree:

“νῦν οὖν ὁ Ματθαῖε, δέξαι τὴν ῥάβδον μου ταύτην, καὶ . . . εἰσελθε εἰς Μύρνην τὴν πόλιν τῶν ἀνθρωποφάγων, καὶ φύτευσον αὐτήν . . . ἣν δὲ θαῦμα μέγα καὶ θαυμαστόν, ἥ γὰρ ῥάβδος εὐθέως βλαστήσασα ἠῤῥήθη καὶ ἐγένετο εἰς δένδρον μέγα.”¹¹

Gregory of Nyssa (d. 390) records an Armenian tradition concerning a tree said to have been raised from the staff of St. Gregory, planted by himself:

“εὐθὺς γὰρ οὐ μετὰ πολὺν χρόνον ἡ μὲν βακτηρία ταῖς ὄχθαις ἐρριζωθεῖσα, δένδρον ἐγένετο . . . ὄνομα δὲ μεχρὶ τοῦ νῦν ἐστὶ τῷ δένδρον ἡ βακτηρία, ἀνημόσυνον τῆς Γρηγορίου χάριτος καὶ δυνάμεως.”¹²

Next in chronological order are a story told by one Postumianus, who about the year 402 visited the Thebaid (of which

⁶ Jerome, *Regula S. Pachonii*, LXXXI: “Nemo . . . habet praeter ea quae in commune monasterii lege praecepta sunt . . . exceptis his . . . et bacello.”

⁷ E. A. W. Budge, *St. George of Cappadocia*, p. 328: “I saw a monk . . . having wings . . . and he had a golden staff in his right hand.”

⁸ *The Open Court*, March, 1914, “The Portrayal of Christ,” pp. 157-9.

⁹ After this it disappears from the hagiographic tradition.

¹⁰ J. Flamion, *Les Actes Apocryphes de l'Apôtre André*, p. 318. At an early date the hagiographic romance became a distinct literary genre, constructed according to a stereotyped form.

¹¹ R. Lipsius and M. Bonnet, *Acta Apostolorum Apocrypha*, I, 2, pp. 220, 225.

¹² Gregory of Nyssa, “De Vita S. Gregorii Thaumaturgi” in Migne, *Patrologia Graeca*, XLVI, cols. 929-931.

mention will be made in a later paragraph),¹³ and an anecdote of Bishop Shenute of Atriye related by his pupil and successor Besa:

"Notre père, apa Schnoudi, . . . prit son *bâton de palmier*, vint près du puits, l'étendit, le planta, et à l'instant, le bâton prit racine, fit pousser en haut des branches et des régimes des dattes."¹⁴

Besa calls the staff of Shenute *bai*, whence as a loan-word the Greek *βαις*, "palm-branch."¹⁵ It appears that, beginning with St. Anthony, Egyptian monks carried staves of palm. A text written in the Fayumic dialect, and consequently relatively early, shows that the palm-staff had become a conventional attribute, assumed even by the devil when disguised as a monk.¹⁶ As furnishing additional evidence, the following documents may be here cited, as translated from the Coptic.

1. *Vie de St. Paul de Thebes* (c. 400): "Le bienheureux Antoine se leva, il sortit. . . son *bâton de palmier* à la main."¹⁷

2. *Vie de Schnoudi* (457): "Mon père saint apa Schnoudi s'approcha de la meule, il posa sur elle son *bâton de palmier*."¹⁸

3. *Ibid.*: "Il frappa un palmier dans la terre de l'île avec la petite branche qui était dans sa main."¹⁹

4. *Vie de Jean Kolobos* (c. 500-600): "Mais le vieillard. . . abba Amoi venait chaque jour du matin avec son *bâton de palmier*, et le chassait."²⁰

5. *Vie de SS. Maxime et Domece* (uncertain date): "C'était un homme. . . ayant sur sa tête une cuculle. . . il avait en ses mains un bâton" (in Coptic, *shbôt nbai*, "staff of palm").²¹

In an Arabic text of the *Acts of Matthew*, a document of

¹³ See below.

¹⁴ E. Amelineau, *Monuments pour servir à l'histoire de l'Égypte chrétienne*, p. 16.

¹⁵ 1 Macc. xiii. 51; John xii. 13.

¹⁶ E. Amelineau, *Monuments pour servir à l'histoire de l'Égypte chrétienne*, "Vic de Paul de Tamoueh," p. 766: "Le diable. . . prit la forme d'un moine. vêtu d'une peau, et qui portait de petits rameaux de palmier." A Bohairic text on St. Macarius, the Egyptian, states that "the staves of monks were of palm." (G. Zoega, *Catalogus Codicum Copticorum*, 128.)

¹⁷ E. Amelineau, *Annales du Musée Guimet*, XXV, p. 3.

¹⁸ E. Amelineau, *Monuments pour servir à l'histoire de l'Égypte chrétienne*, p. 14.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 47.

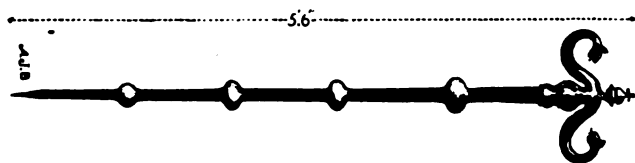
²⁰ E. Amelineau, *Annales du Musée Guimet*, XXV, p. 335.

²¹ *Ibid.*, p. 268.

Egyptian provenience,²² the following directions are given to the evangelist:

"Strip from thee this dress, and put on the dress of priests. And shave the hair of thy head and of thy beard. And gird up thy loins, and take the *bough of a palm-tree in thy right*²³ hand."

A ritual use of the palm-branch had been long familiar in the mysteries of Isis.²⁴ As the caduceus, borne in the same ceremonies, became the characteristic attribute of the Coptic bishops,²⁵ so the



A COPTIC CROZIER.*

palm-stave passed into Egyptian Christianity as the property of the monks. In the case of Shenute the reported miracle of the staff planted by the well and growing to a tree has perpetuated in hagiographic tradition a misconception of the usual method of propagating the palm itself.

"The date palm, unlike the majority of palms, produces offshoots, or 'suckers,' at the base of the stem. . . . In all regions where its culture is an important industry, (it) is almost entirely propagated by removing and planting the offshoots."²⁶ This fact is clearly stated by Theophrastus²⁷ and Pliny.²⁸ Trogus, however, according to Pliny, reported that the palm was grown from leaves

²² The Acts of Matthew, known only from an Arabic manuscript of the fourteenth century, and an Ethiopic translation of later date, must have previously existed in Coptic, and may be tentatively assigned to the period of monastic literary activity in Egypt, c. 400-600.

²³ A. S. Lewis, *Mythological Acts of the Apostles*, p. 102.

²⁴ Apuleius, *Metamorphoses*, XI, 10: "ibat tertius (sacerdos) attollens palmam auro subtiliter foliatam, nec non Mercuriale etiam caduceum." *Ibid.*, 11: "Hic horrendus. . . . Anubis, laeva caduceum gerens, dextera palmam virentem quatiens."

²⁵ A. J. Butler, *The Ancient Coptic Churches of Egypt*, II, p. 218 ff. Compare Apuleius, *Metamorphoses*, XI, 8, 11.

²⁶ Bureau of Plant Industry, Washington, D. C., Bulletin 53, *The Date Palm*, pp. 14, 20.

²⁷ Theophrastus, *De Causis Plantarum*, I, 2: "ὁ φοῖνιξ ἄρεται γὰρ καὶ ἐτέρας γενέσεις παρὰ τὴν σπερματικὴν, τὰς τε γὰρ ῥάβδους φασὶ μοσχεύειν περὶ Βαβυλῶνα τὰς ἀπωτάτας, καὶ ὅταν ἐμβιῶσονται, μεταφυτεύουσι."

²⁸ Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, XIII, 8: "Et ab radice avulsae vitalis est satus."

* From A. J. Butler, *Ancient Coptic Churches of Egypt*, II, p. 220.

in Babylon.²⁹ Even Pliny himself in another chapter, mistook the meaning of *ράβδους* in his Greek source and stated that the palm was grown from its young branches.³⁰ It is not surprising, then, that a Coptic hagiographer endowed with the *Lust zu fabulieren* characteristic of his people, should perpetuate the misinformation. An additional reason for the error lay in the fact that a number of exogenous trees, cultivated by the ancients for fruit or for shade³¹—among them the olive, ash, willow, hazel, apple, and fig—were propagated by slips or cuttings.³² With this bit of horticultural lore as furnishing the basis of fact, legends of the miraculous growth of trees from the staves of holy men and women readily became part of the hagiographic tradition.³³ In witness whereof, the following documents may be put in evidence.

1. *Olive. Martyrdom of St. Epime* (Coptic, c. 400-600): "Tum servi Iulii deposuerunt corpus S. Apa Epime. Cum essent in manu eorum baculi e ligno olivae isti statim pulchros fructus protulerunt."³⁴

An Abyssinian legend ascribed the origin of a certain olive tree at Buk to the planting of a stick of dry wood by Jesus.³⁵

2. *Ash. Acta SS. Bertarii et Ataleni* (c. 900): "Fige in terram baculum et excipe martyrium. . . . At ille, figens palum in terram, horam praestolatur ultimam. . . . Lignum aridum deseruit siccitas, et induit viriditas. . . . hinc erecta grandis arbor fit *fraxinus* pulcherrima."³⁶

3. *Hazel. Miracles of St. Germain* (878): "Per pagum Tulensem iter carpens. . . . *columnam* quam forte manu gestabat virgam humi defixit. Explicata praedicatione. . . . ramusculos iam frondesque produxerat."³⁷

²⁹ Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, XVII, 9: "Nam folia palmarum apud Babylonios seri atque ita arborem provenire Trogum credidisse demiror."

³⁰ Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, XIII, 8: "Satus et ramorum tenerrimis,"—the phrase being a close rendering of Theophrastus, *De Causis Plantarum*, I, 2:

"τὰς γὰρ ῥάβδους. . . . φασὶ μοσχεύειν τὰς ἀπαλωτάτας."

³¹ Theophrastus, *Historia Plantarum*, II, 4: "ἡ ἐλάα βλαστάνει. . . . καὶ ἀπὸ ῥάβδου."

³² Theophrastus adds that olive wood will sprout, even when made into a door-post or an oar: "ἐκβλαστάνει δὲ μάλιστα τὰ ἐλαίνα, . . . ἐὰν ἰκμάδα λαμβάνη, . . . ὥσπερ ἥδη τις στροφεὺς τῆς θύρας, ἐβλάστησε, καὶ . . . κώπη ἐν πῆλῳ." (*Historia Plantarum*, V, 9)

³³ Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, XVII, 13: "Avolsi. . . . stolones vixere, . . . hoc modo plantantur punicae, *coryli, mali, sorbi mespilae, fraxini, fici*."

³⁴ I. Balestri and H. Hyvernât, *Acta Martyrum Aegypti*, p. 97.

³⁵ R. Hofmann, *Das Leben Jesu nach den Apokryphen*, p. 184. An Arabic version of the story, ascribed to the Egyptian bishop Cyriac, makes the number of trees three, without naming the species. (*Ibid.*)

³⁶ *Acta Sanct. Boll.*, 6 July, II, 319.

³⁷ *Acta St. Boll.*, 31 July, VII, 257. Hazel-wood was believed to possess magical properties, as shown by the lore of the divining-rod.

Vita S. Alenae (c. 1200?): "Sancta Alena....baculum....in terram defixit, capellam intravit, et divinis laudibus expletis regressa, baculum germinasse, foliaque produxisse invenit, qui in *corylum* quae adhuc durat....excrevit."³⁸

4. *Apple. Anecdote of St. John the Lamb*³⁹ (980): "Baculum....infigens humo, 'sicut,' inquit, 'est impossibile lignum hoc aridum terrae radicibus inhaerere, florere pariter et fructificare, sic impossibile scias verba quae dicis in me impleri posse.' Mox....lignum superficiem mutavit, terrae inhaesit, corticem induit, viruit, floruit, fructum protulit."⁴⁰

A later document specifies that the tree bore a peculiarly fragrant variety of apple, called after the saint himself.⁴¹ It is also of record that the crozier of St. Boniface, set in the ground after his martyrdom by a pious woman to whom he had given it, became an apple-tree bearing apples of amazing beauty and sweetness.⁴² A certain St. Janbonus, or John the Good, was said by a sixteenth-century writer to have raised an apple-tree from a dry stick, charred in the fire.⁴³

5. *Fig. Vita S. Petri de Alcantara*⁴⁴ (1669): "Tunc ad illum guardianus, 'pater,' inquit, 'non inutile videbitur....inter has arbores ficulneam aliquam plantare....' Ad quae S. Petrus,....baculum....terrae infigit. Sed infudit illo instanti Deus virtutem, ut etiam sine cortice radices agens, ramusculos ac frondes emitteret."⁴⁵

As far as is known, the legend of the fig-tree grown from the staff of Pedro de Alcantara brings to a close the hagiographic tradition of the blossoming rod.

³⁸ *Acta Sanct. Boll.*, 17 June, III, 393.

³⁹ Bishop of Maastricht, c. 631.

⁴⁰ *Acta Sanctorum Belgii*, II, 426.

⁴¹ *Acta Sanctorum Belgii*, II, 423: "Poma suavissimi odoris, quae ab eo tempore poma S. Iohannis ab hoc videlicet S. Iohanne appellata fuerunt."

⁴² *Acta Sanct. Boll.*, 30 Jan., II 1158, "Vita S. Thiadildis": "baculum....in terram fixit, sed mox....virorem recepit, radices alte in terram misit, floruit, fructum dedit, et melioris mala generis, (nam de arbore malo baculus praescissus fuit) nec temporibus illis nec postmodum nostris ab hominibus visa sunt aut gustata."

⁴³ *Acta Sanct. Boll.*, 22 Oct., IX, 760 (cf. 794): "Sanctus vir Janbonus....habens in manu pomi arboris ramusculum....in terra fixit, et oratione facta, flores ilico apparere."

⁴⁴ San Pedro de Alcantara, one of the most noted of Spanish saints, is remembered for his reforms in the rule of the Discalced Friars. As confessor of St. Theresa, his influence led to her reforms in the rule of the nuns.

⁴⁵ *Acta Sanct. Boll.*, 19 Oct., VIII, 730.

The willow, universally noted for its tenacity of life, will grow, as Pliny observed, even when the slip is planted upside down.⁴⁶ A reference to the cultivation from slips of this tree is found in the *Shepherd* of Hermas (c. 140):

“λέγει μοι ὁ ποιμήν, λάβωμεν πάντων τὰς ῥάβδους, καὶ φυτεύσωμεν αὐτὰς, εἴ τις ἐξ αὐτῶν δυνήσονται ζῆσαι. . . . τὸ δένδρον τοῦτο ἰτέα ἐστι, καὶ φιλόζωνον τὸ γένος. ἐὰν οὖν φυτεύθωσι καὶ μικρὰν ἱκμάδα λαμβάνωσιν αἱ ῥάβδοι, ζήσονται πολλαὶ ἐξ αὐτῶν.”⁴⁷

Pliny states that rustics carried staves of swamp-willow, dreaded by snakes.⁴⁸ The sprouting of neglected staves was doubtless too common to pass for a miracle.⁴⁹ A tree thus grew from the staff of the Irish St. Mochoemog:

“Et ponens santus Mocoemog mastigiam suam in terra ibi, oblitus est eam, que crevit in magna arbore.”⁵⁰

Evidently the croziers of these early bishops, easily thrust into the ground, were pointed, like those of the Coptic bishops at the present day.⁵¹ Of this fact mention is actually made in the case of St. Patrick.⁵²

So far nothing has appeared in the etiology of this miracle which is without foundation in fact, save for the rapidity with which the slip grows into a tree. In this feature of the legend is retained an element which is traceable to the mythology of the Egyptian Osiris,⁵³ whose character of vegetation-deity appears already in the Pyramid Texts, as shown by the following utterance:

“The yama-tree grows for thee, the nebes-tree turns about its head to thee.”⁵⁴

⁴⁶ Hermas *Shepherd*, III, 8 Similitude 2.

⁴⁷ Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, XVII, 13: “quae vel inverso surculo seritur.”

⁴⁸ Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, XXIV, 44: “serpentes et hunc fruticem fugiunt, baculumque rustici ob id ex eo gerunt.”

⁴⁹ Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, XVII, 27: “casus. . . . defractos serere ramos docuit, cum pali defixi radices cepissent.”

⁵⁰ “Vita S. Mochoemog,” 18 in C. Plummer, *Vitae Sanctorum Hiberniae*, II, 173.

⁵¹ A. J. Butler, *The Ancient Coptic Churches of Egypt*, II, 219: “In every case these staves have the lower end pointed.” Compare also Fig. 30, *ibid.*, p. 220, reproduced above.

⁵² W. Stokes, *The Tripartite Life of St. Patrick*, p. 469: “The hinder end of the crozier went through his foot and wounded it greatly. Patrick said, ‘Why didst thou not protect thyself?’ ‘Methought,’ saith Oengus, ‘that it was a rule of the religion.’” The crozier referred to was the celebrated *Backhall Isu*, or staff of Jesus, with which St. Patrick was miraculously invested when he visited the islands of the Tyrrhenian sea after Pope Celestinus had refused to ordain him. (*Ibid.*, p. 420.)

⁵³ An actual version of the Osiris myth has passed into the Latin hagiography, “Vita S. Mochoemog,” 2.

⁵⁴ K. Sethe, *Die alten Pyramidentexte*, 1019.

In Christian tradition, a legend of a tree bowing its head before the infant Jesus first appears on Egyptian soil. Sozomenus (c. 400) records it as current at Hermopolis:

“παρ αἰγυπτίοις ἡνίκα διὰ τὸν Ἡρώδη ἐφυγεν ὁ Ἰωσήφ . . . ἔλθειν εἰς τὴν Ἑρμούπολιν, ἃμα δὲ εἰσόντι παρὰ τὴν πύλην μὴ ἐνεγκοῦ τοῦτο το δένδρον μέγιστον ὃν (a persea-tree) τοῦ Χριστοῦ τὴν ἐπιδημίαν ἐπὶ τὸ ἔδαφος κλίνει καὶ προσκυνῆσαι.”⁵⁵

Another version of the story passed into the Pseudo-Matthaean Gospel:

“Tunc infantulus Iesus laeto voltu in sinu matris suae residens, ait ad palmam, ‘Flectere, arbor, et de fructibus tuis refice matrem meam.’ Et confestim inclinavit palma cacumen suum.”⁵⁶

In a thirteenth-century legendary of the Virgin Mary both versions appear,⁵⁷ whence by way of the vernacular metrical hagiographs⁵⁸ it passed into oral tradition, as illustrated by the English “Cherry-Tree Carol” and a number of folk-tales.

Plutarch tells that the coffin containing the body of Osiris was said to have been carried by the river to Byblos, where it landed beside an erica-tree.⁵⁹ At once the tree put forth a new shoot, which grew to a great size, entirely concealing the coffin. This form of the story cannot be separated from the account in the *Tale of the two Brothers*, an allegorical version of the Osiris-myth:

“Two drops of blood over against the double doors of his Majesty . . . They grew as two great persea-trees,—each of them was excellent . . . His Majesty sat beneath one of the persea-trees, and it spake thus . . . ‘I am Bata, I am alive, though I have suffered violence.’”⁶⁰

The barren olive-tree to which St. Pantaleon was bound, according to the Coptic legend, put forth fruits as the milk flowed from his severed neck.⁶¹ Other records in the hagiography attest

⁵⁵ Sozomenus, *Historia Ecclesiae*, V, 21, in Migne, *Patrologia Graeca*, LXVII, 1281.

⁵⁶ *Evangelium Pseudo-Matthaei*, 20 in C. Tischendorf, *Evangelia Apocrypha*, pp. 87 f.

⁵⁷ O. Schade, *Narrationes de Vita et Conversatione B. M. Virginis*, XXIV, XXX.

⁵⁸ E. Horstmann, *Altenglische Legenden*, p. 6.

⁵⁹ Plutarch, *De Iside et Osiride*, 15; “ἡ δ' ἐρεῖκη κάλλιστον ἔρνος ὀγίγω χρόνῳ καὶ μέγιστον ἡναιδαμοῦσα, περίεπτμξε καὶ περίεφν καὶ ἀπέκρυψεν ἐντὸς ἑαυτῆς.”

⁶⁰ F. L. Griffith, *Library of the World's Best Literature*.

⁶¹ F. Rossi, *Memorie della R. Acad. dei Lincei*. Ser. V, 1893.

a belief that the mere presence of a saint would stimulate new growth in dead wood.⁶²

1. *Martyrdom of St. George*⁶³ (Coptic, c. 400-600): "The righteous man sat down by the foot of the wooden pillar....and it straightway took root and became a large tree....When....



ST. CANNA.*

⁶² Two parallels from Greek tradition, referring respectively to Hermes and Dionysus, may be cited:

1. Pausanias, II, 31, 10: "καὶ Ἑρμῆς ἐνταυθὰ ἐστὶ....πρὸς τοῦτωι τῷ ἀγάλματι τὸ ῥόπαλον θεῖναι φασιν Ἡρακλέα, καὶ ἦν γὰρ κοτίνου,ἐνέφυ τῇ γῇ, καὶ ἀναβλάστησεν αὖθις," (a story which Pausanias did not believe.)
2. Nonnus, *Dionysiaca*, XIV, 141-2:

"καὶ χλοεροῖς πεταλοῖσι κατὰσκίος ἥερι γείτων
ἴστος ἐὼν κηπίρισσος ὑπέρτατος."

⁶³ E. A. W. Budge, *St. George of Cappadocia*, pp. 222-3.

* "Holding in her hand a staff, bursting into leaf and flower." From a fifteenth-century tomb at Beaumarais. Reproduced from S. Baring-Gould, *Lives of the British Saints*, II, p. 70.

Dadianus the governor saw the tree, . . . he asked one of his rulers, 'Whence is this new sight, this fig-tree?' "⁶⁴

2. *Vita S. Brigidae* (c. 839): "Fundamentum ligneum quo altare fulciebatur manu tetigit, quod lignum in commemorationem pristinae virtutis usque ad praesens tempus viride, ac si non esset excisum et decorticatum, sed in radicibus fixum, virescit."⁶⁵

Similarly, St. George, when put to the test by Magnentius, makes the seats of the governors to grow and blossom like trees:

"When he had finished his prayer and said 'Amen' . . . the Spirit of God came upon the thrones, and they budded, and the legs put forth roots and blossomed; those that were of fruit-bearing trees put forth fruits, and those that were not put forth leaves only."⁶⁶

It may be added that the notion of plant-growth being hastened by the supernatural influence of a saint is also of Egyptian provenience, being found in the *Acts of Peter and Andrew*:

"παράχρημα δὲ πᾶς ὁ ἀγρὸς ἐβλάστησεν, καὶ ἐγένετο ὁ σταχὺς πλήρης σίτου."⁶⁷

"Similar miracles of the sudden maturing of crops have passed into the Latin hagiography,⁶⁸ likewise into popular tradition."⁶⁹

The conclusion to be drawn from the foregoing evidence is that the legend of the blossoming rod is a complex product of mythologized fact and literalized symbolism, the former relating to a well-known method in arboriculture, the latter ultimately to the worship of the vegetation-deity. Once established in the tradition the legend was capable of indefinite adaptation, becoming a mere hagiographic commonplace.⁷⁰ The story told by Plutarch, that Romulus's spear, cast from the Aventine to the Palatine, became a cornel tree,⁷¹ was taken over bodily into the late Irish life of St. Columba:

⁶⁴ This story has been taken over into the spurious *Acts of St. Charalampus* (*Acta Sanct. Boll.*, 10 Feb., II, 383), one of a number of hagiographs for which material was drawn from the legend of St. George.

⁶⁵ *Acta Sanct. Boll.*, 1 Feb., I, 136.

⁶⁶ E. A. W. Budge, *St. George of Cappadocia*, p. 216.

⁶⁷ *Acta Petri et Andreae*, 4, written in Egypt c. 400-500. (J. Flamion, *Les Actes Apocryphes de l'Apôtre André*, p. 311.)

⁶⁸ *Vita S. Fintani*, 5: "Primo enim sulco seminato, statim frumentum crevit et maturuit." (J. Reeves, *Vita Sancti Columbae*, p. 107, note d.)

⁶⁹ O. Dähnhardt, *Natursagen*, II, p. 61.

⁷⁰ Of such adaptation many cases occur in the hagiographic documents which need not be cited at greater length.

⁷¹ Plutarch's Romulus, XX: "καταδύσας δὲ τῆς αἰχμῆς εἰς βάθος . . . τὸ δὲ ξύλον ἐστρεψεν ἢ γῇ ζωφύτος οὖρα, καὶ βλαστὸν ἀνήκε, καὶ βλαστὸν ἀνήκε, καὶ στέλεχος ἐνμεγεθὲς κρανεῖας ἔθρεψε."

"The Devil made a cast of a holly javelin.....across the stream.....Columb Cille..... cast it across the stream..... And that javelin grew where it touched the earth, and it is a great blooming holly tree."⁷² It requires little boldness to trace the origin of any patriarchal tree to a staff planted by some saint. Such trees were held sacred,⁷³ not by association with pre-Christian tree worship, but through the deeply laid belief that the estate of a saint was sacrosanct.⁷⁴

In illustration of the readiness with which a legend may pass, as in the case of the story of St. Joseph, from literary to oral tradition, a study of the theme of the "tree of forgiveness" may be put in evidence.

Sulpicius Severus (c. 402) records from one Postumianus, who had recently visited Egypt, certain details of the monastic rules for the neophytes. Obedience was the first law of the order. The novitiate was submitted to three years' probation, during which time he was bound to execute every command of his superior, however difficult or perilous or humiliating the task might be.⁷⁵ In one instance the abbot, on receiving the oath of the applicant, showed him a dry stick of wood which he planted in the ground and directed to be watered daily until it should put forth leaves. The neophyte did as he was bidden, carrying water from the Nile two miles away. At the end of three years the dry stick blossomed and became a tree, the same which Postumianus himself saw.⁷⁶ In the hagiographic tradition of the Coptic church, the young monk referred to in this anecdote is identified as the famous St. John

⁷² Henebry, "The Life of Columb Cille," in *Zeitschrift für celtische Philologie*, V, 52.

⁷³ *Acta Sanct. Boll.*, 1 Feb., I, 189, "Vita S. Severi," (of a tree which drove woodcutters insane, killed cattle that ate the ivy growing on it).

⁷⁴ See my article, "Saints and Sainthood," *The Open Court*, Jan., 1914, p. 49.

⁷⁵ Sulpicius Severus, "Dialogues," I, 17: "Praecipua...ibi virtus et prima est oboedientia, neque aliter adveniens, a monasterii abbate suscipitur, quam qui tentatus fuerit et probatus, nullum umquam recusaturus, quamlibet arduum ac difficile indignumque toleratu abbatis imperium."

⁷⁶ *Ibid.*, 19: "Quidam itidem ad eundem abbatem recipiendus advenerat, cum prima ei lex oboedientiae poneretur, ac perpetem polliceretur ad omnia vel extrema patientiam, casu abbas storicinam virgam iam pridem aridam manu gerebat: hanc solo figit atque illi advenae id operis imponit, ut tamdiu virgulae aquam irriguam ministraret, donec quod contra omnem naturam erat lignum aridum in solo arente viresceret. Subiectus advena durae legis imperio, aquam propriis humeris quotidie convehebat quae a Nilo flumine per duo fere millia petebatur....Tertio demum succedentium temporum labente curriculo, cum neque noctu neque interdiu aquarius ille cessaret operator, virga floruit. Ego ipse ex illa virgula arbusculam vidi."

Kolobos, or the Dwarf,⁷⁷ of Scete on the border of the Libyan desert.

"Certain jour Abba Amoi prit un morceau de bois sec, il se rendit dans un introit éloigné de sa cellule dans le désert, d'environ douze milles et il la planta là. Et Abba Amoi appela Abba Jean, son disciple, il lui dit, 'Jean, mon fils, donne une vase d'eau chaque jour à ce morceau de bois, jusqu'à ce qu'il produise des fruits.' . . . Faisant ainsi pendant trois ans, l'arbre vécut, il poussa en haut, il produisit des fruits."⁷⁸

A tree, alleged to have been the one raised by St. John, was pointed out to Père Claude Sicard, a French Jesuit, who visited the monasteries of Egypt in the year 1712.⁷⁹ Through the Arabic Synaxary, the story of the "tree of obedience," as it was called, is doubtless still familiar as a record of an amazing miracle.⁸⁰ Yet in its origin it was not a miracle, since we know that among the monks of Egypt there were some who like St. John the Dwarf himself had a sense of humor.⁸¹ It is reasonably certain that the neophyte was supplied with a properly cut slip needing only cultivation to become a tree.

The passage of the story from the hagiography to secular literature was by way of an Arabic text. One Hassan, long ill-treated by his father-in-law, when the latter has fallen into misfortune by reason of his sins, compels him to do penance by giving water every day to a dry stick planted in the plain of Damas, one hour's walk from the nearest river. For three years the penitent waters the stick; it then grows green and becomes a peach-tree.⁸² The peculiar turn given to the story is in the notion that the act constitutes not a test of obedience, but a form of penitential task. It is in this form that it finally reaches the level of popular tradi-

⁷⁷ John Kolobos lived in the first half of the fifth century.

⁷⁸ E. Amelineau, "Vie de Jean Kolobos," in *Annales du Musée Guimet*, XXV, 347.

⁷⁹ *Acta Sanct. Boll.*, Oct. VIII, 40: "Aspice arborem hanc, vocatur arbor oboedientiae, et a duodecim saeculis, cunctis tempestatibus restitit, et aggressionibus ferarum et Arabum,—nunc crataegus est, sed olim siccum baculum fuit at abbate Poemene in hac sterili et fervida arena defixum. Hic abbas quondam celebri Joanni Parvo mandatum dederat, ut baculum quotidie irrigaret, quod morigerus ille monachus constanter per duos annos praestitit."

⁸⁰ Graffin-Nau, *Patrologia Orientalis*, I, 352.

⁸¹ St. John Kolobos fled to the mountains during incursion of the wild tribes from the desert. When asked if he feared death, he replied: "In the name of Christ my God, no. . . . If I stay, and the barbarian kill me, he will on my account suffer damnation!" (E. Amelineau, *Annales du Musée Guimet*, XXV, p. 391.

⁸² Humbert, *Arabica Analecta*, pp. 89-126, cited by Basset, *Revue des traditions populaires*, XXII, 291.

tion, as found in folk-tales of the "tree of forgiveness."⁸³ From Rumania comes one of the best versions, of which the following is a brief summary:

"A fisherman in a bargain with the devil for riches, vows to give over in sixteen years that which is dearest to him. At the end of that time, his son, the intended price of wealth, following the advice of his tutor, dresses as a cleric and goes into the forest. There he comes to a house inhabited by a woman and her twelve sons, all brigands. One of them takes the youth to the Devil's cave in the woods, whence the imps repel him with cries of 'no clerics here!' Upon which he asks by what penance a murderer shall win grace. The imp replies, 'Let him plant the stick with which he killed his first victim, and water it with water he shall bring in his mouth till it grows and puts forth leaves, flowers and fruits, to be a sign that his sins are forgiven.' The brigands scorn penance; their mother, however, induces the youngest son to plant the stick with which he committed his first murder. Together they water it till it becomes a tree loaded with golden apples, which, falling to the ground, burst and release white doves. The other sons go before a judge, confess their crime, make restitution and are pardoned. As to the father of the youth, he spends his wealth in giving alms."⁸⁴

In the medieval legend of St. Joseph, the miracle denotes the successful issue of an ordeal, or a rhabdomantic ceremony. The scriptural account of Aaron's rod must be similarly interpreted. It shows, moreover, that the cult application of a method in arboriculture was in use centuries before our era. As the rod was said to be of almond, a tree grown from seed,⁸⁵ it is evident that the story had reached a mere conventional form. In the Oriental legend of Rabrab,⁸⁶ or St. Christopher, which dates from the sixth century, the blossoming of his staff attests the validity of his mission to the heathen:

"Beatus Rebrebus, ingressus domum Domini, ante altare fixit virgam suam, . . . et procidens in faciem suam adoravit, dicens, 'Domine Deus meus, fac virgam istam frondescere, si vere vocasti me ad meditanda eloquia tua.' Et statim virga fronduit."⁸⁷

⁸³ R. Basset, *ibid.*, pp. 290-292.

⁸⁴ A. and A. Schott, *Walachische Märchen*, No. XV.

⁸⁵ Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, XVII, 30.

⁸⁶ *Rabrab* (Aramaic, "tall"; Syriac, *ravrab*, *raverreb*), whence Rebrebus, Πένρεβος, of the texts, according to Gildemeister. (*Anal. Boll.*, X, 396.)

⁸⁷ *Analecta Bollandiana*, X, 396: "Passio S. Christophori," 4.

God (compare such passages as Luke xxi. 9-10, and Revelation xvii. 16, and the phrase "that which restraineth," i. e., the Antichrist, 2 Thess. ii. 6, explained by commentators most reasonably as referring to the yet intact state of the Roman government).

The early Christians in fact were more absorbed in world politics than is generally assumed. But, feeling their inability to bring about a change in the unjust and evil conditions themselves, they fell back on the belief in a change brought about by God. They preached non-resistance and non-revenge, as they saw very clearly that if everybody would right himself this would mean every one turning against every one else; still they held to the firm belief that every wrong would find its retribution, that individuals, whole peoples, states and empires would have their day of judgment.

There is no doubt about it, the earliest Christians believed that a perfect state of mankind could not be brought about but by a principle, a principle possessed of the necessary might to bring it about. Thus they were no pacifists. Modern man of course does not believe such a change will come about through a miraculous supernatural force, as the early Christians believed. Nevertheless there was a truth underlying these early views. Steps toward a more perfect state of mankind have always been brought about by a will that had the necessary force behind it to bring them about. History is a continued series of struggles in which the forces opposing a more perfect state are overthrown by a higher will backed by the necessary power to execute it. It is a series of judgment days and catastrophes dealing out retribution, in which everything seems to go to ruin, but only to awaken new life and progress out of the chaos. The only difference between the ancient Christian view and the modern regarding the attainment of a more perfect state in mankind is this, that the former looked upon this process as coming about from without this world by a higher force and power in a supernatural way, while the latter conceives this process as coming about within the world through the victory of a higher force proceeding in a historical way through the instrumentality of man himself and by gradual steps.

Applied to the present world conflagration, the future will show which of the contending forces is the higher and stronger, and what new life and progress will arise from the general ruin.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

HOLLAND'S INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE. By *T. de Vries, J. D.* Chicago: C. Grentzebach, 1916. Pages, 398.

Given two countries, both famous in history, and place them side by side or at least easily accessible one to the other for a thousand years of time, and the result is sure to be interesting and fascinating. The mutual reaction and various intercourse between such countries prove the essential unity of the human race, for they show that all history is connected, that all language is a development, and that all literature is a growth from previous conditions. Especially is this true of such related countries as England and Holland, both of Teutonic stock and both having a civilization much alike, the one country however in its general development antedating the other by several centuries and so having a decided influence on its successor's language and literature. It has been the province of Dr. T. de Vries, a graduate from the Free Uni-

versity of Amsterdam but now a resident of this country, to trace the influence of the Netherlands on England's language and literature and show the great debt England owes to Holland in this respect.

The book under discussion is a notable one and brings together in the short compass of 400 pages what before this was hardly known at all or scattered in numerous books and monographs. The author takes a broad view of his subject, and covers the development of comparative philology, in which Holland had also an important share, as well as its proper influence on the evolution of English literature and language. In the first part of the book he emphasizes the essential nature of the English language as being a composite mixture, on account of which a study of comparative philology is necessary as an introduction. English and Dutch belong to the Germanic group of languages and have a common development from immemorial times down to a late period. Their relationship is clearly disclosed by the study of Gothic, Old Dutch and Anglo-Saxon, all of which were first brought into systematic connection by Franciscus Junius, a Dutch scholar of distinction, who published the famous silver codex of the Bible in Gothic in 1665, besides many Anglo-Saxon, Frisic and Old Dutch manuscripts. From this beginning grew the school of comparative philology, the first exponents of which were Dutchmen like Lambert Ten Kate and Balthazar Huydecoper and Englishmen like George Hickes and Edward Lye, all of whom studied and published Old Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, Frisian and other old Germanic texts. The importance of the Netherlands as a center of learning was further enhanced by the publication of many medieval legends and songs, quite a number of which had their origin in the Low Countries.

Dutch and English are, accordingly, as "two sisters of a large family." Many words are the same or nearly the same, and the main differences are in pronunciation, arrangement of words and the use of prepositions and conjunctions. Since the Norman conquest, however, the original relationship between Dutch and English has gradually been obscured by the predominant influence in England of French, which brought in its train both Greek and Latin. Nevertheless, in its structure and foundation English is Germanic and exhibits a closer relation to Dutch than to any other living language.

While the relationship of Dutch and English is thus an established fact, the influence of Holland on English literature does not seem so patent and evident. Yet there is scarcely a great name in English literature but derives some of its luster from the Dutch. In spite of the fact that English literature is richer in volume and in quality than Dutch literature, the latter has a disproportionate influence on the former. This is undoubtedly due to the earlier development of Dutch civilization and letters, which was reflected in the subsequent unfolding of the great body of English literature. The fact that printing was a fine art in the Netherlands long before it was practiced in England also had a decisive influence on the growth of English language and literature. The poems of Cædmon, for instance, were first published at Amsterdam by the same Junius who published the Gothic Bible. The stories of King Arthur and his round table, of Charlemagne and other French romances were in part composed in the southern Netherlands, or found many a setting there. In later days, when the industry and opulence of Flanders excited the admiration and envy of western Europe, there was a rich development of literary life, as exemplified in the Chambers of Rhetoric, which in view of the close

trade and political relations with England had a far-reaching effect also on its literature.

Thus we find William Caxton, the first English printer, receiving his training in the Netherlands and spending most of his life there, going back to England at the age of fifty-five with a Dutch printing press. As Caxton printed more than a hundred works, his influence on early English literature may readily be surmised. Thomas à Kempis and Erasmus, both Dutchmen, further had a tremendous influence on the English people and English literature, as the numerous reprints of their books amply attest. From their time on, a broad and generous stream of Dutch life found expression or outlet in English literature, from the first complete English Bible printed by Miles Coverdale at Antwerp between 1527 and 1535, to the time of the war for independence from Spain, when poets like Gascoigne, Churchyard and Sir Philip Sidney fought and composed in behalf of Holland. Space is lacking to mention the influence of Holland on Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Defoe and many others, all of which is fully described in a most interesting way in this book, a gem of its kind. It opens up a new field of study, and justifies warm commendation.

ALBERT OOSTERHEERDT.

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF GERHART HAUPTMANN. Edited by *Ludwig Lewisohn*. Vols. I and II: Social Dramas; Vol. III: Domestic Dramas; Vols. IV and V: Symbolic and Legendary Dramas; Vol. VI: Later Dramas in Prose. New York: B. W. Huebsch. Each volume \$1.50 net.

The dramatic works of Gerhart Hauptmann in their English garb are appearing now in collected form under the able editorship of Prof. Ludwig Lewisohn of the Ohio State University. Six volumes already lie before us, and a seventh will be issued in the spring; and as we have to do here with a living author, this collection will by no means come to a close with the seventh volume. The edition has the authorization of the author, who has also approved the editor's view of his thought and art as expressed in the introduction.

This labor of love on the part of the editor and translator—for the greater number of the translations has been made by the editor himself—deserves nothing but words of the sincerest praise. What William Archer has done for Henrik Ibsen, Ludwig Lewisohn is doing for Gerhart Hauptmann, and like Archer Lewisohn has made all English-speaking peoples his debtors. Unstinted praise is due also to the publisher, Mr. B. W. Huebsch, for the high courage which prompted this great and noble undertaking.

This collected edition of the dramatic works of Gerhart Hauptmann is one of the most important contributions to modern stage literature in the English tongue, and the English-speaking student of contemporary drama is given here a comprehensive survey of the works of the most representative dramatist of the present day, the undisputed master of the stage in a country where the theater, owing to its repertoire system, has had a greater development than in any other country in the world.

Great events have come to pass since these dramas first came from the pen of Gerhart Hauptmann; the epoch that called them into being has meanwhile come to an abrupt end. But there is certainly in the works of this author that quality which endures when the times which they mirror forth are long past. It is true that some of Hauptmann's plays do not unfold their full beauty to us until we see them on the boards. But it is just as true that a great number of them will endure longer as written drama. Among these one would

naturally class his poetical dramas, which, we must, however, admit, are, relatively speaking, poor drama, but good poetry. His "Henry of Auë," for instance, has been pronounced by many critics, to be the most poetical play of its time.

His greatest and most lasting contribution to stage literature, however, lies in his naturalistic plays, principally "The Weavers," "Drayman Henschel" and "Rose Bernd." True it is that he often became disloyal to naturalism, but equally true that he always came back to this most vital form of dramatic art. Again and again he succumbed to the mystic bent he inherited from his Silesian ancestors, but he always returned from the world of vision to the world of facts, from the domain of the invisible to the concrete realities of experience.

Space will not permit us to enter into a discussion of the elements which go to make up the naturalistic drama of Hauptmann. To use Professor Lewisohn's own words: "By employing the real speech of man, by emphasizing being rather than action, by creating the very atmosphere and gesture of life, he succeeds in presenting characters whose vital truth achieves the intellectual beauty and moral energy of great art."

What a pity that we do not see the plays of Hauptmann in our theaters! The reason for this deplorable state of affairs is, as a writer in a recent number of the *Yale Review* says, that "we, as play-goers, will support no play in which Truth has the leading role." What a strong indictment of the patrons of the American theater! We will not patronize the plays of a Hauptmann, a Schnitzler, or a Galsworthy. "Instead," Mr. Dodd goes on to say in the *Yale Review*, "we patronize plays wherein the scenery is always far honester than the psychology."

To this lack of appreciation of the drama of Truth is now added a deep antipathy to everything German. Many people—and not the uneducated only—have permitted unreason and prejudice to blind them to the great achievements of the German people in all fields of human thought and activity. In all these great achievements of the German people the drama occupies perhaps the first place, and of all the men and women who have made the German stage what it now is—the foremost stage of the world—Gerhart Hauptmann heads the list. May his dramas in this excellent collected edition in the English language find a way to all English-speaking peoples, and may they contribute their share to healing the breaches between nations now engaged in a fratricidal war and which, when united, are destined to be the intellectual leaders of mankind.

MAXIMILIAN J. RUDWIN.

Prof. Ernst Feise of the German Department of the University of Wisconsin has published a school edition of Goethe's *Die Leiden des jungen Werthers*. The book, which possesses the advantage of copious biographical and literary notes of value not only to the student but to the general reader, is one of the Oxford German Series which is being prepared by American scholars under the supervision of Prof. Julius Goebel of the University of Illinois and published by the Oxford University Press.



EROS.

A Hellenistic bronze in the Metropolitan Museum of New York (see page 700).

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JAPANESE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

BY EUGENE PARSONS.

"We feel the East a-calling."

—Kipling.

IT is said that letters and books were introduced into Japan in the latter part of the third century after Christ. During the next two hundred years the land and people were slowly emerging from barbarism. The authentic history of Nippon, therefore, begins properly in the sixth century.

However, there are traditions of the olden days extant, and proverbs two thousand years old or older have come down to us, so that we may say that we know something about ancient Japan and the Japanese philosophy of life from very early times. Myths and legends also throw sidelights on the national character and the national psychology of the Nipponese before the beginning of the Christian era. Nevertheless, we are hardly on solid ground in things Japanese until we reach a period about twelve hundred years ago.

Ancient Nippon had its Shinto shrines and temples. Like Palestine, the Sunrise Kingdom had its holy mountains. The Japanese then as now were a simple-minded people. What was more natural than that the naive islanders of Yamato should look upon the flaming sun as a divine being? Thousands of years ago they greeted the appearance of the vast ball of fire with chants of praise at sunrise. Fujiyama, the grand old mountain of Japan, was once a volcano and was sacred to the fire-goddess, who holds the supreme place in Japanese mythology. On the top of peerless Fuji they built a shrine, which is the Mecca of all faithful Shintoists. At least once in their lives they ascend to the crater-pinnacle of the beautiful

Fujisan. After a night on the slopes or summit, the pilgrim is up before daylight, and his heart is thrilled at sight of the sun rising above the billowy horizon out at sea. The humble peasants of the land, as well as the nobles and the rulers, have stood on that majestic eminence and bowed in reverence, singing praises to the god of day. From time immemorial religion has been a part of the lives of the inhabitants of the Japanese archipelago.

In a sense it is true that Shinto is a sort of state religion in the Island Empire, and has been for thousands of years. Shinto is a "patriotic" cult. It is a purely native cult, although there are points of similarity between it and some of the religious beliefs of the mainland of Asia. There are also points of difference. Shinto is a form of nature-worship something like that of ancient Hellas. The pantheon of Shinto has fourteen thousand deities. Shinto (sometimes called Shintoism) means "the way of the gods." Lafcadio Hearn says Shinto is, "in many ways, a noble creed." Ancestral worship, filial piety, and loyalty to the sovereign ruler of the land—these are the three chief precepts of the national religion of the Island Empire. These fundamentals (to say nothing of others) of Japanese Shintoists date back to antiquity.

Shinto has been described as "a bundle of miscellaneous superstitions," some of them debased and debasing, and yet it is a power in Japan to-day. Government officials are trying to keep it alive. Shinto shrines are repaired at government expense, and a number of Shinto temples are supported by state or local authorities.

With the introduction of Buddhism in the sixth century A.D., the spirit of Yamato was changed. The Buddhist missionaries, the "calm brethren of the yellow robe" with their sacred books, did a great work for Japan. The teaching of Gautama came to Nippon from India *via* China and Korea. It is said that Buddhism "made Asia mild." Certainly the faith of Sakya Muni had a softening and humanizing influence over the Japanese. The gorgeous ritual of Buddhism appealed to them. With many of the Japanese converts religion became an enthusiasm, the chief thing in life. An army of ecclesiastics grew up—priests, monks and nuns, who devoted their lives to the extension of the refined, speculative Hindu cult. The simple-minded people of Nippon were captivated by the new religion with its elaborate ceremonies. However, the mystical doctrines imported from India were somewhat modified by the patriotic, practical Japanese.

In their passionate zeal for the new faith, emperors, princes and nobles took to proselyting and temple-building. The founders

of religious structures lavished on them a wealth of costly decorations. The artistic impulse of the race found expression in religious emblems and fanciful adornments. The medieval period brought forth stately shrines and lofty towers whose architectural grandeur quite eclipsed the primitive Shinto *miya*, even as the pomp of ritual in the Buddhist temples was far more impressive than the simple services of the earlier times. The choicest examples of the marvelous art-crafts of Japan are to be seen in the temples founded by the shoguns of Old Japan.

In the ninth century nearly all of the Shinto shrines and temples were served by Buddhist priests, who introduced one by one the laboriously wrought carvings and other features characteristic of India's famous temples. Thus was formed what is known as the Ryobu-Shinto style of architecture.

Kukai or Kobo Daishi, a Buddhist saint of the ninth century, is the first noted thinker of Old Japan. This versatile man, renowned as a sculptor and painter, may be called almost great. He is said to have blended and reconciled the teachings of Shinto and Buddhism, and largely through his influence the architecture of the temples of Shinto-Buddhism combine the simple style of the ancient Shinto shrine with the more elaborate decorations of the Hindu Buddhist temple. Kukai is said to have founded the Shingon ("true word") sect. There is a tinge of melancholy in his philosophy, with its suggestions of fatalism and resignation. A characteristic utterance of Kobo is the little *imayō* poem, which suggests more than it expresses:

"Having to-day crossed the mountain fastness of existence,
I have seen but a fleeting dream, with which I am not intoxicated.
Though their hues are gay, the blossoms flutter down,
And so in this world of ours who may continue forever?"

This is Kukai's interpretation of Nirvana. The four seed thoughts that he versified are as follows:

"Everything in this world is changeable.
There is nothing that is everlasting.
Where the life of birth and death ends,
There the supreme felicity of Nirvana begins."

This tiny ode (of only forty-eight syllables), which popularized the essence of the Buddhist teaching of his sect, is a favorite piece of literature among the Japanese.

Two small volumes of moral maxims, "Teaching of the Words of Truth" and "Teaching for the Young," were compiled by Buddhist

abbots of the ninth century. The texture of these ethical reflections is woven of three strands—Shinto, Buddhism and Confucianism. Some specimens are quoted in Professor Chamberlin's *Things Japanese*. These precepts have been for ages as familiar to the youth of Japan as the sayings of the Sermon on the Mount are to us. They emphasize the value of the things of the spirit, and especially the importance of reverence for holy things and obedience to Heaven's commands. In Japan filial piety has for ages been highly esteemed.

The authorship of "Teaching of the Words of Truth" (*Jitsugo Kyo*) is popularly ascribed to Kobo Daishi. It is to be remembered, however, that some of these maxims of practical ethics were current coin before his time (774-834). This artist-priest traveled by ship to China. He did not know Sanskrit, but he read Chinese versions of the sacred books of India. He also studied the words of Confucius and other philosophers of the Flowery Kingdom. The words of this famous Japanese teacher still live in the hearts of the simple folk in the Island Empire. His is the wisdom of eclecticism. After his return from China, Kukai was given a temple site by the emperor and he devoted himself with enthusiasm to a propaganda of his teaching, which was not all made up of mysticism and speculation. He made appeal to the common run of people with his epigrammatical utterances, of which a number are quoted (from *Jitsugo Kyo*):

"Treasures that are laid up in a garner decay; treasures that are laid up in the mind decay not.

"If thou study not earnestly in the days of thy childhood, thy regrets in old age will be all unavailing.

"The superior man loveth him that hath wisdom; the mean man loveth him that hath riches.

"Be ministering to thy father and thy mother from morn to eve.

"Be not contentious among friends.

"If thou cultivate not the friendship of those that practice the three precepts,¹ how shalt thou disport thyself in the forest of the seven virtues?²

"If thou honorest others, others in like manner will honor thee.

"He that practiceth righteousness, receiveth a blessing; it cometh as surely as the shadow followeth after the man.

"Though thou shouldst be exalted, forget not the lowly; some which were exalted are now fallen low."³

¹ The three precepts are: (1) Keep the commandments; (2) Subdue the passions; (3) Practice benevolence.

² The seven virtues are: (1) Carefulness; (2) Choosing the truth; (3) Fasting; (4) Repressing anger; (5) Tranquillity of mind; (6) Subduing the passions; (7) Abandoning the world.

³ *Cornhill Magazine*, August, 1876.

Some of the rules of conduct sound like echoes of the proverbs of Solomon. Several other Japanese exhortations of medieval times are given, viz.:

"Be reverent when thou goest past a grave; alight from thy horse when thou goest past a Shinto shrine.

"Human eyes look down from the heavens; commit no wrong, however hidden. [This is good Shinto doctrine.]

"The gods punish fools, not to slay but to chasten them; the teacher smiteth his disciple, not from hatred but to make him better. [This sounds like a paraphrase of the Scriptural verse, "Whom the lord loveth he chasteneth.]"

"Life, with birth and death, is not enduring; and ye should haste to yearn after Nirvana."

This paper does not profess to be a profound study of the developments of Japanese Buddhism. Honen and Shinran were influential expounders of the message of Gautama or Amida. These two Buddhist priests of Japan founded powerful sects about seven hundred years ago. Ito Jinsai is another learned teacher, but a Confucianist. The most eminent of the representative men of Japanese Buddhism is Saint Nichiren (1222-1282).

"He by his originality and independence made Buddhism a Japanese religion," says Uchimura in his little book of essays on *Representative Men of Japan*. "His sect alone is purely Japanese." The disciples of the fiery Nichiren have been called "the Jesuits of Buddhism." At the age of twelve he was placed in the temple of Kiyozumi and entrusted to the care of its benignant abbot. After a novitiate of four years, he was consecrated a priest. Four years more he passed in the country monastery, then he bade goodbye to his abbot and fared forth to Kamakura, where he spent five years. Then he set out for further search after knowledge, seeking enlightenment as to what was genuine Buddhism.

Nichiren studied and pondered the sutras, and finally selected one as the canon of supreme importance and authority, the one having the beautiful name of "The Sutra of the Lotus of Mysterious Law." This piece of writing, a product of some five hundred years after Buddha's death, Nichiren regarded as the standard of the Buddhist faith, and he thought it his duty to preach the true sutra throughout the land. His zeal nearly cost him his life.

An interesting story is told of this wandering teacher. He had spent nearly a score of years in study and contemplation. The man of thirty-one was on a visit to his childhood home. One morning he rose early and took a walk down to the seashore. "As the rosy sun was half above the horizon, Nichiren was upon a cliff

looking toward the broad Pacific, and to the seas before him and the mountains behind him, and through them to the whole universe he repeated the form of prayer he had framed for himself, the form that was intended to silence all others, to lead his disciples to the end of the earth, and be their watchword to all eternity,—the form, indeed, that embodied the essence of Buddhism, the constitution of man, and of the universe. It was NAM-MYO-HO-REN-GE-KYO, Namah Saddharmapundarikaya Sutraya, I humbly trust in the Sutra of the Mysterious Law of the White Lotus.”⁴

In the afternoon he addressed his townsmen and was mobbed. The daring zealot had to flee; his life was in peril. He made his way back to Kamakura. Here the great Nichiren sect had its beginning. He began street preaching, something never heard of in the land before. His earnestness and sincerity made an impression. Slowly he gained a following. Not only by speaking but by writing did he combat the errors of other sects and proclaim his message until he was singled out for persecution and banished to a far-off province. He remained in exile three years, making converts. Then he boldly returned to Kamakura, “an incorrigible priest, heedless of the destruction now hanging over his head.” One evening, when on his missionary tour with several of his disciples, he was suddenly attacked by a company of men, swords in hand. The master himself was wounded and three of his disciples were slain. “Thus the sutra had its first martyrs in Japan.”

In the autumn of 1271, Nichiren, regarded as a “danger,” was delivered over to the executioner. He was saved by a miracle, as the popular account goes. He was now banished to a barren island in the Japan Sea. After an exile of five years this indomitable hero again set foot in Kamakura. At last he was free to lecture and explain his views without hindrance or fear of persecution. The enthusiasm of his followers had no bounds. The new faith won many adherents. At the age of sixty he died, “the honestest of men, the bravest of Japanese.”

Of the preaching of Nichiren and the creed of his sect, a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (11th ed., Vol. XV, p. 223) remarks: “It was based on the *Saddharma pundarika*, and it taught that there was only one true Buddha—the moon in the heavens—the other Buddhas being like the moon reflected in the waters, transient, shadowy reflections of the Buddha of truth. It is this being who is the source of all phenomenal existence, and in whom

⁴ *Representative Men of Japan*, p. 208. See also “Nichiren Tradition in Pictures” by T. J. Kinvabara in *The Open Court* of June, 1913.

all phenomenal existence has its being. The imperfect Buddhism teaches a chain of cause and effect; true Buddhism teaches that the first link in this chain of cause and effect is the Buddha of original enlightenment. When this point has been reached true wisdom has at length been attained. Thus the monotheistic faith of Christianity was virtually reached in one God in whom all creatures 'live and move and have their being.' It will readily be conceived that these varied doctrines caused dissension and strife among the sects professing them. Sectarian controversies and squabbles were nearly as prominent among Japanese Buddhists as they were among European Christians, but to the credit of Buddhism it has to be recorded that the stake and the rack never found a place among its instruments of self-assertion."

A decade or two ago the Nichiren sect numbered millions of devoted adherents; it had five thousand temples, manned by four thousand priests and eight thousand teachers. Time has winnowed out some of the master's tenets and notions that cannot stand the test of present-day criticism. However, Nichiren has been and is a civilizing agency in Japan.

Leaving metaphysical discussion out of consideration, one may say that the influence of Buddhist teaching in Japan is noticeable in two directions. It has made for peace; it has tended to keep the Japanese people from quarrels and revolutions among themselves, and has restrained them from going to war with other nations. Buddhism has also made the Nipponese kind to animals. Of course, Confucianism has greatly strengthened the peace sentiment in the Island Empire. Buddhism and Confucianism made Nippon "The Land of Great Peace." Contrary to the impression that some American politicians and editors try to make, the Japanese people as a whole do not want war with the United States.

One of the practical-minded men of Old Japan was Kaibara Ekken, born in 1629. The elder Ekken was a physician, and his son had unusual opportunities to acquire knowledge. The greater part of his life was passed as a teacher in the private school kept by the Kuroda princes. On reaching the age of seventy, he retired to spend his remaining years in literary work, writing volume after volume of meditations that have given him a deservedly high rank among the Japanese philosophers. A selection from his writings, translated from the Japanese, has lately been added to the series of volumes, *Wisdom of the East*. This little book has the attractive title, *The Way of Contentment*, the translation and introduction being by Ken Hoshino. There are three divisions: "The Philos-

ophy of Pleasure," "Precepts on Popular Morals," and "Miscellaneous Sayings."

Ekken (or Kaibara, as he is generally known) was a popularizer of Confucianism. His books were welcomed by the people, for Confucianism has much in common with Shinto, namely: Veneration of one's ancestors, respect for parents, and allegiance to the ruler. In a word, Ekken was a conservative, revering Heaven and upholding institutionalism. In his eyes Buddhism was objectionable; its founder was proud.

Kaibara did not lay claim to originality; he was content to be the mouthpiece of the great sages. He believed in the nobility of man. "To be born a man is a privilege," he said. "To live as men should live we must from childhood study the wisdom of the sages, and learn to make ourselves and others happy by deeds of benevolence." Some of his terse reflections are quoted here without comment.

"Find your pleasure in doing good. Be gentle, compassionate, and merciful. Be severe, however, when necessity compels you, for gentleness not accompanied by discrimination and orderliness dispels pleasure. Do not do things which are obstructive to others. To have pleasure yourself, and distress others, is the one thing which Heaven hates; but to enjoy with others is what pleases Heaven, and is the true pleasure. Follow, therefore, the command of Heaven, and make it your pleasure to do good and diminish the evil of the world, so that you may make your own life and that of others happy....

"Suppress anger and selfish desires; be broad-minded and think no evil of others....

"Those who can enjoy the beauty in the Heaven above and the Earth beneath need not envy the luxury of the rich, for they are richer than the richest. The pleasures of the vulgar pass away, and bitterness remaineth instead, for they are harmful to both mind and body. But the pleasures of the wise are pure, and food for the mind. From morning until night, without injury, may he enjoy them.... He delights in the moon and the mountains, the flowers and water. With the wind he sings, while listening to the song of the birds. Simple pleasures such as these may be enjoyed by all, whether rich or poor.... The wise man knows contentment, because he is not covetous; he is rich in mind though poor in worldly goods....

"Keep your heart serene and calm; enjoy your leisure and haste

not. . . . Do not let a day slip by without enjoyment, for to-morrow may be not yours to enjoy. . . .

"A brave man is always gentle and kind. . . . A truly courageous man is always calm and happy."

Such are some of the moralizings of this Thomas à Kempis of the Far East, who prized the simple life. His thoughts have sunk deep into the hearts of his countrymen, who know how "to renounce, when that is necessary, and not be embittered." A man of noble nature was Kaibara, who had learned the way of contentment, because he had the five great blessings (except one): "Long life, peace, riches, love of doing good, and death without pain in old age."

There are many more golden sentences in this little book of wisdom, which will bear reading and re-reading with profit to the inner man. The Emerson of Japan, Ekken might be called. A famous work of his *Anna Daigaku*, is a plea for the higher education of women.

Shinto and Buddhism are dying creeds. However, these ethnic faiths are strongly entrenched in the country districts. The two forms of worship are interblended, as are their tenets. Loyalty being buttressed in the native religions, the authorities are naturally anxious to foster reverence for the old shrines and temples. Since the revolution of 1868 it may be said that Buddhism has been in a state of gradual decline, but decadent as it is it is still a power in the Land of the Chrysanthemum. It is still a religion acceptable to many Japanese, by whom Brahma is held in the utmost veneration, and there are those who believe that the age-old teachings of the sages may yet rise to a resurrected glory. They did now and then produce a high type of saint, like Toju, who is remembered as one of the nation's greatest benefactors.⁵

A new type of mind is growing up in the twentieth-century Japanese. Notwithstanding all the efforts of the government and individuals to galvanize the old national cult, the people are lapsing into neglect of the gods. Prayer is still a power in the lives of some, and occasionally may be found one who is not without aspiration, although this is not encouraged by the reading of Herbert

⁵ Buddhism had its opponents in Old Japan. Nakae Toju (1608-1648) was one. His ideal was perfect humility, and he thought Buddha was too egotistical and self-conceited. The Sage of Omi, as Toju is called, took Confucius for his master. Though only a village teacher, he was an advanced thinker, who profoundly shaped the life and thought of his own generation and later times. He wrote commentaries on the Chinese classics. He taught that might is not right. One finds germs of Platonism in his system of thinking.

Spencer and other western philosophers. The Christian missionary and teacher are doing something to foster the spiritual life. The nation is at the parting of the ways—it cannot be both pagan and enlightened. In this transition period the foundations of character are endangered. However, there is an instrument of social control whose value for the moral education of Japanese young men can hardly be overestimated, Bushido, "The Way of the Knight." This ethical code is as admirable for producing a high type of manhood as was that of chivalry in feudal Europe. The basic principles of Bushido are: Rectitude or justice; courage, the spirit of daring and bearing; benevolence, the feeling of distress; politeness; veracity or truthfulness; honor; the duty of loyalty; self-control. An excellent exposition of the Samurai philosophy of life may be found in Dr. Nitobe's *Bushido, the Soul of Japan*. The Yamato spirit was and is nourished by the precepts of knighthood.

Proverbs are the philosophy of a people boiled down. The phrases whose authorship is unknown and the short, pithy sayings of the wise men of old crystallize the ideas that have been approved by long experience.

By dwelling on the noble thoughts of the philosophers and the injunctions of Bushido, the high-minded Nipponese keeps up the soul's energy. Thus he sustains the lofty resolve and prepares himself for worthy achievement. Time-honored maxims have an added weight and solemnity when uttered as counsels and warnings by parents, friends and teachers, or by the pastor, who is as an elder brother to his countrymen in a foreign land. The voice of a departed loved one is an inspiration to good. Says Yoshio Markino, in *A Japanese in London*: "Even in my hardest time, it seemed to me that the Samurai spirit of my dead father above was always demanding me, 'Keep your own dignity.'"

The Occident has something to learn from the Orient, the lesson of patience and fortitude taught by Confucius: "He is the truly courageous man who never desponds." The Japanese youth of to-day is sustained and stimulated by the body of precepts bequeathed by the wise men of old, also by the saints and reformers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

There is an old Japanese proverb, "He who brings sunshine into the lives of others, cannot keep it out of his own." There is a wealth of meaning in the oft-uttered exclamation, *Bansai* ("Cheer up"). Unlike the serious Chinese, the motto of the Japanese seems to be, "Smile and be happy!" The middle-aged man has not forgotten how to play; he knows how to relax. Sport keeps him young

in spirit. Cheerfulness, happiness, is the keynote of the creed of the average Japanese, be he a pagan or a Christian, and yet he takes life seriously. He is a worker, and bears his burdens without whimpering.

St. Paul had learned the "mystery" of being content with little. The Japanese have also learned the art of getting along with little and being therewith content.

The little brown men are home-loving. The young man is industrious and thrifty; he saves that he may marry and found a home, because he believes that is the way to live. Good-sized families are the rule in the Yamato archipelago.

The Nipponese is intensely patriotic. When his country calls he willingly responds, and he does his duty manfully in the camp or the hospital, on board ship or on the field of battle, ready to do or die for the empire and the emperor. Of his bravery and efficiency as a soldier there is no question. He is a hero without knowing it.

An eminently sensible people are the Japanese. They have tact and know how to get along with others. They are suave and courteous. "Their politeness is rooted in genuine kindness," says Prof. Basil H. Chamberlin after a twenty years' residence among them. "The best thing in the world is kindness," runs an old Japanese proverb. "Be ye kindly disposed one toward another," said the great reformer Yozan. This is the secret of the good manners of the people of Nippon. They are forbearing, slow to resort to violence. They realize the necessity of avoiding friction. "Do not quarrel—it will do more harm than good," is one of their everyday axioms. Says Albert Leffingwell, in his *Rambles Through Japan*:

"The longer I live in Japan, the more I am struck with the innate kindness of the people. In practical conformity to the teachings of Jesus Christ, in gentleness, in meekness, in a willingness to bear evil, the Japanese are to-day more really a Christian nation than any people of Europe or America. Although Buddhism may be an 'outworn creed,' it has at least served to prepare for the reception of a better by creating a population more considerate of each others' rights and privileges than many another even in the Christian world."

They are neat in their personal appearance. They believe that the wearing of good clothes makes for self-respect. One of the cardinal articles of their faith and practice is that cleanliness is godliness. "Take a hot bath every day," says one of the rules

laid down by the Japanese government for guidance in matters of health.

Otherworldliness was the principal thing, the ruling passion of the Japanese Buddhist living in the Middle Ages. The reigning motive and ambition of the educated Nipponese of the twentieth century is to think and act in the living present; at the same time to long for the higher life. The modern Nipponese wishes to be known, not as a mystic, a dreamer, but as a man who does things.

The Japanese takes as his watchword: "Be patient, ever looking forward with hope." In time of adversity, of misfortune that is inevitable, he stoically shrugs his shoulders and observes, "It can't be helped (*Shikata ga nai*)."

The ambitious student, poor but proud, is not above menial labor; he can say with General Nogi, who, speaking of his boyhood days in school, remarks: "I began at times to doubt whether I should be able to go through with the task I had set for myself, but I never allowed myself to lose heart."

There never was a truer adage than this: "Be an early riser." The Japanese say: "There is a special providence over those people who rise early and go to work with assiduity."

"Poverty cannot overtake diligence," is a truism of the Yankees of the East, known and followed long before the time of Poor Richard.

"Nature abundantly rewardeth those who obey her laws," is the working faith of the toiling farmers of Nippon. As a result, the country is cultivated like a garden. The arable portions, only about one-fifth of the Island Empire, are made to yield the utmost possible.

Self-help was the keynote of the teaching of the celebrated peasant-saint, Ninomya Sontok, who said: "Poverty must be made to rescue itself." Another saying of this Oriental Franklin, "Duty is duty irrespective of its result," parallels Tennyson's lines:

"Because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

The moralist is abroad among the Nipponese. There are many precious nuggets of wisdom to be found among their apothegms relating to all sorts of matters, social, political, religious, practical and even humorous. That the higher life is prized in the Sunrise Land is evident from this sentiment: "The soul of him who remains pure in the midst of temptation is like the lotus that remains pure and undefiled, though growing in the foulest slime."

A curious proverb is that relating to old Japanese mirrors, which were made of metal, "When the mirror is dim, the soul is unclean."

One of Saigo's didactic observations, "Heaven loves all men alike," recalls the Scriptural passage, "The rain falleth upon the just and unjust."

The moral element in success is recognized in the commonplace, "Money can do much, but virtue more."

Saigo's admirable definition of civilization—"What is civilization but an effectual working of righteousness, and not magnificence of houses, beauty of dresses, and ornamentation of outward appearance?"—suggests Sir William Jones's poem, "What Constitutes a State?"

In the ages agoe sententious admonitions shaped the conduct of the farmer-peasant and the commonest fisherman of Dai Nippon. To-day the principles of morality are instilled into the minds of schoolchildren of tender years. Among other things ethics and loyalty to the emperor are taught. The imperial rescript on education, which went into effect in 1890, is a mine of valuable instruction. It is the law and gospel of the inhabitants of the Japanese realm, from the highest to the lowest.

"Give opportunity to genius," is the exhortation of an ancient phrase-maker of the Land of the Chrysanthemum. The love of beauty has been a national characteristic for more than a thousand years. Ever since the eighth century, if not earlier, the people of the Sunrise Kingdom have successfully cultivated the arts and letters. The craftsmen of Old Japan felt a hunger for idealism. This was the secret of the excellence of their workmanship.

OUR PATRIOTISM DOUBTED.

A DISCUSSION WITH THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

INTRODUCTORY.

WE have been attacked in the *New York Tribune* for "sedition" and "a German propaganda in disguise," an accusation which is ridiculous, for all that probably was meant seems to be based on the idea that we do not agree with the war policy of the administration. But even if that be true, we are as good Americans as any American citizen, and sedition or a fomentation of sedition has been as far from us as it would be impossible to attempt it. We

here present the case to our readers in expectation that they will form their own opinion.

Here follows the attack, my answer, and a letter from the *New York Tribune* explaining why they refuse me a hearing.

ENEMIES WITHIN.

BY H. ROGER THOMAS.

[An attack on *The Open Court* reprinted from the *New York Tribune*, September 17, 1917.]

To the Editor of the New York Tribune.

The other day Albert N. Weber, a loyal editor of a foreign-language newspaper, *The Croatian Flag*, advocated in a letter to the *Chicago Tribune* "an organized campaign of patriotism in our foreign language newspapers." This idea of Mr. Weber's surely can be endorsed by every true patriot.

But in his letter the Serbian editor made even a more trenchant remark. "By the way," he said, "I venture the information that the disloyal German papers are not the only ones to spread sedition in this country, but there are appearing every day a great many publications printed in other languages than German which are working industriously for the Kaiser." He was quite right as to this.

My purpose in writing this letter is to call the attention of your readers to another such as these. This, like the most harmful of German propaganda, lurks under misleading disguise. It is cleverly designed to influence favorably the opinions of the readers to the German *Aufschauung*.

The periodical I refer to is *The Open Court* magazine, whose cover-page assures the subscriber that it is a monthly devoted to "science of religion, the religion of science and the extension of the religious parliament idea." I am one of its untiring readers, and I can truthfully state that when it exercises the true function as a journal of comparative religion it becomes indispensable to the student of ancient and modern cults and faiths. Functioning in this way, I believe it fulfils the motive in the mind of the founder, Edward C. Hegeler; but under Paul Carus, whose erudite works on various phases of ancient art and modern philosophy denote a German-trained mind, the magazine has undergone such a change of policy that it is obviously, even to the casual reader, a poor camouflage, behind which pro-Germanism (in its best intellectual light, naturally) is rampant.

At the very beginning of the war the editor welcomed contributions to the pages of *Open Court* which were unmistakably

pro-Central Powers. No issue of the magazine appeared without having somewhere among its pages a few words of excuse for German policy and condemnation for England and Russia. Knowing this, I looked with interest at the numbers published since our proclamation of April 6, but Paul Carus did not waver in his firm loyalty to Wilhelm. He deserves the sort of praise that a German professor pays in a recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. "From my own point of view, the German-American press should be criticised for lack of courage, which is easy enough to understand, but nevertheless is not commendable."

Herman Hagedorn, writing of the menace of the German-language press, spoke not long ago of "the subtler and therefore more insidious propaganda contained in the literary sections of these papers." It is in the book reviews of *Open Court* that I find the strongest support given to enemy doctrines; even the choice of books is significant. Nowhere else in America have I seen a review of a German book published in the empire on "England as Sea Robbers."

In the subjoined passage, extracted from a review of Cosmos's "Basis of Durable Peace" (which "Kappa," who thus signs his review, calls a ridiculously impossible solution of the problems of the war), is the boldest apologia for certain German offenses that I have ever seen in English or German:

"If Cosmos had been fair, he would have shown that the present submarine campaign is provoked by Great Britain, and Great Britain is alone to blame for it. . . . The condemnation of the Germans for the destruction of the *Lusitania* reminds me of the condemnation of a Russian Jew, who was accused of having caused the breaking of a great show window and was condemned to pay for the window and the costs of the court. The fact was that some person had thrown a stone at the Jew, but the Jew evaded the stone and the stone crashed into the window. When the offender was taken to court by the owner of the store he claimed absolute innocence of having smashed the window, because he had intended to hit the Jew and not the window; so the Jew was considered guilty because he had dodged the stone and caused the smashing of the expensive pane, and the court, in the truly Russian spirit, which condemns the Jew under all circumstances, made the poor Jew pay. The explosives were not intended for the passengers on the boat, but for the German soldiers in the trenches, so our manufacturers are innocent of the catastrophe—but the Germans are the guilty ones that should be blamed and hated as Huns the world over."

The advertisements are not such as are usually seen in loyal

papers, either. "Ayesha" and "Odyssey of the Emden," for example; but almost any one would say that as these are cracking good adventure stories, no harm is done in advertising them. But what do you say to "Carlyle and the War," in which it is conclusively proved that the immortal Thomas would have put out a manifesto condemning England's actions in the great war; of Roland Hugins's "Germany Misjudged"; or Eduard Meyer's "England: Its Political Organization and Development and the War Against Germany" (note the innuendo in the title)? The motto seems to be "anything to knock England." If not her commercial supremacy, as in Alfred Granger's "England's World Empire," wherein a well-known Chicago architect, to quote the booksellers' eulogy, strips bare the infamous project of Great Britain, then her intellectual products, as in W. H. Wright's "Misinforming a Nation," which pans the *Encyclopædia Britannica* for not being an *Encyclopædia Americana*, *Gallia*, *Germania*, *Slavia*, *Italica*, written by jig-time journalists and German savants with an up-to-date Freudian outlook.

If the scholar of religions expects that he will find more material proper to his interests in the August number after the wildest of the German journalists of this country have toned down, he'll be disappointed after looking at pages 458-464. I think the *Tribune* should cull a few posies for its German-American bouquet from the editor's article on "English Diplomacy," in which he would show that the sole aim of Lloyd George and the Cabinet is to make "rapprochement between these two countries [America and Germany] impossible." England, claims Herr Carus, wants no commercial rivals, so she would be glad of a chance to embroil her nearest possible competitors.

If your pro-German readers are dissatisfied with the half-hearted treason of the various *Zeitungs* and *Herolds* let them drop a line to 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, of course, and get a monthly that will be *fest und treu für Deutschland*.

Sincerely yours,

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

H. ROGER THOMAS.

NOT SEDITION BUT TRUE AMERICANISM.

(In Answer to the Attack on *The Open Court*.)

BY THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

The *New York Tribune* of September 17 contained an article on *The Open Court* which is not so much a criticism as a mis-

representation, nor can it be called unfair so much as ill judged. When I read the article I could not help smiling, for there I was accused of sedition and of making a propaganda for Germany. And why? Because in the August number of *The Open Court* I set forth the character and superior qualities of English diplomacy and published the review of a German book on "England as a pirate state."

The article in the *Tribune* is signed by a certain Mr. H. Roger Thomas, of Ann Arbor, Michigan; and having read his accusations I really feel that no answer is needed, for the August number of *The Open Court* is obtainable, and readers of Mr. Thomas's article can convince themselves whether I attempt to make a German propaganda or to spread sedition. The worst I can say about myself is that I do not sympathize with our policy in entering into this war, and if that is a crime make the worst of it. I am willing to stand up for my conviction. If according to the present administration I am not entitled to have a conviction, I shall gladly bear the consequences whatever they may be.

There is at present a tendency to denounce every American as a traitor who does not bow to the Union Jack and to regard any reference to the facts of our Revolution as seditious; for Great Britain is now our ally, and we must twist our judgment of her institutions so that we regard them as a democracy in spite of the declarations of English officers when in a former war they had taken possession of Washington.

If I say anything about England, do I pay homage to the Kaiser? Or if I publish a review of a German book on England and her usurpation of the seas, does that stamp me as an unfaithful citizen of the United States? Assuredly not. I would sow sedition only if I delivered over the interests of my country to a foreign power, be it Germany or England.

I am an American, not in the sense that I was born in this country, but for a better reason than that of the accident of birth—because America is the land of my choice. I believed in Americanism before I set foot on American soil. I expressed my views on the subject publicly and I need not repeat what American patriotism is to me.

Patriotism, however, has come to mean something else in these days. It means to-day a faithful allegiance not to America alone but also to Great Britain, and we are guided by English advice, and England's slogan has been adopted, *Germania est delenda*.

Here is the point where I cannot follow. My logic gives out.

From the principles of my Americanism we ought to have remained strictly and honestly neutral in this war. So far as I can see, that policy would have been not only the most righteous way but also the best and wisest—yea from the standpoint of worldly cunning, the most correct and the cleverest. It would have set the United States at the head of civilized mankind.

I wish to say that neither *The Open Court* nor I myself as its editor, have ever been an enemy of the United States; nor have I ever favored sedition or made any German propaganda. I have always been a faithful and true citizen of the United States.

The United States, the country which is my ideal, and to which I owe allegiance, is the great republic of the Western hemisphere as it existed of old since the days of George Washington, and as it took its attitude toward the whole world under its founders as well as the several presidents of our historic past. I believe that this country should be an independent country, not directed or influenced or guided by any foreign power. Therefore I approve of George Washington's principle that we should beware of entangling alliances.

It is true we stand up for liberty and have been fighting for our own liberty. We like to see liberty spread all over the world, but it would be wrong to fight for the liberty of foreign nations. We would like to see liberty established in Ireland, in India, in South Africa, and we hope that the British empire will gradually grant liberty all round but we are not called upon to fight for them. The time must come when Ireland will be free, and we hope that the less we interfere the more peaceful will be the advance of her liberty. Our own liberty does not seem to be in any way endangered. The story that the Kaiser had ever seriously thought of conquering the United States is to me ridiculous; the scheme is too impossible—ridiculously impossible.

Are we fighting for the liberty of England? I do not know. Possibly the war will bring it about in one way or another; in a similar way as it did in Russia. Possibly yes, but it is not probable, not as yet, and it is certainly as little our intention to liberate England as it was to bring about the Russian revolution.

Perhaps we are fighting for the liberation of Germany? It almost seems so! Indeed we fight the Kaiser, not the German people, and have extended our hand of good fellowship to the people if they but abandon the Kaiser. Strange to say, the German people do not understand our good intentions; on the contrary even the Social Democrats have become faithful adherents of their

imperial tyrant. So we have no alternative but to fight and force their liberty upon the Germans.

The Germans do not understand us; they do not see that we come as liberators and wish to change their constitution into a democracy. But possibly we do not understand the Germans either. They have an hereditary constitutional monarchy in which the emperor is the head, but not the ruler in an unpleasant connotation. He is the head of the government, just as the father of adult sons is the head of his family. His sons are not his slaves but independent persons who however look up to their father with reverence and are willing to be guided by him—except when conflicts arise, and for such cases definite rules have been established. Probably it would have been wiser if before deposing the Kaiser from his office and denouncing him to his people, we had tried to understand the German mind and appreciate the meaning of the German constitution, even in details so similar to ours.

It is a pity that the Kaiser, and with him the cause of Germany, has been grossly misrepresented, and it would not be wrong of me, if I felt obliged to stand up, not for Germany, but for the truth. If an error becomes known to be an error, it becomes a lie and we should not uphold a lie even for a good purpose and with noble intentions inspired by patriotic motives. I have not done it, and do not mean to. I will stand up for the truth. History may misrepresent facts in single cases for some time, but not forever. History may officially falsify, but not forever. It will be possible to misinform our nation for quite a while, but in the long run the truth will come out and it would pain me to see the country of my choice taking a wrong position and making a stand that will not be to our credit. I know very well that under present conditions the English cause is advocated by us, and our department of Justice protects English conceptions.

The English view has become the standard of judgment, but it seems to me impossible that we can suppress forever the American view and make a foreign cause superior to our own. I cannot yet believe it and am ready to have the query proposed whether those who hanged Nathan Hale many years ago on this very day, the 22d day of September, in a New England orchard, those who sacked and burned the city of Washington and insulted the Constitution of the United States in the very assembly-room of Congress, are to be the dominant rulers in this country, or whether there is still something left of the spirit of George Washington to protect American interests and uphold American ideals.

A few years more than a century ago such views as held to-day by our most enthusiastic patriots were characteristic of a certain class of people who under the name of Tories were persecuted and suffered the martyrdom of expulsion. How times change! Who would have thought that to-day the situation would be reversed. The Tories claim to be patriots, and where they meet a man of George Washington's spirit they call him traitor and threaten to have him interned. To-day voices are heard who regret certain facts of history—the history of our revolution, and actually propose to re-write our schoolbooks so as to pass over in silence the execution of Nathan Hale and kindred events; indeed a little drama on the Spirit of '76 has been barred from the stage because it was deemed to offend, or would not be creditable to our noble allies, the English.

My critic says that *The Open Court* was founded by Edward C. Hegeler in the interest of "the science of religion, the religion of science and the extension of the religious parliament idea," and implies that I have been faithless to the founder's intentions. If there is one point of which I am sure, it is that I am in full agreement with the late Mr. Hegeler in my political convictions. He was a good American exactly in the sense that I am—a good American in the spirit of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. I have always borne in mind the purpose of Mr. Hegeler's ideals and I know that part of his religious aspirations was their application to political and practical life—above all the recognition of truth; and it is the truth which I have always served and will serve in the future.

In the question of war, the politics of our administration is not superior to truth, and if there is a conflict between the two I shall cling to the truth and not be dominated by our Secret Service police. I am an American. I have sworn allegiance to the Constitution and I will remain faithful to my oath.

At present there is a tendency to condemn every one who differs from the policy of the moment as a traitor, and even true Americanism is branded as disloyal. If George Washington himself came back, he would be persecuted for having uttered opinions which have now gone out of fashion.

Is it true that freedom of speech has been abolished? No! I do not believe it. Not yet. I hope that our country is not run down to such an extent as to suppress truth, and I will say that this is part of the principle with which the late founder of *The Open Court* was permeated when he founded it. In this special case I know exactly that I am one with him, and my attitude in these political questions has been fortified by the thought of his

ideals, especially by his hope that this country should not be a catspaw of England, but a truly free and independent country, and its power should be utilized not for the benefit of Great Britain, but for good the world over.

The United States will not suppress free discussion in order to enable our administration to neglect the constitution of this country and be at the service of an alien nation which was its master once, then tried to split the country into two rival confederacies, and has always been a sinister factor in our national history.

It would indeed be wrong to disavow the deeds of our ancestors and to forget that our liberty has been bought by a bitter struggle. We have grown large within a century, but with our outer expansion and increase of power we should not dwindle in courage or be reduced to pusillanimity. We ought not merely become large and larger but also great and greater, and we should not yearn after the fleshpots of Egypt or long again for subjection under British dominion, to become as of old the servants of Pharaoh, our former master, but should preserve our freedom for ourselves as well as for the benefit of the whole world.

May God protect America! May he sustain the ideal spirit of our ancestors, of the fathers of our country. May he strengthen the spirit of our pride of independence, of our noble aspirations to be free and brave and just. Otherwise we will be small in spite of the large dimensions of our growth.

This is the common wish of all Americans, and we all hope that in the future development of mankind America will be and forever remain a factor for good, and that for a worthy accomplishment of America's great task she will maintain her independence from generation to generation in the traditional spirit of the father of this country, George Washington.

PAUL CARUS.

LA SALLE, ILL., September 22, 1917.

LETTER FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE IN EXPLANATION
WHY AN ANSWER WAS RULED OUT.

NEW YORK, October 8, 1917.

Dr. Paul Carus,

122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR:

I am returning herewith, not very regretfully, the tract you have sent us as a communication to the editor on the subject of *The*

Open Court's relation to the war. We do not feel obliged to print it. Before we printed Mr. Thomas's communication we verified his quotations, and read, besides, more of *The Open Court* than we had ever read before and more, perhaps, than we shall ever again have the leisure to enjoy.

We were persuaded that Mr. Thomas's article was quite justified and we printed it, and we do not feel called upon to unprint it. So much for that. I say it purely from the publisher's point of view.

Now if you wish to carry the matter into another region, I may say to you, personally, that I disagree mainly as to the emotional propriety of treating the war at all on an intellectual plane. The war is the herd's business, we are in it, and before anything else we must win it, and that is not a matter to be reasoned about.

Yours very truly,

GARET GARRETT.

CONCLUSION.

Here we rest our case. We might prove our good Americanism by quotations, for we have often given expression to our views in editorial articles and also in verses, but we do not wish to play to the galleries or to burn off the fireworks of a fourth of July celebration. We only appeal to the feeling of justice in our readers and to their sense of logic whether Americanism, if it is true Americanism and not exactly either anti-German or pro-British must mean anti-Americanism. With the permission of *The Tribune*, we shall continue to consider ourselves good and faithful Americans.

FOREIGN RELATIONS OF THE VATICAN.¹

BY OTTO ROESE.

[Mr. Otto Röse, a German literary man who happened to be in Rome during the time just preceding Italy's declaration of war against her former ally Austria-Hungary, had an excellent opportunity to watch the development of the political situation in the Quirinal and has published his observations in the chronological form of a diary under the title *Im römischen Hexenkessel* 1915. We take pleasure in presenting here an English translation of a portion of his book referring mainly to the attitude of the Vatican during this critical

¹ Translated from Röse, *Im römischen Hexenkessel*, 1915, pp. 99-114, by Lydia G. Robinson.

period. It will be the more interesting to our readers since the Vatican again plays an important part in world politics by its peace proposals, much scouted and yet by no means ignored.

We must remind our readers of the position which the Pope was naturally obliged to take in his attitude toward the Entente. The government of France is hostile to the Roman Catholic church since the suppression of the religious orders; Russia has been the outspoken enemy of the church in suppressing the Roman Catholicism of the Slavs in the southeast and in Poland, and England is by no means friendly to Roman Catholic institutions. On the other hand it is true that Germany is not Roman Catholic since the majority of its inhabitants, including the house of Hohenzollern, are Protestant. Austria-Hungary, however, is predominantly Roman Catholic and the emperor still practices the traditional ceremony of once a year washing the feet of twelve beggars at his castle in his capital Vienna. A termination of this war unfavorable to the Central Powers would be the ruin of Austria and would end in a breakdown of the most representative Roman Catholic dynasty, the Hapsburgs.

Further it must be remembered that the freemasons, who are repeatedly mentioned in the article, have a different character in different countries. Belief in God is an essential doctrine of the freemasons, but how different is its interpretation! In England they are orthodox Christians, mostly belonging to the Anglican church. In France, however, freemasons are radical in their philosophical views and insist positively on the atheism of their members. This is also true in the countries under the influence of France—Belgium and Italy. But the freemasons of Germany stand between the two extremes. They insist on the belief in God but allow the brethren to have their own interpretation of the idea, provided only that they understand by God the authority of conduct as a real power which punishes wrongdoing and represents the directive force of society in the sense of "a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." With the beginning of the war German freemasons tried to keep up their connection with their French and Italian brethren, but the latter have withdrawn and broken off entirely from the German branches, denouncing them as reactionary and unworthy.

We must confess that we know nothing of Mr. Otto Röse except that he holds a prominent position in the publishing house of Scherl and that he was educated first in Schnepfenthal and later in Munich. We do not know whether or not he is a member of the Roman Catholic church, but his sympathies seem closely allied with it and at any rate he shows great respect for the Curia. It is strange that His Holiness has been in friendly relations with Germany all the time, but we must consider that although the German empire is in the main Protestant it has always shown great seriousness in religious matters and has always respected the Roman church in her relation to her children.

What this war has in store for the Vatican remains to be seen, but it seems as if it might be possible for the papacy to have its independence restored on the right bank of the Tiber with free access from the sea.—ED.]

ROME, April 23, 1915.

The city is swarming with people who have come on political business, and although to the innkeepers, cab-drivers, shopkeepers,

museum curators and all depending on the foreign trade for a livelihood they do not quite make up for the cessation of tourists, they nevertheless lend a piquant charm to Roman life. Commercially considered they are not quantity so much as quality, although to be sure of very different degrees of quality—little that is first class, but much that is original and delightful to look at, an ethnological fair that is terribly industrious.

The most numerous contingent is made up from the Balkan countries, picturesque types in a wide variety, partly of oriental grandeur and partly also that class which one feels he has already met peddling nougat and *rachatlukum* in public houses—versatile people well skilled in trade. Russians, Englishmen, Frenchmen and Belgians furnish examples of more companionable people, a better brand in types of varying value....

But the eternal city regards herself as the most important of all, for she has not received so many political emissaries from the nations for many centuries, perhaps not since the time of ancient imperial splendor; and while greeting the clientele of the world she looks complacently at herself in the glass and thinks, "I am once more the head of the world, the *caput mundi*."

In the meantime only a part, and probably not even the larger part, of the visitors are intended for the new kingdom of Italy, which with its stately appearing, and perhaps also brave, army (possibly not to be required either to shoot or be shot) thinks it can deal the decisive blow in the world conflict. It is true, chance has lent to young Italy an importance out of proportion to her strength, and yet far below the role of judge of the world in which she loves to view herself. Not on the left bank of the Tiber on the hill of the Quirinal where the ministers live, but across from it in the Vatican is a real *caput mundi* enthroned, the ecclesiastical head of the Catholic world.

The positivists of modern Italy do not seem to comprehend this nor do they like to be reminded of it; but how heavily the ecclesiastical power which from the secular point of view they like here to regard as unimportant and without weight, now falls in the scale of world politics, is one of the most instructive events of the present time and particularly so because of the contrast in method and conduct existing between the Curia and the Consulta, between ecclesiastical and secular diplomacy at Rome: On the part of the statesmen of the democratic kingdom, a masque with tragic accents, perhaps also with bloody results as in the favorite opera of Leoncavallo; on the other side tenacious work performed in silence and

yet not needing to hide itself, since it does not aim at keeping open different and contradictory paths, as one or the other promises the greater gain. In the politics of the nation a dazzling display of pathos and rhetoric to gloss over the really sensible plan of playing empire in the well-known fashion which awards the oyster to the judge and the shell to the combatants; in the politics of the church on the other hand, the manifest effort in all neutrality between the struggling nations to be on the side of those powers which in the opinion of the Vatican are worthy of it ecclesiastically, religiously, morally and politically, and are consequently of benefit to the church, i. e., within its own sphere of influence as is the understood aim of all diplomacy. In the Consulta no other principle than to make immense profits, the absence of foresight of a business house just starting out which is determined to establish itself under all circumstances and recognizes no respect for origin or vocation, not feeling itself so bound as an older house which of course can also make many business connections but prefers not to make them because they are not to its advantage; in the Curia on the other hand principles which for more than fifteen hundred years consistently form the structure of a system of politics, and which although admitting in practice various transformations, yet remain intrinsically unchanged and bear in their very constancy the guaranty of far-reaching consequences.

These very contrasts give occasion to presume that political peddlers who enter the chancelleries by the back stairways and display their packs of promises and desires together with all sorts of sweetmeats do not have an equally favorable prospect of making business on both sides of the Tiber. Nevertheless if the business draws more to the right than to the left this is a tribute to the superior power of the Catholic *caput mundi* which it would probably be glad to disclaim. It is incredible how much trouble is taken here to bring the heavy state coach of Vatican politics out of the traditional rut. It recalls the fable of the *mouche du coche*, where Lafontaine tells about the flies that thought they were turning the vehicle because they buzzed around the ears of the horses.

THE CHURCH'S ELDEST DAUGHTER.

Splendid specimens of the envoys extraordinary who buzz around here are those who come from France. First of all, the former minister of foreign affairs, Gabriel Hanotaux, historian and member of the Academy; then the famous novelist René Bazin, and the former editor-in-chief of the *Journal des Débats* and now

chief foreign correspondent in the *Matin*, Viscount de Caix—two faithful sons of the church; not to forget also Ernest Judet, editor of the *Eclair*, who though new as a Catholic politician is all the more zealous for that very reason. All were received by the Pope, were given an affable hearing and dismissed with spiritual consolation. Bazin, de Caix and Judet soon went back with a more or less satisfied air, but Hanotaux remained a while longer to work in the historical archives of the Vatican, and perhaps also in the hope that an opportunity might offer itself to make some discovery. Not one of them obtained what he came after; for the expression of warm sympathy for suffering France with which the Pope sent each of them upon his way did not avail them in the least.

On the other hand, however much Benedict XV would like to help all children of the church, he finds himself in the impossible situation of consenting to the political wishes and requests of envoys who come without credentials, can establish no constitutional guaranty and finally are simply private individuals as far as he is concerned. He has even been obliged to refuse French bishops who knocked in the the name of the president of the republic. For M. Poincaré is only the so-called chief of the executive power; he has no right to carry out his own decisions, can accomplish nothing without ministers and parliament, without the legislative powers, and therefore in the present case counts no more than a private citizen. The Pope is empowered to speak politically only with a commissioner who brings with him in the form of official credentials the confirmation that the French republic with legal power recognizes the Pope as head of the Catholic church. But France cannot now fulfil this condition because her government at present is still in the hands of red radicals and atheistic freemasons.

To the Pope, who has grounds for complaint against the hostility of the republic toward the church, against the separation of state and church, the dissolution and expropriation of the religious orders, etc., even the most eminent delegate can now make no reply further than to say that the time has not yet come, that no alteration of the laws can be expected from the present Chamber of Deputies, but that a great reaction is in progress which promises to bring a majority into the Bourbon palace that will be sympathetic to the church; and that then the Holy See will receive satisfaction. In fact a new impulse toward religion and the church is stirring among the French—even more among the bourgeoisie, who were formerly so strongly under the influence of Voltaire, than among the peasantry—and is combined with an enthusiasm for

King Albert of Belgium with dreams of a monarchy which once more will erect the altars thrown down by the republic and will make peace with the Curia.

Nevertheless facts of the present time and the most recent past contradict these dreams for the future and are not conducive to confidence on the part of the Vatican. Not very long ago the French government insulted the Pope by first forbidding the prayer for peace which he prescribed, and then not allowing it to be read until the bishops had given it an interpretation exactly opposite to the purposes of the head of the church. The French clergy itself gives allegiance to a conception of patriotism which seems pagan to the Vatican and so gives great offense. Under the leadership of cardinals and bishops they hold patriotic celebrations which stimulate the masses to hate and bloodthirstiness. The keynote was given by the sermons delivered by the Dominican Janvier in Notre Dame when the cardinal archbishop of Paris, Amette, presided. When the Pope then warned the French clergy that they should moderate their expressions and follow the example of the German bishops the indignation of those to whom the reproof was directed turned against him. Clergy, public and press began to take offense, to find fault, to threaten and to defy. But Benedict XV let nothing be wrested from him by their defiance.

Of course the noble-hearted Pope feels a sorrowful sympathy for the fate of the French nation, the "eldest daughter of the church" and once her favorite child, who in other days also has done much in the way of self-sacrifice. But exactly for this reason he cannot help wishing that the present regime of the republic which is hostile to the church will come to an end, though not that the present atheistic government would come out of the war strengthened by the victory of French arms. Only a broken and contrite France would hurl to the devil the enemies of the church who brought disaster upon her and would return to the fold of the church as she did after the downfall of Napoleons I and III. The inscription on the church of the Sacred Heart erected on the top of Montmartre and praised in the exigencies of the war of 1870-71 reads: "Penitent France to the most Sacred Heart of Jesus." First of all, then, penance, for which no Hanotaux is now able to furnish an adequate pledge.

THE PRACTICAL BRITON.

While the French government seeks to make an impression on the Vatican through eminent private citizens, the English govern-

ment has gone a step farther and has accredited an ambassador of its own at the Curia. England does homage to the head of the Catholic church when occasion arises, whenever she finds herself in a corner and needs its help. Even in the heat of the agrarian troubles in Parnell's time, she sent a representative to the Pope in order to have the support of the church in checking the Catholic Irish. This time too the end to be attained by way of Rome lies in the Emerald Isle and with its inhabitants, who are indispensable for British defense. For centuries England has drawn her soldiers (as well as her industrial workers) mainly from prolific, impoverished, starving Ireland. In the beginning of the present war recruiting did not progress as well as the government could desire since the brothers of the Irish who had emigrated to America cautioned them, but still it went on pretty well until the Irish bishops finally declared that proper provision was not made for the souls of the soldiers at the front, that the wounded were deprived of the consolation of the church especially in the hospitals which were governed by French law, no clergyman being admitted to a sick-bed if the patient had not previously asked for him. As a result of the protest of the Irish bishops the recruiting came to an end. In order to remove this obstacle and in general to get the Irish, whose attitude was not all that could be wished, again more firmly in hand, the English government sent an embassy to the Vatican for which otherwise there would have been no occasion because of the small number of English Catholics. They explained to the Curia that they regarded this arrangement above all as only temporary as at the time nothing else was possible, since a permanent representation could only be arranged by a special statute and the introduction of such a one in parliament could not be brought about at once, but assurance was given that this would be attended to as soon as possible and the diplomatic representation at the Vatican would be confirmed as a permanent arrangement. On this assumption the British ambassador was received at the Vatican. But when an inquiry arose in the lower house how matters stood with regard to this embassy the government emphasized only its exclusively temporary character.

The Curia would not have needed this proof of double dealing in order to know how she stands with England. As a matter of principle she lays little value on a practice which appears only in emergencies, like a person with the toothache who runs to the dentist to have it pulled. The important thing to her is not that the Pope be appealed to on the demand of the secular government,

but that he be legally and unalterably recognized as head of the church, and not only in his authority over religious matters but also in his influence on the entire spiritual and moral life, including politics. That after former experiences the Curia condescended to receive the official advances of England gave rise to a certain amount of surprise even in Vatican circles. But the reason lay elsewhere than in Great Britain. The Pope hoped by British influence to move the French republic to repeal the laws against monastic orders, but in this hope he was deceived. No power in the world can deprive the radicals who now rule in France of their ecclesiastical booty. The disillusionment came very soon and made England even less sympathetic to the Vatican than it would otherwise have been.

One might suppose that a country whose institutions allow free sway to ecclesiastical matters would be neither especially comforting to the Curia nor especially repugnant to it. But as a matter of fact even apart from the bitter feelings which have arisen in war-time the relations even in time of peace gave occasion less for sympathy than repulsion. The English High Church, which as an organized ecclesiastical power is constructed too much like the Catholic not to be regarded by her as a competitor, is more sharply opposed to the Curia than for instance is Protestantism in Germany. But above all the Pope relies upon the preliminary condition that he be recognized as the ecclesiastical head with all the religious and political consequences, and this recognition England has hitherto refused and can hardly bring into harmony with her institutions. Thus it might appear as if we had a strict *non possumus*, but this is not the case. There is still room enough to fit the interests on both sides to each other according to the altered circumstances. And here the English government has hit upon the way most characteristic for her modes of thought to give the Pope to understand that she is ready to make herself answerable for the grave deficit which the world war has caused in the revenue of the Vatican. She calculates the extraordinary circumstances and corresponding difficulties at a figure higher than any that ever before came at one time into St. Peter's coffers, so high that in former times the very name of the cypher was unfamiliar.

We must grant unreservedly to the Britons that they are practical people and deal in big business. Nothing has yet been heard of any result of the proposal. At present one only learns that the unusual embassy of Great Britain to the Pope turns out to be less satisfactory than annoying.

GERMANY AND AUSTRIA.

It is a strange dispensation that the vital questions of the Roman Catholic church, which are at stake in the greatest world war of all times are closely linked for better or for worse with the fate of that particular central power which finds its culmination in a Protestant dynasty. The Curia is conscious of this fact. Even its anxiety for the house of Hapsburg, which it has so much at heart, results in the main wish that Germany will hold out, for it is only with German help that Austria-Hungary can stand as a dam against the bursting through of the Russians and so avert incalculable injury from the Roman Catholic church.

The Curia has not always looked upon Germany with such loving eyes as at present, but even in times of peace it has valued her as a power which maintains both church and state, as a land where the chief requirements of the Catholic church are fulfilled, namely that religion should not count as a merely private affair, but that it should penetrate the public life and be cultivated in the school, in the army, in the entire domain of the state. Neither France nor Italy takes this stand, for in both countries the public right of religion—exactly that upon which the Curia lays the greatest emphasis—is denied. The repugnance to German Protestantism does not play the part in the Vatican which is usually ascribed to it; it is less intense than that against the English High Church and not to be compared with the antagonism in which Rome stands to Russian orthodoxy. The basis upon which the German empire can get along well with the Curia is broad enough to secure peace between state and church with good will on both sides.

ITALY.

A glance at Italy will show what foes Germany and the Curia have in common in other directions. There the freemasons have been declaring at their conventions for years that Germany is the arch foe to be demolished. The Hapsburg monarchy as a main support of the church is an eyesore to these liberals and it can only be upheld with the assistance of the German empire; so Germany too must be overcome if atheism, whose cause the lodges champion, is to be victorious. Of course this is more easily said than done. We do not yet see the Italian brother masons triumphing over the ruins of the German empire, but the Curia is doubtless aware of the injury they are doing the church in Italy. The war of spiritual arms which they have inscribed on their banner serves only as the

pretext of a gamin who grasps at any available advantages, provides his colleagues with offices and lucrative business for the state and the community, and would gain the upper hand in the country if the forces maintaining church and state did not combine to withstand him. This has long been the difficulty.

When Pius IX lost his ecclesiastical power he forbade his clericals to take part in political life. He proceeded from the conviction that the Italian kingdom would fall to pieces if it lost ecclesiastical support, and would make room for a restoration of the secular dominion of the Pope. But although the house of Savoy was constantly compelled to treat with the revolutionaries, it accomplished with its eminently practical statesmen such an excellent piece of work that the calculation of the Pope went astray. On the other hand the international prospects of restitution on the part of the ecclesiastical state disappeared. France, which was the chief consideration, fell into the hands of the enemies of the church within a decade, and even if it were to return to a monarchy that would be kindly disposed toward the church it would never again be in a condition to lift one finger toward the secular dominion of the Pope. The revolution in the neighboring country brought the Italian revolutionaries entirely under Parisian influence and made Italian freemasonry a branch of the French, which had fed well out of the state manger, and so was the object of much envy.

If the Italian kingdom should now enter the breach a new republic would arise in its place, a Cisalpine republic which France desires and England would not be unwilling to see, for Italy would then be stricken out of the number of great powers and would be removed to the rank merely of a Mediterranean power. In that case there could be no longer any question of the restoration of the church's political power.

So matters have turned out differently from what Pius IX expected forty-five years ago. The Curia understood that it could no longer count upon the fall of the kingdom, but instead had an interest in supporting and developing it in the interest of the church. The prohibition of political activity within the church was removed. At first to be sure the clericals limited themselves to favoring the choice of deputies in the moderate direction, and to putting them under obligation to themselves, but now the Catholic party, expressly constituted as a *Unione popolare*, has come to the front with a national program that in accordance with the will of Benedict XV puts their members under obligation to obey the king and in case of war to do their duty. In any event the possibility now

exists that if the Italian government makes an attack on Austria the Catholics at the command of the Pope himself must cooperate against the interest of the church, and even go to the war willingly since every popular league is torn asunder by national passions when once these have been inflamed. But for this there is no remedy, and therefore the more ardent is the wish of the Vatican that Italy may settle its differences with Austria.

This whole course of events shows how the interests of both Curia and kingdom have approached each other and to some extent become fused. Nevertheless the main question of the constitutional relation between the two still remains in dispute. If the papacy sees its hope for regaining its secular power dispelled, or at least indefinitely postponed, it can by no means be reconciled to the present state of things.

Italy is now avoiding the delicate point. Meanwhile between her interests and those of the Vatican a community of interest on another side comes to the fore. It would be bad for both if Russia should break through to the Adriatic with its Serbian vanguard. Blind supporters of the old Triple Alliance prefer to deny any danger from Russia, but careful Italians remember a familiar maxim coined for just such an occasion at the present: that if Austria did not exist it would have to be invented, because it is necessary for the European balance of power, and its disappearance would be a great disaster to Italy. It would at the same time be a disaster for the Catholic church as well—even much greater for her.

TAY TAY AND THE LEPER COLONY OF CULION.

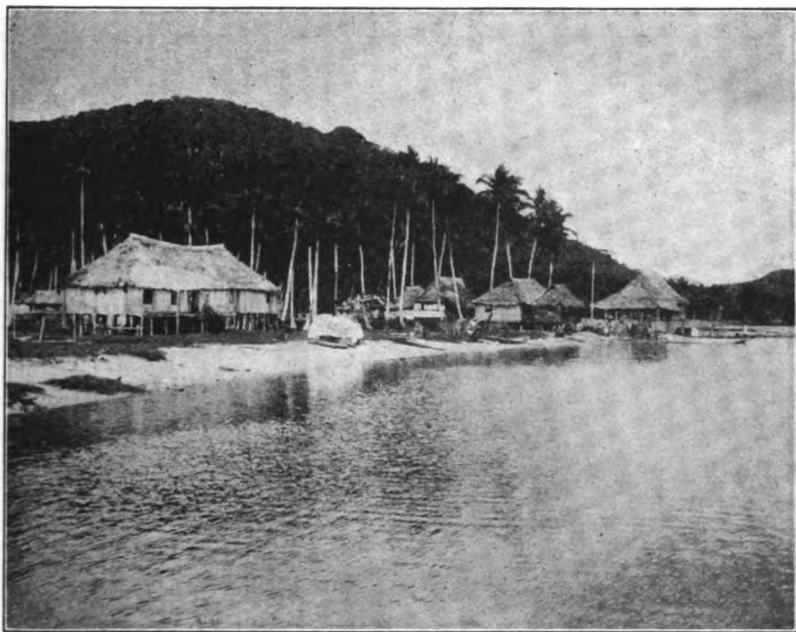
BY A. M. REESE.

THE cutter *Busuanga* of the Philippine Bureau of Navigation had been chartered to go to Tay Tay on the Island of Palawan, to bring back to Manila the party of naturalists of the Bureau of Science who had been studying the little-known fauna and flora of that far-away island, the most westerly of the Philippine group.

After leaving the dock at Manila at sundown we steamed out of the bay, past the searchlights of Corregidor and the other forts which were sweeping entirely across the entrance to the bay in a way that would immediately expose any enemy that might attempt to slip by in the dark, and by nine o'clock we were headed in a south-westerly direction across the China Sea.

The next day we passed through winding passages along the Calamaines group where every hour brought to view new islands of the greatest beauty and of every size and shape. Upon one of these islands is a leper colony which we visited and found most interesting.

Early on the second morning we entered the harbor of the small but ancient village of Tay Tay (pronounced "tie tie" and spelled in various ways) on the eastern shore of Palawan. Not a white man lives in this inaccessible hamlet and it is seldom that one visits



VILLAGE OF TAY TAY FROM THE HARBOR.

it, as there is no regular communication of any sort with the outside world.

The village consists of a dozen or two native huts along the beach in a very pretty grove of coconut trees. Back of the village is a range of low mountains covered with tropical jungle. The main point of interest is a well constructed fort of stone, built on a small promontory that projects out into the bay. The walls of the fort are very massive and are surmounted at each of the four corners by a round watch tower. On its land side the fort is entered through a narrow gate that leads by a stone stairway to

the top of the promontory. On various parts of the walls are carvings and inscriptions showing that the different bastions were built at different times.

Within the fort and overlooking the walls is an old stone church whose roof has long since fallen in. Within the fort is also a large cement-lined, stone cistern to hold water in case of siege. The Spanish inscriptions on the walls show that the fort was begun about 1720, though the mission there was established about 1620. Lying about within the fort are a few large iron cannon that were doubtless used by the Spaniards in repulsing the attacks of the



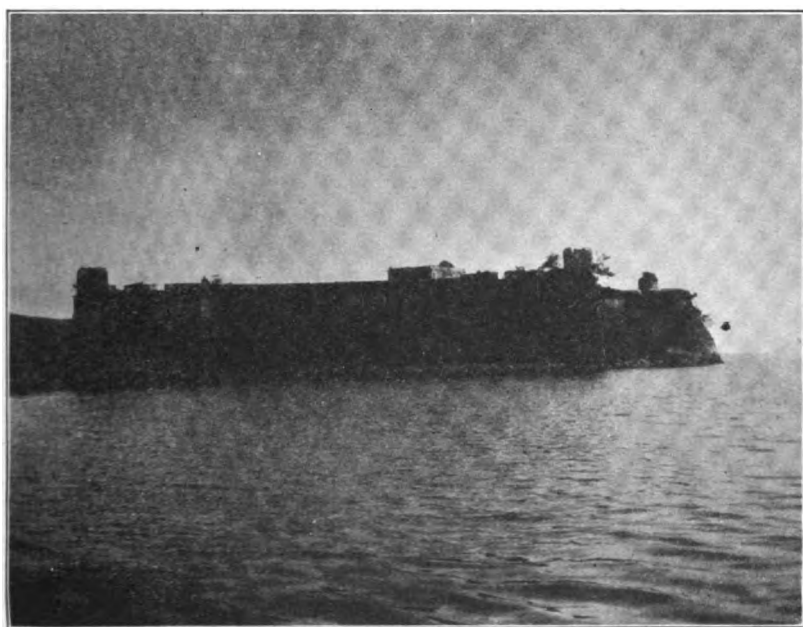
TWO PROMINENT HOUSES IN TAY TAY.

Moro pirates. It was for a refuge from these pirates that this old fort was built nearly two hundred years ago in this tiny, reef-protected harbor, on an island that even now is unknown to a large majority of American people although it is a part of our territory.

On the shore, just back of the fort, is another stone church whose roof has also fallen in; and back of this church is a small thatched bell tower with two very good bells of harmonious tones hanging in it. How long these bells have been silent it is difficult to say, but no priest now remains to carry on the work begun nearly three hundred years ago by the brave padres from Spain, and not

a Spaniard now lives in that almost forgotten village. But for the moss-covered and still massive gray walls of the fort and the crumbling ruins of the two churches one would never imagine that this tiny village of brown men had ever been inhabited by subjects of the kingdom of Spain.

In passing out of the harbor of Tay Tay we visited a small volcanic island of curiously weathered and water-worn limestone. Except for a narrow beach the sides of this island are almost perpendicular, and the cliffs are honeycombed with dozens of water-



THE SPANISH FORT AT TAY TAY.

worn caves. Many of these caves are of great beauty, resembling the interiors of stone churches; some extend far back into the dark interior of the island, others are lighted by openings at the top. Many of them are beautifully colored, and in an accessible region would doubtless be frequently visited by tourists, while in their isolated location it is possible that they had never before been visited by white men, unless in the old Spanish days. It is in these and in similar caves of this region that the natives obtain the edible birds' nests so highly prized by some, especially the Chinese. The natives are said to have claims on certain caves, and any one found stealing nests from another man's cave is supposedly dealt with as a thief.

These curious nests are built by swifts (swallows) against the walls of the dark caves much in the same way as is done by our common chimney swifts, except that instead of cementing a number of small twigs together by a kind of sticky secretion or saliva, the entire nest is made of the sticky substance which dries into a sort of gummy mass. This substance has but little taste, and why the wealthy Chinese should be willing to pay such enormous prices (\$12 to \$15 per pound) for it is hard to understand.

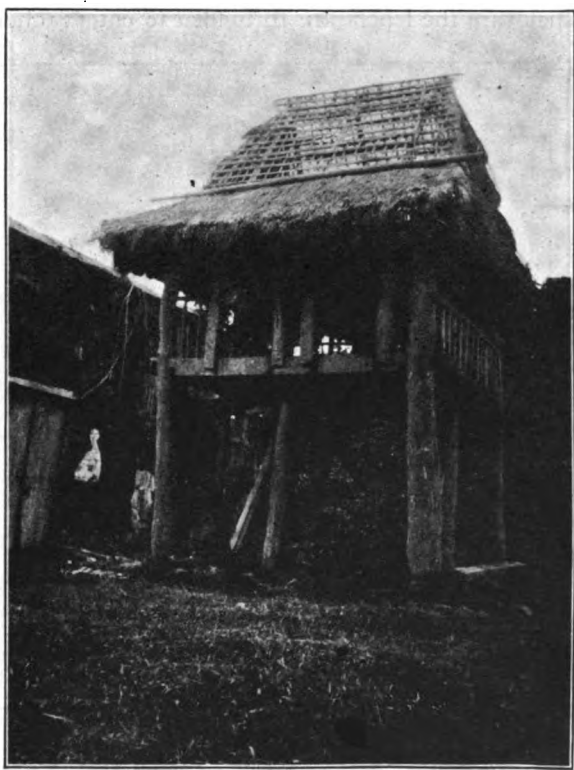


CHURCH WITHIN THE FORT.

It is said that the first nest the bird makes in the season brings the highest price because it is of pure material; this nest having been taken the bird builds another, but, having a diminished supply of the secretion, it introduces some foreign matter to help out, and this foreign matter, of course, makes the nest less valuable as food. A third nest may succeed the second, but it has still more foreign matter to still further diminish its value. That the collection of the

nests is attended with considerable danger is evident from the vertical, jagged walls of rock that must be scaled, either from below or above, to obtain them.

To those of us who lead busy lives in the centers of what we call twentieth-century civilization, life in a place so isolated from the rest of the world as Tay Tay seems impossible. Yet the inhabitants of this barrio are quite contented and fairly comfortable. They live "the simple life" indeed. While their resources are



BELL-TOWER OF THE CHURCH OUTSIDE OF THE FORT.

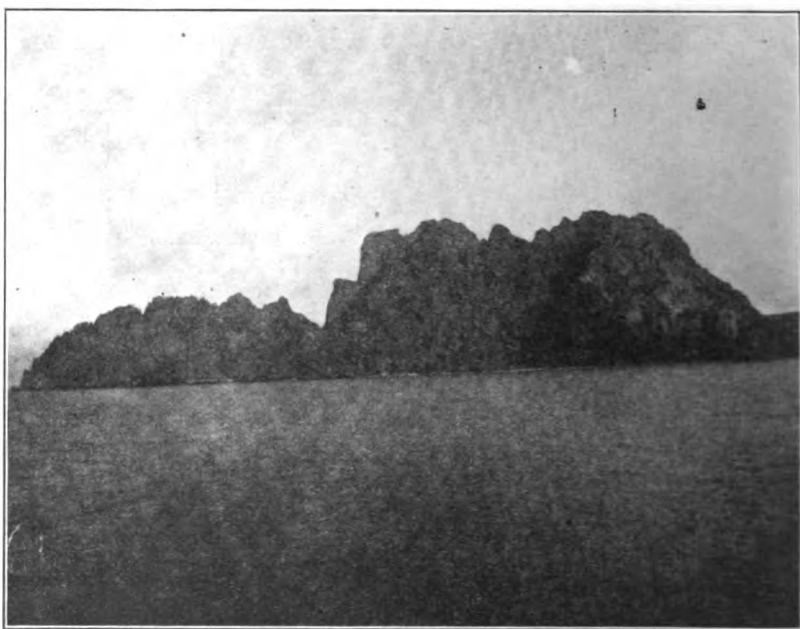
exceedingly limited their needs and desires are correspondingly few. They never suffer from cold and probably not often from heat or hunger; and they are not cursed with the ambitions that make so many of us dissatisfied with our lives.

It was early Sunday morning when the *Busuanga* dropped anchor in the harbor of Culion Island, one of the Calamaines group of the Philippines, and two or three of us were fortunate enough

to be invited to land, for an hour or so, to visit the leper colony that is said to be the largest in the world.

We were met at the tiny dock by the physician-in-charge, Dr. Clements, and by him escorted about the colony. This physician, who has spent long years in these eastern lands, gives the immediate impression of a man of quiet force, and the work he is doing in this seldom-visited island is as fine a piece of missionary work, though carried on by the government, as can probably be found anywhere.

Including the dock a few acres of the island are fenced off, and into this enclosure the lepers are forbidden to enter; otherwise they



ISLAND NEAR TAY TAY WHERE EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS ARE FOUND.

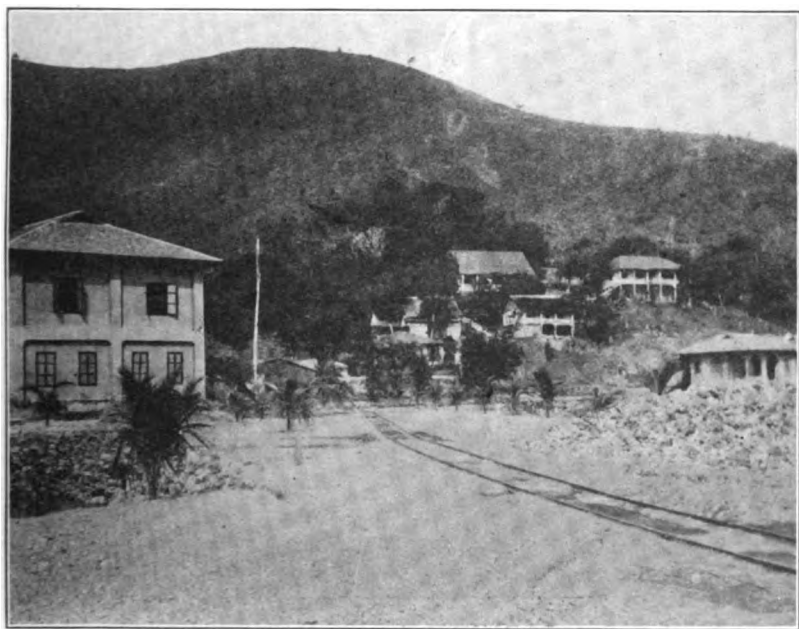
have the run of the island, but are not allowed boats for fear they would be used as a means of escape.

Within the non-leprous enclosure are located the residences for the doctors and other officials; the living quarters, kitchens etc. (all of concrete) for the non-leprous laborers; and various shops and other such buildings.

At the "dead line" fence between this and the leprous part of the island a Chinaman has a small store where the lepers can buy various articles such as may be seen in a small country store. The

articles are in plain sight, but the leper is not allowed to touch anything until he has decided to take it; he then drops his money into a sterilizing solution and gets his purchase. A more modern store is being arranged by the government that will soon displace the *Chino*.

Passing this minute store we entered the gate of the "forbidden city," and, though there is no danger from merely breathing the same air with lepers, it gave us a rather strange sensation to be surrounded by thirty-four hundred poor wretches who in Biblical times would have been compelled to cry "Unclean! unclean!" We,



DOCTORS' RESIDENCES AND OTHER BUILDINGS OUTSIDE OF THE BALCONY FENCE.

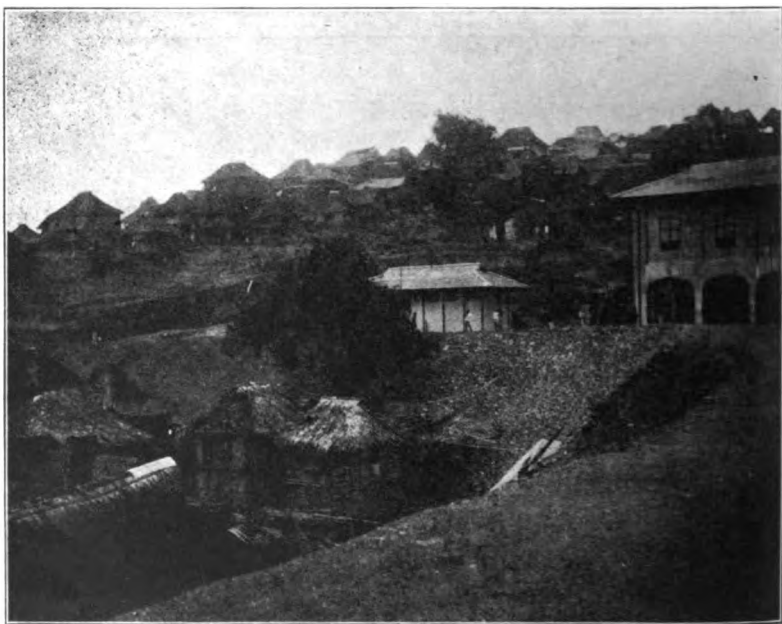
of course, did not touch anything within the colony, though the doctors do not hesitate to touch even the lepers themselves.

The colony proper is located on a small promontory looking eastward to the harbor and the Sulu Sea. At the end of this promontory is an old Spanish fort of stone with its enclosed church. Most of the Christian lepers are Roman Catholics, though there is a small Protestant church in the colony, in charge of a leprous native minister.

The lepers are brought from the various islands of the Philip-

pires to this colony so fast that it is with great difficulty that they can be accommodated; but all are made comfortable, in fact much more comfortable, in most cases, than they would ever have been at home. Except for homesickness, which cannot, of course, be avoided, they are quite happy, or as happy as any hopelessly sick people can be away from home and friends.

Fine concrete dormitories are supplied, but many prefer to build their own native houses of nipa palm and bamboo. A certain amount of help is given the lepers in building these houses on con-



CONCRETE DORMITORY AND NATIVE SHACKS.

dition that they first obtain a permit and build in the proper place in relation to the streets that have been laid out.

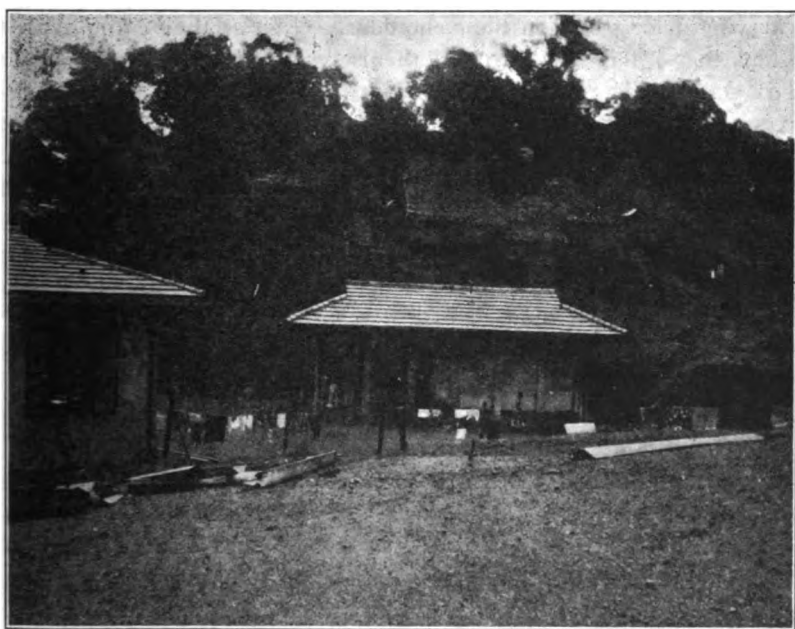
Besides the dormitories there are several concrete kitchen buildings where the lepers can prepare their food in comfort.

A plentiful supply of pure water is distributed by pipes to various convenient parts of the colony, and several concrete bath and wash houses are conveniently located. A concrete sewage system leads all sewage to the sea.

In this tropical climate it is, of course, unnecessary to provide any means of heating the buildings. At the time of our visit a large amusement pavilion was nearly completed where moving pic-

tures and other forms of entertainment will help pass the time for these poor wretches who have nothing to look forward to but a lingering death from a loathsome disease.

A large number of the patients who are in the incipient stages showed, to the ordinary observer, no effects of the disease. There were others who at first glance seemed perfectly normal, but on closer scrutiny revealed the absence of one or more toes or fingers. Others had horribly swollen ears; some had no nose left and were distressing objects; but it was not until we visited the various wards of the hospital that we saw leprosy in all of its horror. Here were



CONCRETE KITCHEN AND LAVATORY BUILDINGS AND NATIVE RESIDENCES.

dozens of cases so far advanced that they were no longer able to walk; they were lying on their cots waiting for death to come to their release. Some were so emaciated as to look almost like animated skeletons. Others, except for and sometimes in spite of their bandages, looked like horrid, partially decomposed cadavers. It was a sight to make one shudder and devoutly hope that a cure for this awful disease may soon be discovered. These extreme cases are cared for carefully and their last hours are made as comfortable as possible.

As we came out three Catholic sisters entered the women's ward to do what they could for the patients there.

Shortly before leaving the colony we were led to a small concrete structure (near the furnace where all combustible waste is burned), and as the door was opened we saw before us on a concrete slab four bodies so wasted and shrivelled that they seemed scarcely human. These were those who had at last been cured in the only way that this dread disease admits of cure. About forty per month are released by death, and those we saw were the last crop of the here *merciful* not "dread reaper."

At the back of the colony we met four lepers of incipient stages carrying a long box on their shoulders. Just as they came abreast of us they set it down, to rest themselves, and we saw that in the box was another "cured" leper. He was being carried to the cemetery not only "unhonored and unsung" but also "unwept": not a single friend nor relative followed his wasted body to its final resting place. After this pitiful spectacle, added to the horrors of the hospital wards, we were not sorry to turn our steps back toward the boat. As we passed through the fence at the "dead line," going *away* from the colony, we were compelled to wade through a shallow box of water containing a small percentage of carbolic acid which disinfected the soles of our shoes, the only things about us that had come in actual contact with the leper colony. In this way all visitors when they leave the colony are compelled, not to "shake its dust from their feet" but to wash its germs from their soles.

As an antidote for dissatisfaction with one's lot in life, or as an object lesson for the pessimists who claim there is no unselfishness in the world, or as an illustration of the value of the medical missionary, this little island, lying "somewhere east of Suez" between the Sulu and the China Seas, is not easily surpassed.

THE MISSING LOG-BOOK OF ST. PETER'S MISSIONARY JOURNEYS.

BY F. W. ORDE WARD.

LONG ago it was finely and indeed plausibly suggested that the Odyssey represented the log-book of some ancient Greek merchant captain. And it is by no means improbable that Homer, with his knowledge of the sea and his passion for it, was a sailor himself or a seafaring traveler and explorer, who wove into his wonderful epic the adventures of his hero at a time when legend and history

were one and the borderland between fact and fancy was peopled with strange imaginations and the two worlds overlapped each other. The visible and the invisible, the possible and the impossible, were not sharply divided then, and anything or everything might happen at a moment's notice. Inconsistencies and incongruities would not be noticed. As a matter of fact all old histories and myths, and no less all sacred books, abounded in flagrant contradictions. But logic was undreamed of, and poetry in art and science reigned supreme. If a tale was pretty and pleasing, if a marvel only stirred the mind or aroused the emotions of awe and admiration, it soon found a public and a permanency, and went from land to land, acquiring fresh embroidery as it passed. No one criticised, no one objected. Pity or fear or the sense of beauty was touched, and the inventions found a home in the hearts of men, by the marauder's camp fire and the shepherd's tent and at the hearth of the lowliest farmstead. There were giants in those days, but the thoughts of men were the thoughts of children.

Now, as every one can see for himself, the Acts of the Apostles, while being records of the early church, are to a great extent a log-book of St. Paul's missionary travels through the Greco-Roman world. Were these cut out of the book little would remain—it would resemble the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. In the Acts, as we have the chronicle, there is no real end apparent. It may fairly be conjectured that Luke intended to write a third book and give us some account of St. Peter's wanderings and evangelization.

Even from the beginning we find traces of various parties in the Christian communities. There was, we are expressly told, a Cephas party and a Pauline party, and even a Christ party, to say nothing of Apollos, but the Pauline party seems to have been much the strongest and most influential. They may have gone so far as to suppress any published account of St. Peter's missionary journeys and activities. We know that the two apostles had their differences, and St. Paul's more aggressive and enterprising character naturally inspired more enthusiasm and attracted a larger body of admirers and followers. In the Acts it is clear enough that the call for a crusade to the Gentiles was given not to St. Paul but to St. Peter. And none can have failed to wonder why the latter afterward disappeared from prominent notice, and how it was that the former "cuckooed" his rival out of his appointed office. St. Paul was no doubt the best speaker and the best writer, and carried all before him with his soul of fire and his infectious zeal.

Unfortunately, as Sir W. Ramsay has remarked, "The earliest Christians wrote little or nothing." Yet we may well believe that St. Peter wrote many more epistles than the first, of which alone we can be sure. Were these destroyed by the more vigorous and combative Paulinists? To say the least, it looks strange, and we may almost think startling, that after the consecration of his charge to the Gentiles and the vivid drama of his experience with Cornelius St. Peter simply drops out of the story and subsides into obscurity and insignificance, eclipsed by the exploits of St. Paul and silenced by the noisy clamor of the Paul party. In one chapter, the tenth, St. Peter is everything and from that point he becomes practically nothing.

And yet here and there we get bright glimpses of his energetic presence and power in the mission field. Even before his call, we discover him busily at work, Acts ix. 32, "And it came to pass, as *Peter passed through all quarters*, he came down also to the Saints which dwelt at Lydda," and we know he was intimate with the Hellenistic Jews. In the famous scene recorded in Acts xv., St. Peter himself in so many words claims with all boldness the apostleship to the Gentiles. He evidently smarted under the ascendancy of St. Paul and resented his somewhat selfish predominance. "Men and brethren, ye know how that a good while ago *God made choice among us, that the Gentiles by my mouth should hear the word of the Gospel and believe.*"

Anyhow we must all recognize here the presence of a problem which remains to be solved, and urgently demands explanation. Hitherto it has been entirely ignored and theologians have been more enamored of the *otium* than the *odium theologicum*, by a singular laziness in leaving a difficult question severely alone. The old proverb told us to let the sleeping dogs lie, but not the sleeping dogma "lie."

We gather little help from "The Preaching and Doctrine of Peter," "The Revelation of Peter," and the legends contained in the "Recognitions of Clement." Tradition alone can help us, though we may fairly read between the lines of Acts and expand hints thrown out here and there. Whatever we may think of the Pseudo-epigraphical literature, it seems absolutely certain that the wildest documents must possess a core of truth. Error can only crystallize round a nucleus of fact, and it is fact that keeps it alive, so that it sometimes appears almost imperishable. As the water-drop condenses out of mist and forms round a particle of dust—to which indeed, as Tyndall taught us, we owe all the beauty of our blue sky—

St. Paul was the stormy petrel of the infant church, pugnacious, it may be with a touch of epilepsy that so often accompanies genius and which eugenics would soon stamp out if ever carried into effect, and perhaps a little overbearing and unscrupulous in his missionary methods. But, if we may credit Jerome and Eusebius, St. Peter played even a larger part than St. Paul in the establishment and extension of Christianity at first, though his movements may have been considerably hampered by the companionship of his wife. Though even before his call to the Gentiles, he must have entertained very liberal views, as we know he was lodging for a time with Simon the tanner—that is to say, a man who conducted an unclean trade.

The date of the Acts is somewhere about 62 A. D. So the incidents related there must have been fresh in Luke's mind and memory, though he was plainly obsessed by the masterful personality of St. Paul. And if the author ever wrote a third book, it must have been suppressed at once by the strenuous Paulinists, that the more popular presentation of Christianity, which absorbed so much of the dearly loved mysticism from the East, might reign without a rival. But it is just possible that some day the explorer's pick and spade may unearth a lost Petrine Gospel or missionary log-book in the treasure house of Egypt and the receptive and retentive Fayum.

St. Paul once seems to have felt some conscientious scruples in Romans xv. 30: "Yea, so have I striven to preach the Gospel, not where Christ was named, *lest I should build upon another man's foundation.*" This can only refer to St. Peter's previous work in Rome, which was in the summer of 42 A. D. when he paid his first visit to the imperial city. In his earliest recorded speech at the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the Pentecost feast, he addressed "strangers of Rome" among many others, and there were probably some from the synagogue of the Libertines. His friendship with Cornelius and the soldiers of the *cohors Italica* must have given him a leverage for dealing with men from the governing center of the empire, and the liberty conferred by great benefits bestowed, almost equal to the advantages of his rival's Roman citizenship or freedom. Travelers, merchants, the *Graeculus esuriens*, the Stoic and Cynic itinerant philosophers, might easily have carried the news of the conversion of a Roman officer to the metropolis. It must even then have made something of a sensation at any rate among the Jews resident there, before the decree of Claudius. But when we consider how well the empire was policed and the great trade routes

patrolled by the central authorities, and how, though ages before the quick transit we now enjoy, vital communications were maintained by the imperial road-builders all over the length and breadth of vast regions and different continents, we may feel assured that the Gospel of Christianity was naturally introduced early into Rome. We need not for a moment suppose that St. Peter was the foremost to bring the good news. He found the rudiments of a church there on his first visit. St. Mark's Gospel should have been written about 44-45 A. D. And the earlier epistles of St. Paul throw little or no light on St. Peter's missionary movements. Nor does it appear likely that the document "2" if ever recovered *in extenso*, will assist our inquiries. But there can be no reasonable doubt that the second Gospel dates from Rome.

St. Paul, the supplanter, bulks so preponderantly in our oldest documents and overshadows every one else, though at the commencement of the Acts it is all St. Peter. He seems to have left Rome with Mark during the year 45, and was present at Jerusalem in the spring of 46. His imprisonment and the persecution of Herod Agrippa must have been a crisis in the apostle's life. Subsequently he made Antioch the center of his evangelistic work and may have founded the church there and even been its bishop. From this city, as a base of operations, he appears to have itinerated and preached to the Diaspora in Asia Minor. He may have visited Mesopotamia in the east, and Cappadocia and Pontus in the north, between 47 and 54 A. D. Tradition tells us that the apostle stayed twelve years in Jerusalem, and then they divided the Greco-Roman world among them. And to St. Peter Rome would naturally and inevitably fall, as he held a sort of acknowledged primacy. St. Peter and Barnabas were at Corinth later in 54, and he was co-founder with St. Paul of the church there. It is a pity our only letters to this lively and interesting city were by the latter. St. Peter may have written some also. Later on, he and Barnabas were in Italy and at Rome, 55-56, the second visit. How long he remained there we cannot pretend to say. But his third and last visit appears to have taken place in 63-65, his first epistle was probably written in 65, and his martyrdom took place in the summer of the same year.

We are beginning to learn now the importance of church tradition in general and local tradition in particular, as Mr. Edmundson has so convincingly shown in his Bampton lectures, the work of a true scholar with the insight of an historian and the grasp of a theologian, and in all respects an admirable and masterly book.

Our materials for the reconstruction of St. Peter, who never praised himself as St. Paul did, and for the recovery of his missionary log-book or itinerarium, are few indeed, but we can see at a glance that his was an active life, as energetic as his rival's and as fruitful. His wife also must have been equally zealous, if sometimes in hours of peril an encumbrance, and inspired with the same martyr spirit, or the apostle would certainly not have taken her about with him. In spite of only too few outstanding landmarks in his life there are no doubt terrible blanks between, which provoke speculation and invite conjecture. Jerusalem, Antioch, Corinth, Rome, perhaps Pamphylia, all have secrets to betray, and the catacombs are an unexhausted and inexhaustible mine for the seeker of hints. We want a theologian just now, like the philosopher Crates, who was called the "Door-opener." And we cannot in this sense agree with Hegel that "there is nothing behind the curtain other than that which is in front of it."

The beautiful story worked out at length in a great novel recurs to the mind at this point. We often find ourselves addressing the elusive missionary apostle in the words addressed to him by Christ—*Quo vadis?* "Whither didst thou go, and where are there abiding traces of thy pilgrim feet?" It is not beyond the bonds of possibility that even to-day there exist somewhere, tenaciously handed down from father to son through the intervening centuries, oral records of St. Peter's presence and teaching in the East. For the East has a long memory and a strong memory, and to it a thousand years are but a single day. The impression created by the apostle must have been tremendous from what we read in the fifth chapter of the Acts: "Insomuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them." Such an immense personality must have left living traces, and words that were new worlds in their creative force to multitudes of hearers. *Littera scripta manet*, we say now, but in the retentive East ever awake from its sleep to fresh mysteries and fresh revelations, it would be equally true to say *Littera dicta manet*.

We have reason to believe that St. Paul, though a saint, like many saints was a very quarrelsome man and brooked no rival near his throne. He could not agree with Barnabas: "And the contention was so sharp between them, that they departed asunder one from the other." And we know from St. Paul's own confession, that there was a breach or sad difference (and not of his making) which separated him from St. Peter also. We ought to face the

facts honestly. In spite of his undoubted inspiration, and the fact that he stands forth in history as one of the greatest figures that ever lived, St. Paul had the defects of his grand qualities, a temper that refused all opposition and crushed all resistance with an indomitable will. He was not a man to be lightly crossed or contradicted. St. Peter was too much like him, impulsive and fiery, for them ever to be lasting friends or co-workers in the mission field. Each naturally preferred his own way and took it at all costs.

All his life St. Peter must have felt that the charge committed expressly to him in the call of Cornelius and the conversion of the Gentiles was to a considerable extent stolen from him or impaired by the egotistic pretensions of St. Paul who was not even one of the twelve apostles and who therefore could never possess the authentic qualifications that were his—the gifts and graces of the Rock man—and stood on a lower level than that of the “pillars.” Notwithstanding his frequent self-depreciation, the “chief of sinners” did not always appear particularly modest. “For I suppose I was not a whit behind the very chiefest apostles.” Indeed 2 Cor. xii is rather painful reading, and also the twelfth chapter of the same epistle. Though he was “the least of the apostles,” and “less than the least of all saints,” he unquestionably magnified his office and also himself again and again. He blew the trumpet aloud in Sion and all over the Gentile world, but he took good care that every one should know who blew it. It is perfectly impossible to exaggerate the merits of this colossal man, one of the holiest and one of the most enthusiastic missionaries and pioneers that ever lived. But we dare not allow ourselves to ignore his faults, which were many and grave.

St. Paul was practically the founder of Christianity, while Christ himself was Christianity. But for better or worse, and sometimes for the worse, our religion has taken the mould impressed upon it by this giant in the faith. Brought up in the rabbinical schools and steeped in the Jewish mode of interpretation, soaked in the atmosphere of the old mystery religions and influenced beyond doubt, as we have shown elsewhere, by the Stoic philosophy, St. Paul gave a fatal curve to the message of the cross, and his teaching or construction of the Gospel—we had almost said his perversion—lies like a fatal shadow, as does that of St. Augustine, on the church in every land. If we only had the corrective and complement in St. Peter's Gospel in other epistles that have been perhaps irretrievably lost, or in his missing log-book of missionary

journeys, we should be all the richer and the world would be all the wiser.

The change in St. Peter's life after the crucifixion is indeed marvelous. The St. Peter before that cosmic crisis and the St. Peter after seem separated *toto coelo*. The perfervid, precipitate, rash and even reckless fanatic with his appeal to the sword, by that one little look of his Master was transformed into a sober and temperate and yet fearless professor of the faith and protagonist of the cross after the outpouring of the Pentecostal baptism of fire. He might indeed have received a double portion of the Spirit, if we may judge from his recorded words and splendid actions and the dominant part he took in the government of the infant community. He spoke, he worked, with the weight of an authority which St. Paul never commanded. He had sinned, and he had repented and been forgiven. The betrayal, the denial, so public and so repeated, had under the blessing of the divine pardon produced a glorious reaction and called a new world of spiritual possibilities into being. He had proved a second Judas. But in the fires of remorse he returned to his old grand confession stage, and mounted on his dead self the very highest things. Forgiven greatly, greatly did he love, and greatly did he serve for the remainder of his life. The martyr's spirit dormant in him from the first awoke at last, transforming the clay to gold, the mud to marble, and sending him forth as the leading captain of the cross with words that burned and shone. He moved along the road of illumination, with his eye forever on the vision and his face set toward heaven. The message of mercy, which he carried, uplifted him as well as ten thousands of converts. For he had been tried in the furnace as St. Paul never was, and his face bore the traces of his fiery ordeal. "If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God; if any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth; that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

St. Paul's agonies and raptures, the passionate experiences of the advanced mystic, find no counterpart in the sublime sanity of St. Peter's more inspired utterances. And though of course we cannot accept his second epistle, we feel the writer must have recognized the difference between the two evangelists. "As our beloved brother Paul, according to the wisdom given unto him, hath written unto you—as also in all his epistles, in which are some things hard to be understood." For no doubt St. Paul had never even harmonized the various strands of his doctrines, if indeed he always

understood himself what he said. It is plain that the final St. Peter was a far more modest and humble person than the impetuous man of Tarsus—they might almost have exchanged characters. We might venture to think that 1 Peter v. 3 was meant to be a quiet allusion to the autocratic egotism of his rival and fellow laborer. "Neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock."

St. Paul never seemed to forget himself; he was perpetually pushing to the front and (though of course unconsciously) advertising himself and his sufferings. Never man endured so much misery as he did—he positively died daily. The churches must have grown rather tired of his endless lamentations and intolerable woes. St. Peter merely said, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you. But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings."

PRO-ALLY LITERATURE.

BY THE EDITOR.

BEFORE me lies a pamphlet entitled *Germans in America* by Lucius B. Swift of the Indianapolis Bar. It is a paper read before the Indianapolis Literary Club, the first edition of which amounted to 5000, and we have now the second edition of 10,000. The purpose of the brochure is to increase the tension that pro-British interests have undertaken to produce between the United States and Germany, emphasis being laid on the reproach made to the hyphenated Americans for sympathizing with the Huns of Europe.

It is difficult to say whether the author's ignorance is greater than the malevolence with which he treats his subject or *vice versa*, perhaps both are equal. The innumerable errors and misrepresentations may be unintentional, but they are certainly displayed with a spitefulness which is most regrettable and can do no good whatever.

In his address Mr. Swift represents Germany as a land that stands for autocracy, and the Anglo-Saxondom of England as the stronghold of liberty. Here is a sample of the author's knowledge of Prussian history:

"The Teutonic Knights having conquered Prussia, became in-

subordinate and unruly, and a succeeding Hohenzollern of Brandenburg was given the job by a German emperor of bringing them to reason, which he did in a thoroughly Hohenzollern manner, with fire and sword. He was now Elector of Brandenburg and Duke of Prussia. These two provinces not originally German territory at all, but colonized by Germans, who mixed much Slavic blood, were combined into the kingdom of Prussia. The rule has always been and is to-day autocratic."

Every child who has studied German history in school knows that the emperor of the Holy Roman Empire had nothing to do with the German knights in Prussia. The knights elected the leaders of their order, and the last grand master of the order, a member of the Hohenzollern family, had been elected by his fellows. His knights did not become insubordinate and unruly, but on the contrary they ceased to be dangerous; they began to die out. The fact was that times had changed; the Middle Ages had passed and the era of the crusaders was gone forever. The order had recruited itself from the pious Christian aristocracy of the Fatherland, and the other orders, the Templars and Knights of St. John, had disappeared. The old members of the German knights died one by one and new ones did not present themselves to fill the gaps thus made. So the last master, a Hohenzollern, undertook a journey to the Fatherland to see why the German order had been forgotten. When he reached Germany, he heard of the Reformation and of the new spirit that had come over the world; he soon realized that the crusaders and knights errant had become out of date. The grand master of the venerable order became desperate: What was to be done? The advice given was "There is but one man who can help you, that is Luther." So he went to Wittenberg and saw the Reformer, Dr. Martin Luther. The result was the transformation of the order into a modern state. The grand master of the order became the head of the government and his followers changed from a band of crusaders into secular knights. No fire and sword was necessary, for the practical result was a number of merry nuptials. The grand master of the order and his celibate knights no longer felt themselves bound by their vows and so married.

History is not so bloody as Mr. Swift would make us believe, and the union between Prussia and Brandenburg came about through the fact that the line of Prussian Hohenzollern died out and their territory fell by inheritance in the most peaceful way to the elder line of Hohenzollern, represented by Frederick William, in history called the Great Elector of Brandenburg.

It is not worth while refuting all the misstatements of Mr. Swift. This one instance may be sufficient.

In contrast to the history of Prussia, English and American history are extolled, and our author says:

"There is in the German line no Magna Charta, no John Hampden, no Oliver Cromwell, no axe in the hands of the people descending on the neck of a traitor king, no king driven from his throne for betraying his trust, no Bill of Rights, no Declaration of Independence, no Minute Man, no Liberty Bell, no George Washington, no Abraham Lincoln. Of all these marks blazed during the centuries Germans in America to-day are apparently oblivious."

Is it really a disgrace that the Germans were not regicides? That no Hohenzollern made himself enough hated to be officially beheaded? Our author does not seem to know what the Magna Charta really stands for in history. The Magna Charta expresses the discontent of some nobles, and does not contain anything of a government of the people, for the people and by the people, but it sounds well to quote it as if it were a great accomplishment.

The coat of arms of the Lord Mayor of the City of London bears a dagger in remembrance of his method of dealing with Wat Tyler, the leader of the oppressed peasants. This assassination was officially approved by the king. That is the reverse of a Magna Charta, and it is characteristic of the English government that assassination for the sake of the ruling party is not considered a criminal act. Think of Findlay and Sir Roger Casement.

England is not the home of the Saxons, and its original inhabitants were not oppressed by the Anglo-Saxons but exterminated. It is true that Prussia was not German territory, but its Slavic population, the Mazurs, are yet living and have preserved their language to this day. In Brandenburg the people have become assimilated to German habits and culture; many Slavic names still survive in the aristocratic families of the country.

The home of the Anglo-Saxons was in northern Germany; the truth is that they brought thence their love of liberty which they developed in their own way. Mr. Swift recognizes it, but he believes that the Germans of Germany lost their liberty. He says:

"Yet we started even. If we go back to the Germans in the German forests the lines meet; for German tribes were self-governing. 'No man dictates to the assembly,' says Tacitus: 'he may persuade, but cannot command.' The Angles, the Saxons, the Jutes and the Frisians, uncontaminated by Rome, carried into England the ancient German freedom, the town moot, the hundred moot, the

folk moot. They swept Roman England free of inhabitants and of Christianity. When the movement was completed a nation of Germans occupied England, the only German nation resulting from the migration of the barbarians. They were pagans and Odin was their god. These were our forefathers. Out of this pagan German nation has come the English-speaking race of to-day. Although a multitude of times crushed to earth, they never forgot their republican institutions, their mass township meetings, their delegate meetings, and never lost their capacity to transact public business. War brought the king, but the king could not shake off the witenagemote, the predecessor of parliament. In their meetings the kicker kicked out his kick; there the officers, even the king, were called to account; there for centuries was carried on the stubborn fight of the people against oppression. These facts to-day apparently make no impression upon Germans in America. It is not necessary to trace how or when the Germans in Germany lost their liberties; they lost them."

It is not worth while to enter into the mazes of a confusion which seems to be intentional. Of further misrepresentations we will mention only one or two. If Bismarck when asked whether he would retain his office at the death of William I is represented to have answered that "he would on two conditions, the first of which was 'no parliamentary government,'" this is a positive error. In Bismarck's time the parliamentary government was not abolished, but when he molded the German constitution he introduced parliamentary government on manhood suffrage instead of according to the class system in use in the state constitutions, and Mr. Swift may know that manhood suffrage does not as yet exist in England.

I may be permitted to point out that the author's misrepresentation concerning the so-called conflict between King William I of Prussia and the Prussian legislature is astonishing. Mr. Swift describes it as follows:

"In 1861 Bismarck and the king wanted to enlarge the army but the legislature refused the money. They spent the money just the same, saying that the legislature by refusing to vote necessary supplies had laid down its functions and the king must take over the responsibilities that they declined to exercise. Having defied the constitution for years and spent the money, in 1866, after the seizure of Schleswig-Holstein and the victory over Austria, the speech from the throne announced, says Bismarck, 'that the representatives of the country were to proceed to an *ex post facto* approval of the administration carried on without appropriation act.' The legislature obeyed the order almost with gratitude for the opportunity. An

Anglo-Saxon legislature would have shaken the king over hell-fire, would have brought him to his knees in repentance, would have made him reaffirm every declaration of Anglo-Saxon freedom from Magna Charta to the Bill of Rights before granting forgiveness."

If Mr. Swift had happened to know the real facts he would be more careful in explaining why King William felt it his duty to enlarge the army in 1861. King William at that time saw the need of Prussia's preparedness because Prussia was endangered and faced the difficulty of serious conflicts which meant war. Either Prussia or Austria had to be the leader of Germany and the sword alone could decide. He recognized the necessity of preparedness which the delegates in the Prussian parliament did not understand. He foresaw the danger, recognized his duty to prepare his country for war, and seeing that the *Landtag* was opposed to the plans which with his better insight he knew to be indispensable, he had an interview with Bismarck and wanted to resign. But Bismarck tore up the resignation of the king which the latter had handed him and said, "A Prussian king does not resign," and then pointed out to him that the crisis was inevitable and the question was whether or not he would act according to his conviction. His duty was to do the best he could in the interest of the country, even if opposed by the representatives in the *Landtag*. Bismarck added, "I am willing to risk my life, and if you need me I will undertake the task for you."

That was the beginning of Bismarck's greatness. When the plan of William I proved to be right, when the wars had come and Prussian preparedness did its work, Bismarck did not stand up and declare, "We were right after all and we had better abolish the constitutional government." On the contrary, though history had justified the king's policy, he stepped before the *Landtag* and demanded "indemnity" for the breach of the constitution, and the *Landtag* freely and without opposition granted the indemnity. There was no threat nor any system of an autocratic influence, but an unequivocal recognition of the constitution.

What would William I have done if he had been an English king, or what should he have done in Mr. Swift's opinion? Would or should he have crawled before Parliament and said: "I obey your behests although I am positively convinced that you are wrong?" Should he have been cowardly enough to act against his own conviction? Should his conscience have been a negligible factor? On the other hand, if an English king had broken the constitution under the same conditions, would the English parliament

have forced him to his knees and humiliated the honor of their king who had proved wiser than the wise legislators? I hope the English parliament would have acted more sensibly than in the way proposed by Mr. Swift.

We are told that the Germans have lost their liberties, but the truth is that in Germany there is more personal liberty than in either Great Britain or America, and the enforcement of law and order is handled with more discretion and greater respect for personal liberty there than either in England or in the United States. This is well known to people who know the three countries, but pro-British people in the United States like to misrepresent facts.

The truth is that the emperor of Germany is not a czar nor does the aristocracy exercise any undue influence. Royalty in Germany stands for the old traditional institution of folk kingship. Among the Latin peoples the king was a ruler, the Roman name of the king was *rex*, but in Teutonic countries the king was the father. He was the authority to whom they looked as the representative of the whole people, of all that were akin, and so he was called "king," or *König*, the representative of the whole tribe, standing as their father or elder brother. The etymology of the word indicates that the main ideal of kingship among the Saxons and all the Teutonic races was very different from the Latin idea of the ruler of the people. The word "queen" was derived from the same root, which is noticed also in another spelling of the word, *quean*, meaning "woman." It means the woman or mother of the people, of all who belong to the tribe, who are kin.

As is known to all who know German conditions, the present emperor is still the folk-king in the old pre-historic sense, the father of the country; and his sovereignty has proved to be a modern development of this old traditional idea of the king as the father of the fatherland. There is no hatred between him and his people, for he is not a tyrant or oppressor of the people's liberty. On the contrary, he is looked up to as the defender of their rights and privileges, and he is this to all people, to those of old-fashioned conservative views, to the liberals, and even to the extreme radicals.

There is a little story which was published in several German papers which illustrates this truth, so little recognized in America. One of the Social Democratic delegates visited Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg. When the emperor heard of the presence of this extremist he said to the chancellor, "I should like to see him too," and the man was called back. While he was walking through the garden he was stopped by a sentinel who having received a hint that

everything was all right allowed the Social Democrat to go his way to meet the emperor. The latter had noticed the little scene and when his visitor turned after the conversation was over, the emperor called him back once more and said: "It may interest you to know on what kind of guards I have to rely for the protection of my person." When the delegate showed his perplexity in trying to understand what the Kaiser meant, the latter remarked: "All these sentinels whom you see throughout the garden are Social Democrats."

The truth is that every one in the German empire has a right to hold his own views and he may elect a conservative representative or a Social Democrat, but with all the radicalism of the Social Democrats the king might walk into one of their assemblies and they would hail him without exception. He would not be in the slightest personal danger. They might express their preferences for the introduction of socialistic principles into the laws or even for the introduction of a democracy as the best form of government, but they would feel that personally the emperor stands in the place of the representative of the nation, to whom they look up as children to their father. A nation needs a department which is commonly called the government or the administration, and it is pretty indifferent whether we call the man at the head of it *Kaiser* or *President*. The history of Germany has adopted the former title under the influence of contact with Rome and a deep-felt respect shown for Christianity. That the dignity of a Kaiser, or chief of the administration should be hereditary, or in other words that a family should be chosen to furnish the incumbants of this office is a secondary matter which may have its drawbacks but is not without good features. It renders the election campaign unnecessary and makes it possible that a man may be educated for his high duties so as to raise him above the very suspicion of using political intrigues to attain what the law of the country gives him as his birthright—an advantage which has in many respects worked well and has produced men who though born to a throne have done their governmental work in a most outspoken way as "first servants of the state."

This is a truth which is well recognized all through Germany, even in the circles of those who are professed Social Democrats and would prefer to have a republican form of government.

After all, the difference between a republic and a monarchy is not so important as is generally represented in republican states. The liberty of the people is not conditioned by the form of govern-

ment, but by the people themselves and the application of the laws. We Americans are in the habit of misrepresenting all monarchical governments with the possible exception of the English government, which is erroneously said to be like a democracy. But the truth is, there is more liberty, more independence, more freedom in Germany than in England, and the ideal of liberty has come down to us from ancient Germany. It is only in the misguided mentality of the present war that we are blind to facts and distort history in favor of our own and of British prejudices.

Another lecture by the same author is entitled *America's Debt to England*. He claims that our schoolchildren are taught that the foundations of liberty are based upon the revolution; they ought to know that "the fathers fought for the rights of Englishmen and won. They not only secured to us imperishable blessings, but they freed every English colony from a selfish colonial policy." Our author does not forget that Saxon freedom is a Teutonic heirloom. He says: "No youth should leave school without knowing that our Anglo-Saxon forefathers carried representative government from the forests of Germany into England."

The principle of a judgment by peers is an old Germanic law. When our author says "the germ of the jury appeared in France" he ought to have said in "the institution of the Franks," which is a little different, for it existed before France originated. Our author forgets to point out that Germany to-day is in many respects freer than the United States, and the laws by which it is administered are more than in England or any English-speaking nation a product of the people's will in a regular course of parliamentary methods and according to a logical system of acknowledging the inalienable rights of all people. There are more important and broader documents in the history of the European continent than the Magna Charta which contained little more of the spirit of liberty than did the claim of the southern slaveholders for the liberty to keep slaves, in which England supported them. Would it not be better to speak out bluntly that the Saxons are a Teutonic tribe and claim that they originated somewhere else and that the American revolution was not directed against England, but that England made this revolution against the Kaiser who threatend to take possession of the country by his Hessian soldiers who came here under the sly pretext of having been imported by the English government?

Mr. Swift's case is not an exception; it is typical of pro-British literature. Most of the essays and books that take the British side

in the present war betray gross ignorance and exhibit a curious bitterness toward Germany.

There is a common belief that truth will always prevail *in the end*, that lies have short legs; but *the end* is sometimes far away, and misrepresentation is as efficient as picric-acid bombs. They are not good weapons and may be efficient for a while only, but they are very powerful and their greatest drawback consists in the fact that they are mostly used by those whose cause is both indefensible and hopeless. Are we justified in drawing a conclusion from the obvious fact that pro-British literature (with very few, but no glaring, exceptions) is extremely one-sided, lacking in logic, based upon error and involving lamentable ignorance? Read the wild denunciations of the German cause, and Horace will speak out of the recollection of your school days:

"Difficile est satiram non scribere."

('Tis hard not to become satirical.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FIRST TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY EMIL BAENSCH.

Whenever good fortune brings within your view a ten-dollar bill, one of those yellow-backed ones called a Gold Certificate, take a good look at it. You will find on it the likeness of a gentleman of the old school, with these words underneath: "Michael Hillegas, First Treasurer of the U. S."

He was born in Philadelphia whither his father had emigrated in 1724 from near Heidelberg, in Germany. Pennsylvania was the Mecca of German emigration in the eighteenth century, as many as 12,000 arriving in one year. The elder Hillegas became one of the merchant princes in the city, and his prominence, as well as his inclination, rendered him a friendly adviser and helpful guide to the newcomers.

His death in 1749 transferred the management of his business to his son, then barely twenty-one years of age. An administrator's bond of forty thousand pounds and an inventory of personal property covering fifteen pages of the probate records, attest the value and extent of the estate. This was considerably increased under the skilful and energetic direction of the son. He acquired substantial interests in sugar refineries, iron forges, land companies, fishing companies, etc. He was one of the organizers of the well-known Lehigh Coal Company and was a charter member of the Bank of North America, still one of our strong financial institutions.

Like the father, the son became one of the leaders in the colony. In those days it was the custom to raise funds frequently for public purposes, even for the building of churches, by means of a lottery, and public confidence instinctively pointed to Hillegas as the proper manager. For ten years, from 1765

to 1775, he was a member of the provincial assembly, and an active and aggressive one. He was chairman of the important committees of public accounts and of taxation and was consulted in every move relating to the public finances.

When war was seen to be approaching he promptly enrolled in the militia, was placed on the Committee of Safety, and on the Commission to erect Fort Mifflin for the defense of the city. Saltpeter was a necessary material for warfare, and he was made chairman of the committee to procure a supply, and was also delegated to provide arms for the soldiers.

The finances of the young nation were at first in charge of a Board of Treasury, displaced in 1781 by a Superintendent of Finance, three years later by a Board of Commissioners, and in 1789 by the Treasury Department as at present constituted. Under each of these systems were the offices of Treasurer, Auditor and Controller, who were elected by Congress during the earlier years.

In July, 1775, Michael Hillegas was elected Treasurer and annually re-elected until the present constitution was adopted,—a period of fourteen years. His powers were gradually enlarged; he was authorized to borrow money and to issue and sign bills of credit; when the office of Treasurer of Loans was discontinued its duties were devolved upon him; when the Mint was established he was directed "to receive and take charge of all coin made by the Master Coiner."

His wealth enabled him to furnish the large bond required and to aid the public credit. His ability and business experience were a guarantee that the duties would be well performed. Proof of the faultless fulfilment of this guarantee is found in the fact that such men as Samuel Adams and Roger Sherman were among his warm supporters, and in the fact of his frequent re-elections, often by unanimous vote.

Thus from the very beginning, through the struggles of the Revolution, through the floundering of the Confederation, and until the nation was safely anchored under the Constitution, the official treasure of our people was entrusted to the care and guidance of this faithful and patriotic German-American. The first books he kept, a blotter, a journal, and a ledger, are now reverently preserved in the archives of the Treasury Department.

A few years after his retirement he was again drafted, serving as alderman of Philadelphia until his death in 1804. As such he was active in furthering the improvement and beautifying of what was then the capital of the nation. His leisure was devoted to educational and philanthropic matters, and the Pennsylvania Hospital is a landmark of his efforts. He left, surviving him, one son and four daughters, and his descendants are to be found among prominent families in the East, though the male line is extinguished and no one now living bears his name.

Hillegas was jovial and genial in temperament. He was expert with the flute and the violin, author of an "Easy Method for the Flute." John Adams writes of him: "He is a great musician, talks perpetually of the forte and piano, of Handel, and songs and tunes." Optimism and thrift breathe through the lines which he sent to his daughter, Henriette, on her marriage to Joseph Anthony of New York:

"No trivial loss nor trivial gain despise,
Mole-hills, if often heaped, to mountains rise;
Weigh every small expense, and nothing waste,
Farthings long saved amount to pounds at last."

AN EROS OF LATER GREECE.

The Metropolitan Museum of New York contains a beautiful bronze statue of Eros which dates from the Hellenistic period of Greek art. While not belonging to the strictly classical period this bronze is so typical of the traditional conception of the youthful deity that Professor Fox has chosen it for reproduction in his volume on Greek and Roman mythology (Vol. I of *The Mythology of All Races*, edited by Dr. Louis H. Gray and published by the Marshall Jones Company of Boston), and it is from this publication that we have taken it for the frontispiece of our present issue. The statue has been thus described by Miss G. M. A. Richter in her account of the *Greek, Etruscan and Roman Bronzes in the Metropolitan Museum of Art*:

"He is springing forward, lightly poised on the toes of his right foot. The left arm is extended forward and holds the socket of a torch; the right is lowered and held obliquely from the body with fingers extended. He is nude and winged, the feathers of the wings being indicated on the front side by incised lines. His hair is curly and short, except for one tuft which is gathered about the center of the head and braided.

* "This famous statue is one of the finest representations of Eros known. The artist has admirably succeeded in conveying the lightness and grace associated in our minds with the conception of Eros. Everything in the figure suggests rapid forward motion; but this is attained without sacrificing the perfect balance of all parts, so that the impression made is at the same time one of buoyancy and of restraint. The childlike character of the figure is brought out in the lithe, rounded limbs and the smiling, happy face."

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

Krieg dem Kriege is the title of a collection of German poems by W. L. Rosenberg of Cleveland, Ohio. The author, in this little volume of 188 pages, dwells for the most part, though not altogether, on the subject of war, especially the present war, and the tendency of his sentiment is toward the cosmopolitan and the universally human. In one poem Sir Edward Grey is criticized. "England's 'Holy Duty'" is the satirical title of another. "The German People" is characterized as a nation that has been forced into the war, and which fights for liberty and the reestablishment of peace. In "A Colloquy of the Czar in Tsarskoye Selo" the Czar receives news of the horrors of the battle of Tannenberg, where a whole army is driven into the swamps of Masuria; but such a little accident does not ruffle a Czar. The poem ends thus:

"Es war eben diesmal ein klein Malheur,
Et cela ne touche pas un empereur."

"The Two Brigades" describes the death-ride of two Russian cavalry brigades into the German lines, where they meet a tragic end. Following this is a poem telling the romance of two Russian lovers, in which a young lieutenant is followed by his sweetheart who in the disguise of a soldier acts as his attendant. Faithful to the end they meet death together on the battlefield, where the German surgeon discovers in the dying soldier a woman with a picture of the dead lieutenant by her side. There is a poem dedicated to the memory of the Social Democrat member of the German Reichstag, Dr. Ludwig Frank. He joins the army, not for the Kaiser but for the German people—the people that is surrounded by envious enemies. On page 15 we find a poem in the

style of the old Scottish ballad, in which King Albert is the leading figure. The Belgian people lament their loss of hearth and home, and their exile and destitution, and cry out to their king for the reason of these things. Following is an English prose rendering of the poem:

"Why is Belgium now German land?
And thou, why art thou banished from thy throne?
Why is thy army vanquished,
King Albert, King Albert?
Why are we refugees, far from home?
Whence comes this deluge of war with its horrors?
Wherefore our need and our lamentation,
King Albert, King Albert?

"Hath not thy heart shuddered
At this judgment on thy deeds?
Doth not thy conscience smite thee,
King Albert, King Albert?
And now when, over all the world,
The misery of Belgium is told,
How endurest thou the burden of thy guilt,
King Albert, King Albert?

King Albert speaks:

"The masters of France and of England too
Held Belgium in the palm of their hand,
And held it unabashed.
I was not king, I was but their thrall;
They knew neither justice nor right,
Naught but the thirst to strike Germany.

"As a buffer they used my Belgium,
And if I have lost my scepter and throne,
Ask England and France for the reason.
Bartered, betrayed, is the land of our fathers,
But there has arisen in our need an avenger,
And may he punish them both."

A similar poem addresses "poor, poor Belgium," and points to her king as the one who is responsible for her sad fate,—the king who has played *va banque* and proved to be a fool dressed in ermine. The poet expresses compassion for Belgium, but not for her king, who has deservedly lost his throne. War is, and will remain, the lot of mankind so long as there are rulers on earth (page 133), and so long as the belief in kings by God's grace prevails. K

PEACE OR WAR? The Great Debate in Congress on the Submarine and the Merchantman. Compiled from *The Congressional Record* by William Bayard Hale.

This volume is a concise report of the entire proceedings of Congress during the great war debate which lasted from February 17 to March 8, 1916. The whole debate extended to more than 450,000 words, but in abbreviating it for general reading the editor has been careful that every member of either House who participated should be represented, and in each case a conscientious effort has been made to retain the full strength of his argument. Mr.

Hale is a veteran newspaper man and not over-credulous. When looking over the *Congressional Record* he was so struck with the amount of important discussion of which the public has heard nothing through the newspaper press that he prepared this compendium for as general a circulation as possible. What he finds most clearly emerging above all the confusion of repetition and parliamentary detail is the preponderance of sentiment in both Houses in approval of the principle that the United States "must not yield to the prevailing mania, must not jeopardize the advantages of its position as the world's chief neutral power, must not be cajoled nor bribed nor taunted nor frightened into war, upon any pretext, on any ground, short of the most clearly unescapable, absolute and final." The Organization of American Women for Strict Neutrality is to be most cordially commended for its patriotism in undertaking the responsibility for the publication of so important a document. No one can read the report—and particularly the Senate discussion of the Gore resolution—without having his confidence strengthened in the intelligence, sanity and patriotism of the legislative branch of our national government, whether the opinion he gains at the same time of certain executive acts of the present administration be a favorable or unfavorable one. The issues there under discussion are now matters of history, but as history this discussion still retains its interest.

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It is pleasant to see an increasing interest in Lao-tze's *Tao Teh King*, and therefore we welcome a new translation of it by Dr. Isabella Mears, published by William McLellan and Co., of Glasgow, in 1916. The task is not an easy one, and so we need not be disappointed if the author makes mistakes; we must be satisfied if the spirit of the original is appreciated and often satisfactorily rendered into English.

Not wishing to go into detail we will incidentally mention a positive error in Chapter XVII where the omission of the negative spoils the sense of the original. Lao-tze means to say that good rulers govern the people so that their government is not noticed. Thus Dr. Mears's translation says what Lao-tze wanted to deny. She says: "In ancient times the people knew that they had rulers."

One main point of Dr. Mears's version is the wrong translation of the negative *wu* by spirit or inner life. It may happen that sometimes the negation of material or external qualities may denote "spirit" or the higher features of the inner life, but it seems to me preferable to translate an ancient book of a marked originality rather than to interpret it. But we repeat that a translation of Lao-tze is difficult.

κ

We publish on the next page a new national hymn, "God For Us," words and music by Charles Crozat Converse. We wish it Godspeed, and will only add that it will be suitable for general use on patriotic occasions.

GOD FOR US

Words and Music by Charles Crozat Converse

DEDICATED TO

THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

BUGLE PRELUDE

Spiritedly



Spiritedly March Style

1. God for us, — Our na - tion's hope is sure;
 2. Hand in hand We form the na - tion's bounds;
 3. God for us, Our un - ion e'er shall be,

God for us, — Our na - tion shall en - dure.
 God for us, The na - tion's song re - sounds.
 Peace, good - will, A true fra - ter - ni - ty.

His the praise For our pros - per - i - ty,
 With one flag O'er land and lake and sea;
 Un - ion's might, When God the lead - er is;

GOD FOR US (Continued)

His for peace and for u - ni - ty.
One in heart, one in fe - al - ty.
Wins for free - dom all vic - to - ries.

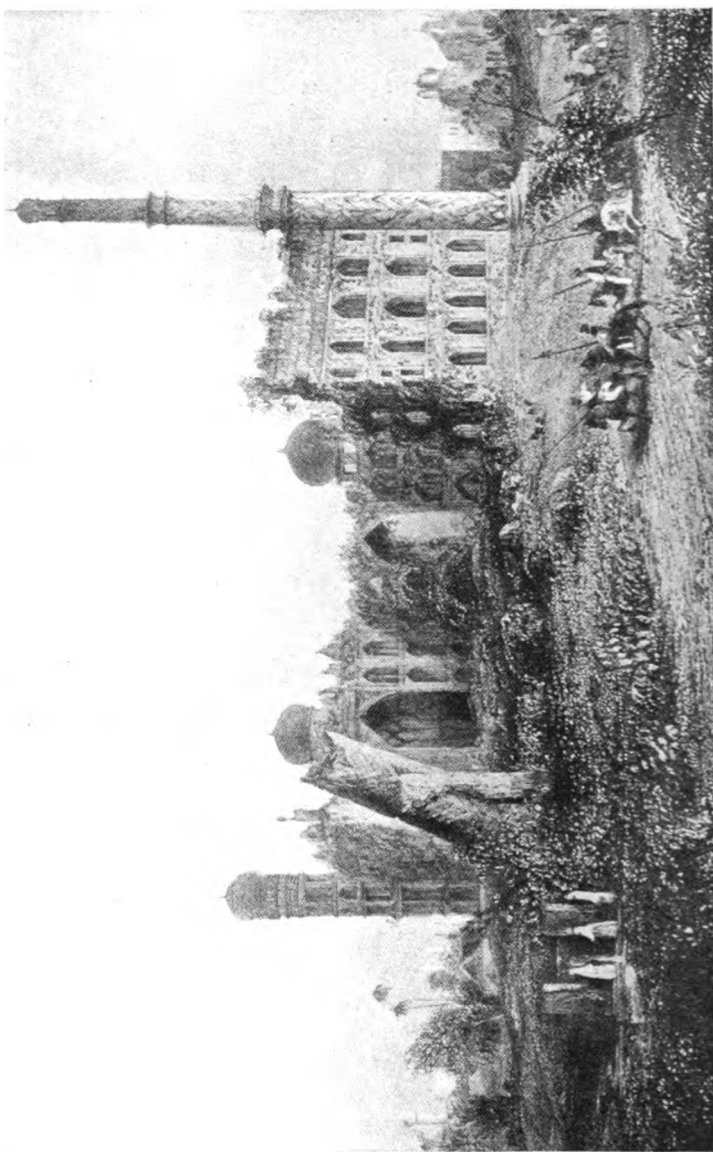
CHORUS

North and South, and East and West, Sing

God and Un - ion; Home and Lib - er - ty, God for us.

BUGLE INTERLUDE

BUGLE INTERLUDE



MOSLEM COLLEGE AT BIDAR.
After Law, *Promotion of Learning in India*. (See page 767.)

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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ON THE DAY OF THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.¹

BY ANTONMARIA LUPI.

[TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.—Scholars are well aware that the birth of Jesus has been assigned to every month of the year; and reference is sometimes found (e. g., *Encyclopædia Biblica*, 3346) to an article in which the whole matter is canvassed, though in a work not easily obtained, and never translated into English.² It has so much curious interest for the student that I offer a translation, endeavoring by both phrase and typography to reproduce something of the quaint formality of the original.

The author was celebrated in his time as a man of vast and varied learning. Born at Florence in 1695, he entered the order of Jesuits, and from 1733 till his death in 1737 he taught rhetoric in the Jesuit Collegio de' Nobili at Palermo. Here was also one of those academies so famous in the Italy of the Renaissance and later, the *Accademia dei Pastori Ereini* (this fanciful name apparently signifies "Shepherds of the Eraei Mountains," lying back of Palermo), of much repute in the literary life of the time. He was appointed to pronounce an academic discourse before this society on the festival of the Nativity in 1734, and again in 1735. On the former occasion he read a learned dissertation on the year of the Saviour's birth; and on the latter, the one given here. He planned a third on the same general topic, but his unexpected death prevented.]

THE year is now exactly fulfilled, most learned Coryphæus, most gentle Fellow-shepherds, the year, I say, is now exactly fulfilled, since I, chosen by You to discourse in this Assembly so renowned, and so learned, on the Mystery of that divine Manifestation, called to our minds by the Church in the present solemn Festival, undertook to examine in the most certain light of Chronology which was exactly the year, which the fortunate day, on which the Eternal Word, assuming our feeble frame, first vouchsafed to show

¹ Translated by Earl Morse Wilbur.

² *Dissertazioni, Lettere, ed altre Operette del chiarissimo Padre Antonmaria Lupi Fiorentino. Faenza, 1785. I, p. 219.*

himself amongst us. And as for that part of the question, which regarded the year of the sublime Nativity, I demonstrated (if I can not say the truth, yet I believe at least the probability) that the great benefit was conferred upon the World under the Consulate of Decimus Laelius Balbus, and of Caius Antistius Vetus, in the nine and thirtieth year of the Reign of Augustus, five years and seven days prior to that, which by us is reckoned as the common Era. But that part of the question, which must needs be made clear, determining the month, and the day of the divine Birth, was left undecided, awaiting the researches of more able Speakers, I being prevented by scantness of time from possibly undertaking at that time the difficult investigation. Now therefore, as your reverend commands require of me, that I return afresh to discourse of the great Mystery; methinks I can not forbear to complete that work, of which I had already planned the outline; and to set forth in clear light which one amongst all the days of the year that was, on which it pleased God, made man, to shed luster by his wondrous Birth at Bethlehem. We come however in our search into the midst of a very forest of opinions, various indeed, and conflicting; and though forsaken by the light of Astronomy, and of History, on which Chronology so much relies, we perceive at least what must seriously be maintained in harmony with Ecclesiastical Tradition.

I scarcely know, most learned Academicians, whether there be found in any of the periods renowned in Sacred Story less agreement among Writers, than in this, as to fixing, not the year only, but the month, and the day of the Virgin Birth from Mary. There is not a month in the year, unless perhaps July be excepted, that hath not found supporters, who proclaimed it as the Natal month; nor is there a day, so to say, in the months, that hath not been ambitious to be adorned with dignity so fair. January was amongst the first to have eminent supporters of its claim. John of Nicaea, an ancient Greek Writer, cited by Père François Combefis,³ an eminent Scholar of the Order of Saint Dominic, in the supplement which he published to the *Library of the Greek Fathers*, witnesseth, that it had been the opinion of Saint James the Apostle, that the Saviour was born on the sixth of January, whereon the Church celebrates the Mystery of the Epiphany. It may be said of a surety, that this conviction was very ancient; seeing that the Christians of Egypt celebrated the Festival of the Nativity on this day, as Cassian,⁴ a celebrated writer, recorded; and the Church at

³ *Novum auctuaris*, Vol. II, p. 297.

⁴ *Collationes*, X.

Jerusalem likewise so noted in its Calendars; the which is attested by an Egyptian Monk Cosmas, surnamed Indopleustes, by reason of the voyage that he made to India; as we have it in the Text of this Writer, brought to light, no long time since, by Père Dr. Bernard de Montfaucon, a celebrated Antiquarian of the Order of Saint Benedict; and many of the ancient Christians were of this persuasion, as to which authentic and undoubted witness is borne to us by Saint Epiphanius.⁵ The most ancient Heretics, followers of the fanatical Basilides, also themselves proclaimed January as the Natal month of Christ, as did the Churches in Egypt, in whose bosom they themselves were born; but afterwards disagreeing with the Catholics even in this, they kept as the anniversary of this Festival the tenth day of the aforesaid month. To this witnesseth Clement of Alexandria, a most ancient and authoritative Writer, in the first book of his *Stromata*.

There was none among the Ancients that had imagined, that the divine Word had wished to select for his Nativity the month of February. But there hath been found among the modern Critics beyond the Alps one that hath not hesitated to assert, that the Saviour was born about the middle of that frozen month. In favor of this view Johann Albrecht Fabricius in his *Bibliographia*, Chapter x, citeth Johann Christoph Wagenseil,⁶ but as I have not succeeded in finding the Works of this Writer, even so have I not so much as been able to learn what reasons determined him to this conclusion.

March hath on its side a Critic far more renowned and of greater repute than was Wagenseil, Samuel Bochart having declared himself for March in his *Hierozoicon*,⁷ a Man the most highly accomplished in the Oriental Tongues whom the Protestant party hath had. But this Author showed himself as weak in supporting this view as he had formerly been happy in many of his ingenious conjectures; wherefore on this point he hath remained singular, or at least without any adherents of repute.

And now, O most gentle Fellow-shepherds, we are come to the most delightful month of Spring. Certain unknown, and mayhap ignoble Innovators in Egypt would fain have acclaimed the month of April for its contribution to human joys, as witnesseth Clement of Alexandria, *Stromata*, I., wherefore they declared that

⁵ *Haeres.* 51. This opinion hath at length been called in question by Père Magnan in his *Problema de anno Nativit. Christi*, p. 328.

⁶ In *Sota*.

⁷ Liber. II, 44.

the 24th day, or the 25th of the month *Pharmuthi*, which correspondeth to the nineteenth, or the twentieth of our April, had been that happy day, on the which there blossomed forth the fair flower from the Root of Jesse. Yet this opinion, the untimely offspring of a disordered mind, rather than the child of sound Learning, died with its sponsors; so that during the course of fifteen centuries the memory of it scarce remained in history, save in the report of the renowned writer. But it is indeed true, that to our unhappy age hath fallen the miserable distinction of seeing bud forth afresh an opinion so ill rooted. One writer, in religion a Protestant, who concealing his own name, wished to be called *Temporario*, in a Work on Chronology, which he published, having placed the Incarnation of the Word in the hottest months of Summer, afterwards placed the Nativity in the season of Spring. More recently yet, that is in 1710, there issued from the press in London a little Work on the year, and on the Natal month of Christ, with the name of Peter Allix⁸ Professor of Theology. Now in this work an attempt is made to re-establish upon foundations slender, and ill constructed, the old and abandoned view that the Lord was born in April.

They have been more in number, but not more happy, nor of better repute, that have favored May. There hath shown himself inclined to May the modern Writer just now cited, Peter Allix: and the above-mentioned Clement of Alexandria relateth,⁹ that certain, who were rather curious investigators of what is new, than wise discerners of the truth, had said, that on the twentieth day of May, amongst the roses and the flowers, the Great Nazarene was born. There held to this opinion with the passage of years, and for the most part embraced it, an unfortunate sect of heretics, precursors of Arianism; who, persistently denying the Eternal Word, were by the Catholic party called by the opprobrious name of Alogi. These Alogi then (as Saint Epiphanius stateth in his list of heresies, at the fifty-first Heresy)¹⁰ divided into two factions: the one held that the Saviour had appeared amongst us on the twenty-second of May; the other party of them later celebrated the Nativity on the twenty-first of June. You could scarce decide,

⁸ Vide *Memoir de Trevoux*, ann. 1715, p. 1299.

⁹ *Stromata*, I, and also more recently Alfonso des Vignoles, Vol. II. *Bibliothecae Germanicae*, p. 71.

¹⁰ *Haer.* li. I am disgusted that so disgraceful and detestable a company should influence M. de le Nauze, who in a dissertation quoted in abridged form in volume v. of the Paris Royal Academy of Inscriptions, p. 149, Amsterdam edition, 1741, maintaineth that the Birth of J. C. fell on the 25th of May. See Père Magnan quoted above, p. 333.

which of the two factions argued the more imprudently, seeing that the holy Writer hath not deemed their reasons worth relating.

The month of July lacketh (as we have said) any pretensions, or champions. August also lacked them; had not that same Johann Christoph Wagenseil,¹¹ who had taken February under his protection, declared himself also for August, pointing out, that it seemed to him probable, that it was at the end of August that the Virgin Birth had taken place.

As for September it is true that many Chronologists, and they of high repute, have come to believe it the natal month of the Desire of the Nations. The misfortune is, however, that the greater part of these Writers, discredited in the Catholic party by their blind enlistment on the side of the modern Heresies, at once put those of intelligence in mistrust, whether this opinion too be not the sooner espoused out of desire to oppose the Church of Rome, than because it is supported on foundations, which one may regard as solid and firm. Perhaps the first to advance this conjecture was Matthaeus Beroaldus, a very ardent Calvinist, who in the fourth book of his *Chronology* at the second chapter assigned the general season of the Winter Solstice to the divine Incarnation, hence setting the admirable Nativity forward to the Autumnal Equinox, about the twentieth of September, or toward the beginning of October. This novel view was embraced with applause by the parties opposed to the Church of Rome. In favor of this view Andreas Osiander, a Lutheran Heretic, declared himself; so did also Joseph Scaligar, and Sethus Calvisius, themselves also Calvinists, and vehemently defended it in their works on Chronology.¹² This view was brought to light anew in the past Century by two English Writers, who published Commentaries on the New Testament, Works esteemed in their own sect, and not undervalued by others. Of these the first was Erasmus Schmid,¹³ who contenting himself with placing the divine Nativity in September, but without fixing the day, left to John Lightfoot,¹⁴ who is the other, of whom I was speaking, the glory of fixing the Natal day of Christ on the fifteenth of September. Not for this day in particular, but certainly for the month of September, Samuel Basnagius showed himself inclined, a French Calvinist amongst the refugees in Holland, in his *Exercitationes* against Cardinal Baronius;¹⁵ in the which I doubt not, that he has

¹¹ In *Sota*.

¹² In the appendix to *Opus de emendat. temporum*, and in *Isagogici Canonnes*, lib. iii., annot. 101, 102.

¹³ *Ad Joannis* iii. 30.

¹⁴ *Ad Lucae* ii. 7.

¹⁵ *Ad ann.* xxxvii.

been followed by other Writers less celebrated, of whom I can give you no account.

Up to now, however, this strange opinion hath been confined to the Heretics, amongst whom it had its birth, but hath little interested the Catholics, who have not deemed it worthy of serious refutation; save that at the close of the past Century it was adopted, and ably defended by a Catholic Writer, a Man, to whom not alone France, that bore him, but the whole World of Letters, hath done the justice of believing him a person of really extraordinary, and perhaps unapproachable, erudition. This is that Père Jean Hardouin, who hath so greatly adorned both his own age, and my Religious Order, with the immensely great extent of his Learning; but who at the same time (if I may be suffered the liberty, my Hearers, of speaking thus of a Brother in mine own Order, whom I in other regards so highly revere, and so deservedly admire)—but who at the same time, I say, much tarnished his own lustre by showing himself at times a little too venturesome in conjecture, and a little too set in defending his conjectures. Now this author, in a book of his entitled *Antirrheticum*,¹⁶ wherein he maketh reply to sundry objections, with which he had been faced by a certain clever Antiquarian touching the knowledge of some ancient Medals, declared himself for the opinion, that the Redeemer had been born in September, and he employed all the penetration of his wit, and all the abundance of his erudition, in supporting this opinion, and in undermining its contrary, so Commonly received and so ancient in the Church. It would be an interesting thing to learn one by one, and to examine carefully all the reasons, which he adduceth, partly of his own invention, partly adduced by Authors, who have defended this opinion before him. But one can not embrace all within the brief space prescribed to the speaker by the wise rules of this Assembly.¹⁷

We proceed then the rather to mention the opinions, which favor the other months. To October incline almost all those, that favor September; whence to the beginning of October the honor of the divine Birth is willingly conceded by Beroaldus, Scaliger, Calvisius. It appeareth also to Fabricius, that to this month inclined Isaac Casaubon, a great Scholar among the Huguenots of France, and Matthias Wasmuth, a writer celebrated among the English.

¹⁶ *Antirrhet.*, *de Nummis antiq.*, p. 65.

¹⁷ I will say, however, that this extravagant opinion was confuted by the renowned Monsignore del Torre in his *Antichità di Anso*, and finally by the above cited Père Magnan, p. 336, sqq.

More ancient are those that favor November. Certain are referred to by Saint Epiphanius, who would have the Saviour born on the eighth of that month. For the eighteenth it would appear, that Clement of Alexandria held, an Author so ancient, and so highly esteemed. Nor among moderns hath there been difficulty in finding those who subscribed to these otherwise so little plausible opinions; and in fact, that the Saviour was born in November was defended, no long time since, by Salomon van Til, in the little Work, which he wrote on the year, month, and day of the Nativity of Christ.

The happiest, however, and the most commonly accepted among all the months of the year is the month of December, for which all the Churches of the East, the West, the North, the South, have as it were with one accord declared, and have during the long course of quite seventeen Centuries recognized, and praised as worthy of human redemption the twenty-fifth day of the same: a day, on which the Word made flesh vouchsafed to appear clad in our lowly nature. You may well have discovered, most gentle Fellow-shepherds, that I already hold to this, which is not exactly an opinion (saith Albinus Flaccus in his book *De Divinis officiis*), but indeed a doctrine of the Catholic Church: a doctrine which hath been planted within my bosom not merely by the reverence, with which Ecclesiastical Traditions deserve to be regarded; but by the most firm persuasion, which I hold, that they have wandered from the truth, who on this point thought otherwise. Tell me, most reverend Hearers, and do justice to my choice. Among a host of conflicting opinions, the most of which are seen to be founded rather upon caprice, and on the lust for innovation, than on the sincere, and loyal search for the truth; lacking as we do any chronological evidence, drawn either from Astronomy, or from History; is it not required by every law of sober Criticism, that that judgment be preferred, which hath in its favor the testimony of the most ancient, and the most revered writers of the Church; that one which amongst all Nations, so to say, and through almost all the Centuries was considered as the only true one, the only one handed down to us by the Apostles; that one, which is supported by all the most favorable conjectures; that one, against which no objection can be brought forth, which is not weak, and merely specious? Now such is precisely the common judgment in the Church touching the fortunate day of the Birth of the Saviour. The other opinions referred to are almost all opinions, whose origin, whose currency, whose duration, are known to be narrowly restricted and limited; they are

opinions based often upon arbitrary grounds, often upon the feeblest conjectures, advanced by few Supporters, and they of slight consideration. Where on the other hand is there one, who could now fix the beginning, who could prescribe the limits, who could report the testimonies, which buttress the judgment of the Church? Take, saith Cardinal Baronius,¹⁸ take the Martyrologies, and the Menologies of the Greek Churches, and of the Latin Churches; I might also add, take the Liturgical Books of the Syriac Churches, the Armenian, the Ethiopian, the Coptic, the Illyrian: those will be found, it is true, to differ the one from the other, and from us in points not seldom essential to the Dogmas of Faith; but you assuredly will find no diversity of judgment on this Tradition as to the Natal day of Christ. You will not find that any Church remembereth the particular time, when the festival of the Nativity was fixed for the eighth day before the Calends of January, thus discovering the beginning of the universal Tradition; a patent sign that this commenced with the very commencement of the Church. Jan Gerard Vos¹⁹ was for thinking, that the determination was not taken before the third century, to adhere to the twenty-fifth of December for this Festival, and that this was decided upon to the end of removing the differences, by which the Churches, in particular those of the East, disagreed among themselves in celebrating the anniversary of a Mystery, of whose precise day the Faithful had no knowledge. But beyond the fact that these differences were not so great, as some now would have it appear, Saint John Chrysostom²⁰ more certainly informed on this matter than Vos was, certainly doth not admit this ignorance of the Natal day of Christ among the Faithful of the first two Centuries. Saint Peter, and Saint Paul, and the other disciples of the Lord, he saith in the Homily, which he delivered on this Festival, taught in the Church that Jesus was born on the 25th of December. *Non sunt nostra, quae loquimur* (thus runneth the text of the Saint in the beautiful version, which was made by Père Fronton le Duc) *Non sunt nostra quae loquimur: majorum sententia est: a Petro, & Paulo, ceterisque Discipulis Christi Ecclesiae hoc didicerunt*. As something taught by the Apostles it is referred to in the book of the Apostolic Constitutions by that Compiler, whoever he may have been, who passeth under the name of Saint Clement,²¹ and who however

¹⁸ In *Notae ad Martyrol. die 25.*

¹⁹ *De tempore Natalis Christi*, p. 1, cap. ult.

²⁰ *Homil. de Nat. Domini 31. de diversis Testamenti locis inter editas a Frontone Duc.*

²¹ *Lib. v, Constit. cap. 12, 13.*

unknown, yet by confession of all is certainly most ancient, and of highest authority in the Church. Euthymius, and Nicephorus Gregoras, Greek Writers, cite a Sermon of Saint Evodius, that Saint Evodius contemporary with the Apostles, who succeeded Saint Peter in the Cathedral of Antioch.²² Now in this Sermon it is clearly stated that the Virgin Mary brought forth on the twenty-fifth of December. I know that modern Critics have difficulty in believing this Sermon the production of an Author so ancient. But yet even these recognize him for very ancient; nor do I think it a reason for doubting its genuineness, that it fixeth the precise day, on which the Eternal word in the cave at Bethlehem cried as a Babe. Clement of Alexandria himself, could not deny, though he held to November, that his opinion was counter to the opinion of the Churches of the East, and of the West, in the third Century; and the beauty of it is, that on this point the conviction of the Churches was also reinforced by the public records of the Gentiles. In fact about the middle of the second Century Saint Justin the Philosopher and Martyr in the second Apology, which he wrote for the Christians, and presented to the Roman Rulers, and to the Senate, speaking of the Census, and of the Enrollment of Judea made under Quirinius, by occasion of which Enrollment the Virgin betook herself to Bethlehem, where she was to bring forth the Desire of the Nations, appealeth to the original books, where this Census was described, preserved in the public Archives in Rome. So that the Faithful of that City were able, by consulting those records, to see whether they were altogether in agreement with that, which the Churches also maintained, touching the time of the divine Birth. To these very Archives appeal was made at the beginning of the third Century by the great Tertullian.²³ Of these divers authentic notices of the day of the Nativity, Saint John Chrysostom spoke in the fourth Century; wherefore the Fathers of the earliest Church knew in what month the Lord was born, not only through teaching given by the Apostles; but because that came to them attested also by the public records, drawn from the Pagan Archives. We must not wonder after this at the universal sentiment of even the Eastern Fathers in the fourth Century, and in those that followed. In fact, both the Anonymous Author of the Work, which is called Imperfect, and Hippolytus an ancient Chronologist of Theban birth,²⁴ of some

²²In Serm cui titulus φῶς Lumen.

²³Lib. iv., *contr. Marcion*, 7.

²⁴*Hom. 9 in Matth.* ἐπὶ Αυγούστου Βασιλέως γεγέννητας ὁ Χρῖστος ἐν σπηλαίῳ μινός Δεκεμβρίῳ κέ.

fragments of whose writings found in the Vatican Library Emanuel a Scheelstrate tells us, and Saint Gregory of Nyssa; *Cum nocti ad longitudinis, summum propectae nulla fieri potest accessio, tunc nobis in carne apparit, qui cuncta complectitur*. Saint Gregory of Nyssa, and Theophylact, and a hundred others that might be mentioned, all agree in attesting this Tradition; counter to which there is found no Writer amongst the Greek Fathers, save possibly Saint Epiphanius, whose opinion however neither appeareth clear, nor escapeth being sharply assailed by Saint Jerome. Nay the Church at Antioch, in which, when the ancient records had been lost, there had arisen some uncertainty touching this point, had in the fourth Century documents of the highest authority from the Churches at Constantinople, and at Rome, by which to assure itself of the truth; as was preached to the Innovators with defiant jubilation by Saint John Chrysostom.²⁵

The Latins were even more in agreement on this head. Saint Augustine in the fourth book of his *De Trinitate*, on the one hundred thirty-second Psalm, in the twenty second Sermon *De Tempore*, in the twenty-first *De Sanctis*; Saint Ambrose in his eighth, tenth, and twelfth Sermons; Saint Jerome, Saint Fulgentius, Prudentius,²⁶ and then the whole company of those, that follow in the later Centuries, all mention the twenty-fifth day of December as the Natal day of the Lord, as a thing, of which there neither ever hath been, nor can be a doubt. With the Holy Fathers agree all, so to speak, of the Chronologists, and the Writers of what sort soever; if those alone be excepted, whom we have named; whose opinion, apart from their being so few in number, when placed in comparison with the rest, hath been stigmatized not only by the Catholic authors, but also by many able, and learned Protestant Authors, as capricious, and inconsistent. In fact Wilhelmus Langius was a Protestant; and yet in the Work, that he wrote on the life of Christ, in the second part, second book, second chapter, he stateth it as a thing not only probable, but certain and demonstrated, that the true Natal day of Christ fell on the twenty-fifth day of December. Isaac Casaubon was a Protestant; and yet in the Work, that he wrote with such ardent controversy against Cardinal Baronius, he had to declare, convinced by the evidence, that one must not too easily set aside the most ancient Tradition of the Church, which celebrated the birth of the Saviour on the twenty-fifth day of the twelfth month. Richard Montagu was a Protestant; and yet in his

²⁵ *Homil. cit.*

²⁶ Hymn 11.

Ecclesiastical Origins he criticizes as highly ridiculous and inappropriate the view of Joseph Scaliger,²⁷ and of those who held with him, that Christ was born at the Autumnal Equinox. And yet as that is of all opposing views the one most applauded, so is it the least ill founded: *Perridiculum est* (frankly writes the above mentioned author), *perridiculum est quod Scaliger, aliique ineptissime scripserunt*. Among the Protestants may also be placed Jan Gerard Vos previously cited (who if he was not avowedly a Calvinist, was certainly still less a Catholic), a Writer in his Scholarship bold and fearless, who never concealed what seemed to him true, out of respectful deference to Authors holding a different opinion. And yet he, in the first part of his *De tempore Natalis Christi*, in the last chapter, after examining the arguments of one who as to the Natal day of Christ did not conform his opinion to the Tradition of the Church, decideth for the old System, against which, he saith, the opinions of the Ancients are too few, and too much at variance with one another, and the arguments of the Innovating Scholars are too weak, which much as they have undertaken, have proved nothing to destroy a conviction so ancient, and so widely diffused.

It remaineth therefore, O most learned Academicians, it remaineth well established upon the universal consensus of all the Fathers, of all the Centuries, of all Nations, even of all Sects, as against the uncertain and outgrown views of a few either foolish, or capricious persons, that the Birth of our Redeemer took place in the night, which preceded the twenty-fifth day of December; the which was assumed by me as a hypothesis one year ago, though I could not, for want of time, demonstrate its truth.

It ought, in order to complete the subject, to be determined on what day of the week, in what phases of the Moon this grand Mystery befell; all the objections ought to be heard, and resolved which have been brought forward by those that support opposing systems; but to do that would be an ill-judged abuse of your gentle sufferance, O learned Fellow-shepherds; there would be risk of consuming a far longer time, than that prescribed for an Academic Discussion; and beyond this:

"Behold, night falleth, and all Heaven groweth dark;
And the lofty Mountains cast their shadows o'er the fields:
The Stars yield us their company, and the Moon,
And my little sheep are coming from the grove."²⁸

²⁷ Part i., p. 47.

²⁸ Sannazaro, *Arcad. Eglog. 2.*

SPECULATION IN SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

BY JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM.

AMONG laymen natural science is supposed to be strictly non-speculative, factual, practical. It has the reputation of being concerned solely with facts, not with theories. How far this is from the truth all who have the slightest acquaintance with modern science know. Natural science is intensely speculative. No freer confession and abler justification of *speculation* in the field of science has been made, perhaps, than that of George J. Romanes in the introductory chapter of his *Darwin and After Darwin*. After pointing out how seriously science was limited, from the sixteenth century onward, by the notion that "science ought to consist in a mere observation of facts, or tabulation of phenomena," Romanes goes on to show that it was no less a person than Darwin himself who broke this bondage. "To begin with," he writes of Darwin, "he nowhere loses sight of the distinction between fact and theory, so that thus far he loyally follows the spirit of revolt against subjective methods. But, while always holding the distinction clearly in view, his idea of the scientific use of facts is plainly that of furnishing legitimate material for the construction of theories." "Not facts, then, or phenomena, but causes or principles," concludes Romanes, "are the ultimate objects of scientific quest." "The spirit of speculation is the same as the spirit of science, namely a desire to know the causes of things."

Whether one agrees with this estimate of the value of speculation or not, he cannot but be struck by the extraordinary prevalence of speculation in present-day science. A good instance is that of Arrhenius's theory of the transmission of life. How the imagination exults in trying to follow one of those infinitesimal life spores falling for eighteen hundred years or more through space, conveying life from planet to planet. It is interesting, not to say romantic, suggestive, yes, and in a sense scientific, but boldly, strikingly, speculative. Even more speculative, because more intricate and involved, is Weismann's germ-plasm theory of heredity. Biophors and determinants and a sturdy struggle for existence within

the spacious domain of a single cell,—has speculation ever gone to greater length than this? And yet if it explains the facts better than any other theory it will win the right to stand.

The *test* of scientific speculation, Professor Romanes goes on to say, is “adequate verification,” “an appeal to objective proof.” But is not this too heavy a demand for even scientific speculation to meet? Surely neither of the above theories can appeal to objective proof, and adequate verification is a very flexible standard. Can science really verify her hypotheses? They stand until some as yet undiscovered fact appears to overthrow them. Their truth is empirical, relative, contingent. Verification is always progressive, never complete. It is not impossible that some fact may be discovered that will modify or annul the undulatory theory of light, or even the descent of species.

Moreover scientific explanation is at best partial, never thoroughgoing and-exhaustive. The unreflective mind may think that science has a complete and sufficient understanding of electricity, but the physicist understands very well that, as for any knowledge of what electricity really is, science is as ignorant as a child and is likely to remain so for some time to come. And as for the most familiar forces and objects in nature, it is very little at best that is known of them. Light may be defined as ether waves, but what is ether? The definitions of science are at best but descriptive. The law of gravitation—what is it in itself? How it works we know, how to measure it, how to use it, but what is its nature and how did it come to be? Science bulks large, its deeds are mighty, its conquests marvelous, but after all it works in a world of mystery, handling forces that it cannot comprehend, dealing freely and familiarly with facts that it grasps only in part.

What then? Should science cease to experiment, to achieve, to speculate? Surely not. Experiment, application, speculation, have accomplished marvels. Together they have won great things for humanity. Only let not science assume that her interpretation of the universe constitutes the sole and absolute truth. Self-sufficiency and dogmatism tempt her to-day as they once tempted theology.

When we turn to the realm of the rational, the moral, the spiritual,—lying quite outside the realm of natural science and belonging to philosophy, ethics and theology,—we find that we start, as in the realm of science, with certain facts of experience (though facts of a very different order from those of science), such as

consciousness of self, worth, freedom, other selves, God. These experienced facts of consciousness, though invisible and intangible, are not less real than those of science, but more real. They touch more nearly our integrity, our happiness, our higher life. Without them science itself would be but an inconsequence, not to say an impertinence.

To understand, correlate, interpret, and thus to make best use of these facts of personality, it is necessary to speculate concerning them, just as it is necessary to speculate concerning the phenomena of the outer world. Speculation will not disclose their ultimate nature any more than in the realm of science, but it serves to throw light upon them and to render them more intelligible.

There will always be protest against speculation in the realm of the spirit, just as there has been, and ever will be, in that of science. "Stick to the facts, let theories alone," is a plausible and appealing cry. But it is timid and reactionary. It is not thus that progress is made. There may be temptations and dangers in speculation but it has an important office to fulfil. Two virile movements at the present time represent the reaction from over-speculation, —pragmatism and Ritchlianism,—the one in philosophy, the other in theology. Both have a mission, but both are partial, short-sighted, and if persisted in will prove paralyzing. It is such pleas of nescience and counsels of caution that keep philosophy and theology behind science in the path of progress. Science has dismissed her fear of the unknown; let not philosophy and theology retreat into the cave of agnosticism.

And yet when all has been said in defense of speculation, as legitimate, illuminating, essential to progress, the only defensible plea in its behalf is for *freedom*, not license, in its use. To be an illumination of truth, not an obscuration, an aid and not a hindrance, speculation must recognize its limitations and observe its boundaries. Verification, as far as it can be applied, is the indispensable test and regulator of speculation. And verification is just as possible and just as essential in philosophy and in theology as in science. The facts of self-consciousness are the stable foundation of truth here, just as the facts of sensation-consciousness are in science. Immediately one of these facts is contradicted, speculation needs revision.

A word in closing as to the relation of the two fields of speculation to one another. These fields are contiguous but distinct. Confusion comes from disregarding either their contiguity or

their distinctness. The scientist too carelessly passes from his own field of speculation into that of the philosopher and theologian, forgetting that he is dealing with another order than his own and should first familiarize himself with its *prolegomena*. The philosopher and theologian, on the other hand, sometimes push indiscreetly and heavily into the realm of science, dogmatically asserting what must be true instead of asking what is true. The next step toward a more comprehensive and harmonious life-philosophy lies in the mutual recognition, on the part of truth-seekers in both fields, of the distinctness of their tasks and the relatedness of their results.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

That progress in science cannot be made without speculation is so obvious that it is generally granted, but that imagination, yes even poetic imagination, plays an important part in it is not fully appreciated. Sometimes the great discoverers in the realm of science themselves are not conscious of the debt they owe to the poetic and artistic part of their natures in guessing at theories and excogitating explanations of facts that strike us as strange. It is well known that Kepler, before he solved the problem of the planetary movements formulated with definite exactness in the so-called three Kepler laws, had tried a most ingenious and fantastical explanation based on a mathematical formula which might almost remind us of a cabalistic imagination, but he was critical enough to find out that his fantastic theory covered the facts only approximately, and so he continued delving into the problems of the inaccuracies and discrepancies of his first guess until he found the truth, a formula which is a mere description of facts, and yet should be called just as beautiful and grand as his prior purely poetic vision. Mythology always precedes the formulation of exact truth, and mythology is not wrong but foreshadows the truth. This is true generally not only in science but also in ethics and religion. The old religious

myths are untrue only if we understand them in their literal significance. They are true if we heed only the spirit of the myth which is an exposition of the truth in its dawn. Light is thrown on this subject in Ribot's book, *Essay on the Creative Imagination*, in which he has devoted much attention to the approximation to truth by speculative imagination. In a chapter of my little book *The Surd of Metaphysics*, entitled "Truth or Mythology," the significance of allegorical formulations with special reference to the terminology in science and also in religious truths has been pointed out, and teaches us to respect the old mythology and pagan superstitions, including the paganism which is still clinging to present-day Christianity, better than we otherwise would be inclined to do.

P. C.

HOW RUBBER IS MADE.

BY A. M. REESE.

ONE of the principal products of the Malay Peninsula is rubber. Like most people who have never happened to investigate the matter my ideas as to the way in which an automobile tire is extracted from a tree were very hazy; so, with another American, who had charge of a mission school in Singapore, I boarded the Jahore express on the F. M. S. R. R. (F. M. S. meaning Federated

Malay States) and after a run of half an hour arrived at the Bukit Timar rubber estate some ten miles northwest of Singapore.

The Bukit Timar is an up-to-date plantation of more than one hundred thousand trees, and here we saw the whole process, from tree to sheet rubber, as shipped to all parts of the world and sold by the pound. Rubber trees grow to a considerable size, but this being a young plantation most of the trees were not over six or eight inches in diameter. In the middle of the estate was a very attractive bungalow where lived the manager and his wife, a young



HOME OF THE MANAGER OF THE BUKIT TIMAR RUBBER ESTATE NEAR SINGAPORE.

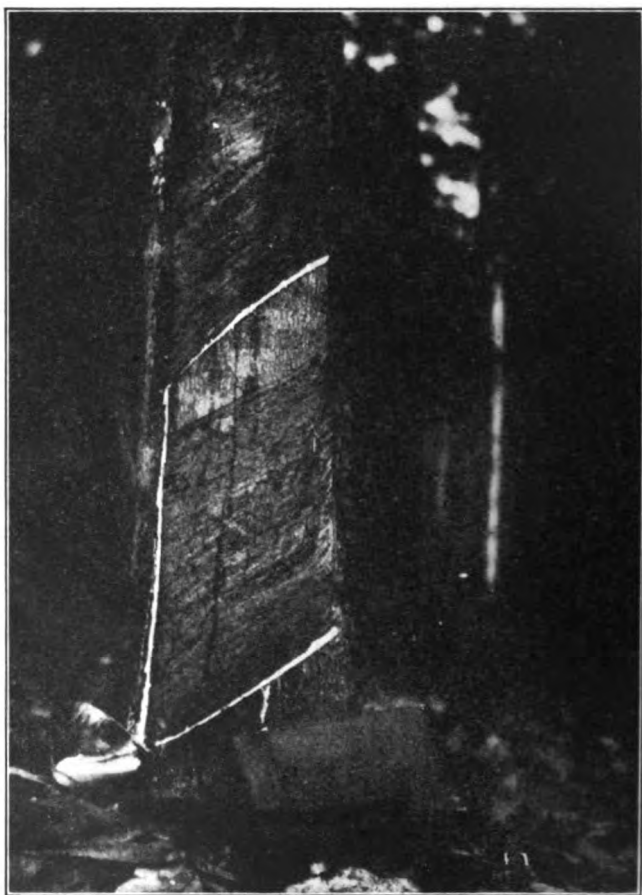
English couple, and the former very courteously showed us about his place and explained the different processes.

"Tapping" begins at daybreak, and all the juice or *latex* is collected before noon. Dozens of native and Chinese men and boys are employed in this process, some of the latter being so small that they can scarcely carry the two buckets of latex on the bamboo stick over the shoulder.

In tapping, a very thin and narrow piece of bark is gouged off, just deep enough to make the tree bleed, but not deep enough to kill it; so that by the time the bark on one side of the tree has been

cut away that on the opposite side has had time to regenerate. The process is thus a perpetual one and the tree lasts indefinitely.

The exact method of tapping varies, but usually it is begun as



A YOUNG RUBBER TREE SHOWING ONE METHOD OF TAPPING.

The white lines are the latex running down the grooves into the glass cup at the bottom. Above the two slanting lines is seen the scarred tissue where the bark has been gouged away. When the lower end of the lower line reaches the ground the tree will be tapped on the opposite side. The amount of latex in the cup seems greater than it really is because of the water upon which it floats. The size of the tree may be judged from the kodak case at its foot.

two slanting grooves that converge to form a V. The latex oozes from the freshly cut bark, runs down the converging grooves to their point of union, and is caught in a small glass cup or other

vessel suspended under a tiny spout at the apex of the V. The method of tapping shown in the photograph is different from this somewhat, though the principle is the same. The latex that oozes from the grooves is a pure white, sticky fluid resembling milk; about a tablespoonful is obtained each day from each tree.

By the time each man has tapped or gouged all of the trees assigned to him (perhaps two or three hundred) the first-tapped trees have bled all they will for that day, so that collecting is begun at once. In each cup is a little water to prevent the latex from coagulating and sticking to the bottom.



THREE LATEX GATHERERS.

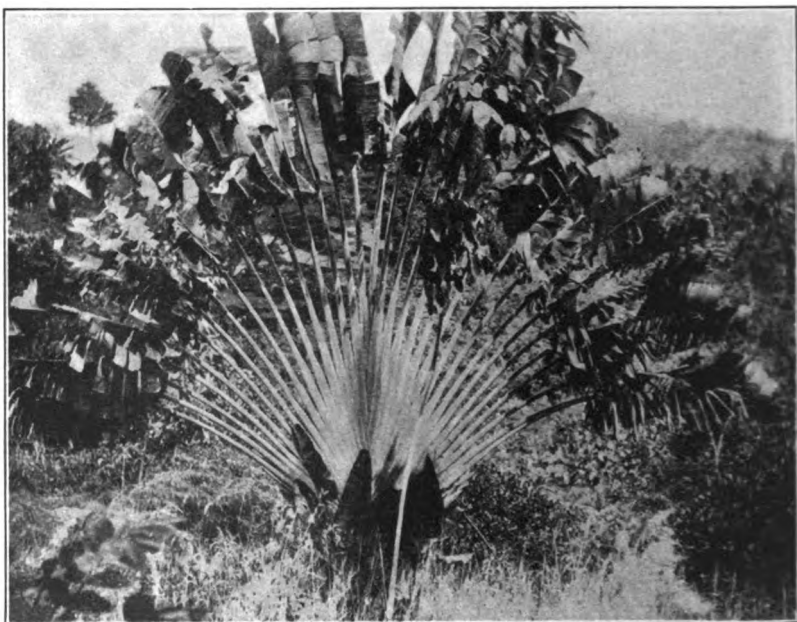
The boy in the middle of the group has the canvass bag over his shoulder in which he carries the scraps of dried rubber from the grooves on the trees.

The first V is cut several feet from the ground, and the amount that is gouged from each side of the V each day is so very thin that it will be months before the apex of the V reaches the ground, by which time the regeneration of the first cuts will be well under way.

After the flow of latex has ceased for the day a narrow strip hardens along each groove, like gum on a cherry tree. These little

strips of rubber, with bits of adherent bark, as well as any drops that may have fallen to the ground, are collected in bags and carried to the factory to be made into sheets of cheap grades of commercial rubber.

After the trees have been tapped the latex is collected in carefully cleaned tin buckets, brought to the factory and strained into huge earthenware tubs. It is then put into enamelware pans about twelve by thirty-six inches in size and three inches deep, and a very weak acid (usually acetic) is stirred into it. In about half an hour the acid coagulates the latex (like rennet in making junket



THE TRAVELER PALM, AN UNUSUAL TYPE OFTEN SEEN IN THE FAR EAST—SINGAPORE AND ELSEWHERE.

from milk) into a soft, pure white mass, about two inches thick and of the area of the pan. This soft mass of rubber is carefully floated out of the pan onto a table, where it is rolled on both sides for a few minutes with a wooden rolling-pin to squeeze out the excess of water and acid. It is then carefully lifted into a large vessel of pure water to harden until the next day.

The next day it is run several times through smooth steel rollers under dropping water, where it is flattened out into sheets of about an inch or less in thickness and of a proportionately greater

area. It is next passed through roughened steel rollers that mark it off into ridges and depressions like a waffle.

These sheets, now tough and elastic, are hung in a closed chamber and smoked until they reach a proper shade of brown, when they are ready for shipment. The smoking process, which is to preserve the rubber, often takes many days, though at the time of our visit the manager of the Bukit Timar estate was experimenting with a method that would complete the smoking in a few hours.

The production of rubber in the Malay Peninsula is of rather recent date and it has increased by leaps and bounds. In the various "booms" that have taken place many fortunes have been made—as witnessed by the palatial residences about Singapore—but many have also been lost, though the witnesses to these are not so evident.

Whether the increased demands for rubber will justify the thousands of young trees that are still being planted, not only on the Malay Peninsula but on Borneo and other islands of the Far East, remains to be seen; but, judging from the opinions of several rubber experts of Singapore, this is quite doubtful.

HEBREW EDUCATION DURING THE PRE-EXILIC PERIOD.

BY FLETCHER H. SWIFT.

"And Esau was a skillful hunter, a man of the field; and Jacob was a quiet man, dwelling in tents."—Genesis xxv. 27.

"Young men and maidens vied with one another in learning beautiful songs. . . . Shepherds and hunters at their evening rests. . . . sang songs to the accompaniment of the flute."
—Herzog, *Encyclopædie*, 2d ed., V. Extracts, pp. 672 ff.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS, SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS.

IT is impossible to estimate even approximately the duration of the Native or Pre-Exilic Period. From the Conquest to the Exile is something over five centuries, but back of the Conquest stretch unknown unrecorded centuries of nomadism. The Native Period is marked by all those changes, industrial, political, social, moral, religious, intellectual and educational, involved in passing from the life of wandering tribes to that of a people living in walled cities, ruled over by a king, and pursuing as occupations, agricul-

ture, trades and commerce. It was a period of remarkable religious, moral and intellectual progress. It begins with a bookless people who erect heaps of stones to record events. It closes with the public adoption of a written code,¹ destined henceforth to be a national textbook. The foundations of Judaism had been laid. Already the forces which were to make the Jews a "people of the book" were at work.

Throughout the Native Period the popular ideal of manhood was twofold, the man of craft and shrewdness and the man of strength and courage. The man of shrewdness is represented by the thrifty herdsman and farmer, the shrewd merchant, the discerning and just judge, the crafty warrior. The man of strength and courage is represented by the stalwart and daring hunter and soldier. Although patriarchal life as pictured in the Scriptures is undoubtedly much idealized, the character of Jacob may be accepted as a clear and forceful embodiment of one aspect of this popular ideal: a man of shrewdness and cunning, if need be tricky and dishonest, prizing highly his religious inheritance, winning by craft against all odds. Representatives of the physical ideal are to be met with on every hand in early narrative and legend: Jephthah and other tribal heroes or "judges"; Saul, who stood higher from the shoulders and upwards than any one else; David, who slew his ten thousand.

EDUCATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

Who was Taught.

The educational characteristics of the Native Period appear in paragraphs to follow which consider the subject matter and institutions of education. The present paragraph will be limited, therefore, to a brief statement of a few general characteristics.

The Native Period was a period without schools. At first the tribe, then the family, were the chief social organizations through which education was received. The rise of orders of priests (Heb. *kohanim*) and of communities of prophets (Heb. *nebiim*) undoubtedly led to some sort of provision for giving special training to the members of these orders, but for the masses of the people there were no schools. Education was chiefly a training according to sex in the practical duties of every-day life. This training was given, as among primitive people, chiefly through actual participation, instruction playing only a minor part. In certain respects

¹ The so-called "Book of Instruction," identified with Deuteronomy xii-xix and xxvi-xxviii.

education was broader than in later times owing to the fact that physical sports, dancing² and music were more universally cultivated. The camp, public assemblies, temples, religious and secular festivals supplemented the training given through the tribal and family customs and occupations.

In the earlier part of the Native Period all members of the tribe of the same sex received practically the same training. It may be that the eldest son as the prospective successor to the position of tribe chief received some special training in religious rites, tribal ceremonies, institutions and laws. This view is supported by Graetz who writes: "Collaterally (with the priesthood) there existed a custom, dating from remote patriarchal ages, which demanded that the first-born of every family should attend to the performance of sacrificial rites. This prerogative could not be abruptly abolished, and continued for some time longside of the Levitical priesthood."³ As already noted the rise of the priesthood and the prophets as distinct classes brought into existence two orders demanding special training.

BOYS' EDUCATION IN TRIBE AND FAMILY.

In tribal days the education of the child was in the hands of the parents and adult members of the tribe. Upon settlement in Canaan the family became the fundamental social unit and the training and instruction of the children became almost entirely a matter of parental responsibility. In some cases, however, the parents delegated the rearing of their children to others. The Scriptures contain references to "nursing fathers,"⁴ and "nursing mothers,"⁵ male and female nurses. Ruth's child was nursed by Naomi.⁶ Jonathan's four-year old son was in charge of a nurse,⁷ and Ahab's seventy sons were reared by the great men of Samaria.⁸

Undoubtedly the Hebrews from earliest times in common with other primitive peoples, consciously or unconsciously, recognized distinct periods in child life and modified training and instruction accordingly. Definite recognition of such periods is found in the Post-Exilic Period, and will be described in the next chapter. In the present chapter no attempt will be made to present the activities, occupations, and training of the child upon the basis of stages owing to lack of data; a general treatment must suffice.

² Dancing, originally a religious and patriotic exercise, came in later times to be limited to the field of secular festive activities.

³ Graetz, H., *History of the Jews*, I, 25.

⁵ Isaiah xlix. 23.

⁷ 2 Samuel iv. 4.

⁴ Numbers xi. 2.

⁶ Ruth iv. 16.

⁸ 2 Kings x. 1-7.

WHAT WAS TAUGHT.

In early childhood, play, in later childhood and youth, work, industrial occupations and training in the use of weapons were the activities through which physical development and training were secured. During the period of nomadism and for a considerable time after settlement in Canaan every tribesman looked forward to the life of a herdsman, warrior and hunter. To these occupations were added upon settlement in Canaan agriculture, building, and other trades and crafts.

Following the establishment of the monarchy and the rise of cities, trades and crafts of a considerable variety developed. The most important crafts and industrial occupations came now to be (1) agriculture, (2) cattle raising and grazing, (3) fishing, (4) mining, (5) building, (6) carpentry and wood working, (7) metal work, (8) spinning, (9) weaving, (10) dyeing, (11) tanning, (12) tent-making, (13) pottery-making, (14) making of tools to be used in trades and crafts.

Implements and processes were simple; nevertheless, all occupations put a value upon strength and physical dexterity. In the camp, on the march, in pasture land, in shop or in market place, the boy under the direction of his father or elder kinsmen learned to perform the tasks of his generation.

Just as the social conditions made it necessary for every boy to be given industrial training, so the troublous political conditions made it necessary that every adult male be ready at a moment's notice to answer the call to arms. Consequently every boy would learn the use of weapons. Preparation for war consisted chiefly in training in the use of the sling, the bow and arrow, the sword, shield, spear. Later in some cases, riding and chariot driving would be taught. Many passages in the Scriptures chronicle a display of skill which could not have been gained except through long and persistent practice and training. David's skill in the use of the sling⁹ is known to every one. An illuminating passage in Judges reads: "among all this people there were seven hundred chosen men left-handed; every one could sling stones at an hair-breadth and not miss."¹⁰

That athletics and physical sports such as ball games, jumping, running races and contests in archery had a place in the life of this period is indicated by a number of passages: "He will toss thee

⁹ 1 Samuel xvii. 50.

¹⁰ Judges xx. 16.

like a ball;"¹¹ "I will shoot as though I shot at a mark;"¹² "He hath set me a mark for the arrow;"¹³ "And rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course."¹⁴

"Young men and maidens vied with one another in learning beautiful songs, and cheered with them the festival gatherings of the villages, and the still higher assemblies at the sanctuaries of the tribes. The maiden at Shilo went yearly with songs and dances into the vineyards;¹⁵ and those of Gilead repeated the sad story of Jephthah's daughter.¹⁶ The boys learned David's lament over Jonathan;¹⁷ shepherds and hunters at their evening rests by the springs of the wilderness sang songs to the accompaniment of the flute."¹⁸

From the fact that David "danced before Jahveh"¹⁹ and from other instances, it is evident that dancing was originally a religious as well as a patriotic and festive exercise.²⁰ It was probably combined with song and dramatic gesture. Often the Hebrew youth accompanied his own song with the kinnor²¹ or played the flute while others sang. In certain families and in preparation for certain public festivals there may have been some provision for systematic instruction in dancing, singing, playing the kinnor or the flute. But probably music and dancing ordinarily were learned without any formal instruction, i. e., children picked them up by watching, imitating, and now and then joining in the performance. It was for the most part in the same informal manner that the children of each generation learned from their elders ballads, lyrics, funeral dirges, patriotic songs, chants and prayers.

The history of literature during the Native Period falls into two minor periods: (1) the age of oral transmission or the age of song and story; (2) the age of written literature. Joshua iv seem to indicate that prior to a wide-spread knowledge of reading and writing it was customary to erect heaps of stones to indicate the site of important events, and then to transmit orally from generation to generation the narrative connected therewith. Laws,

¹¹ Isaiah xxii. 18.

¹³ Lamentations iii. 12.

¹⁵ Judges, xxi. 21.

¹⁷ 2 Samuel i. 18.

¹⁸ Judges v. 11. Cf. Herzog, *Encyclopädie*, 2d ed., V, pp. 672 et seq. (Quotation and reference from Briggs, C. A., *Introduction to the Study of Holy Scripture*, p. 356.)

¹⁹ 2 Samuel vi. 14.

²⁰ Later times came to look with disapproval upon dancing as a form of worship and relegated its use more and more to secular festive occasions.

²¹ An eight-stringed lyre.

¹² 1 Samuel xx. 20.

¹⁴ Psalms xix. 5.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, xi. 40.

traditions, myths, songs, riddles, fables, proverbs, and prayers were handed down orally for many centuries before they were committed to writing.

"Many of Israel's traditions undoubtedly continued for centuries to be recorded simply in the minds of the people. As among the nomadic Arabs to-day they were recounted during the long evenings beside the campfires, or as the shepherds watched their slow moving flocks, or in the secret of the harem, or at the wells as the maidens went out to draw water, or at marriage feasts and religious festivals. Possibly, as throughout all the towns of modern Palestine, there were found professional story-tellers who, whenever men were gathered together for recreation, recited with gesture and action their bundle of tales. The stories appealed strongly to the imagination of the people, for they told of courtship, of marriage, of intrigue, and of the achievements of their ancestors, or else answered the questions which were uppermost in their minds [i. e., questions regarding the origin of man and the world in which he lives, differences in races and language]. Other traditions embodying the experiences of the tribe, were transmitted as sacred from father to son. Another large group was treasured at the many local sanctuaries scattered throughout the land. Each time that the worshipers made a pilgrimage to the shrine, its especial cycle of traditions relating to its history and ceremonies would be recounted or recalled and thus kept fresh in the popular memory."²² "In the picturesque, concrete form of popular traditions were transmitted the thoughts, the beliefs, the fancies, and the experiences of preceding generations. The variety of the motives and influences which gave rise to these is astonishing. Some were at first intended simply to entertain, other to enlighten, to kindle patriotism, to instruct in the ritual, and to inspire true faith and action. They touch almost every side of human experience, and meet in a remarkable manner man's varied needs."²³

Gradually through the offices of priest, prophet and scribe a body of written literature began to appear. Each period produced its own group of written works or scrolls. Out of this mass of writings there gradually emerged a group accepted as canonical, i. e., as bearing the stamp of divine authority. Every work so produced gave one more text to be studied by the rising generation. As finally established the canon included three chief divisions, (1) the Law; (2) the Prophets; (3) the Writings. "It is agreed among

²² Kent, C. F., *Beginnings of Hebrew History*, p. 13.

²³ *Ibid.*, p. 12.

scholars that (the first division of the canon) the Law²⁴ was constituted and officially adopted through the influence of Ezra and Nehemiah²⁵ in the fifth century B. C. The second division, the Prophets,²⁶ was probably not completed before the second century B. C.²⁷ The third division, the Writings,²⁸ was closed in the year 118 A. D. when the council of Rabbis meeting at Jamnia decided in favor of the canonicity of Ecclesiastes and the Song of Songs which up to that time had been in dispute.²⁹ From the above data it is evident (1) that the canon was not finally determined until the second century A. D.; (2) that there was in existence among the Hebrews, at least three hundred years before the Exile, a considerable body of written literature.

When did the three R's come to be of such general use as to be considered essentials in education? It is generally agreed that the Hebrews adopted, during their conquest and settlement of Palestine, the Canaanite systems of writing and of weights and measures.³⁰ However, this does not prove that a knowledge of reading, writing and reckoning became general at this time, nor does it preclude the existence and use of earlier systems.³¹ "The Mesha stone of Dibon erected by a contemporary of . . . Elijah, exhibits so clearly and perfectly the characteristics of a cursive hand as to demonstrate the existence in Palestine of a long practiced art of writing."³²

Probably the classes first to make an extensive use of writing were the priests, the prophets, scribes and court officials. The priests as the oldest of these four classes were undoubtedly the first to use it and may have employed it in certain tribes prior to the Conquest. The establishment of the monarchy resulted in the rise of the last three classes named above, each of which found a knowl-

²⁴ The Law includes Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy.

²⁵ Briggs, C. A., *Introduction to the Study of Holy Scripture*, p. 120.

²⁶ Included in the "Prophets" are: (1) former prophets: Joshua, Judges, 1 and 2 Samuel, 1 and 2 Kings; (2) the later prophets: Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and the twelve "minor" prophets.

²⁷ Briggs, C. A., *Introduction to the Study of Holy Scripture*, p. 123.

²⁸ Included in the Writings are (a) Psalms, Proverbs, Job; (b) The Five Rolls: Song of Solomon, Ruth, Lamentations, Ecclesiastes, Esther; (c) Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, Chronicles.

²⁹ Briggs, C. A., *Introduction to the Study of Holy Scripture*, p. 130.

³⁰ Peritz, Ismar J., *Old Testament History*, p. 118.

³¹ "The cuneiform script was perhaps still in use in Palestine in the tenth and eleventh centuries B. C., meanwhile the north-Semitic alphabet appears (about 850 B. C.);" Cook, S. A., "Palestine," *Encyclopædia Brit.*, 11th ed., XX, pp. 608-609a.

³² Cornill, Carl H., *Culture of Ancient Israel*, p. 90.

edge of the three R's a most valuable asset. The later prophets wrote extensively. The establishment of the monarchy brought with it the demand for written records of court transactions. Alliances, treaties, royal proclamations, messages of the king to chieftains absent on the field of battle, chronicles of the king's exploits, all afforded abundant opportunity for the royal secretary or scribe. "From the days of David onward recorders and scribes figure among the court official classes."³³ That some members of the nobility were able to read and write is suggested by the statement that David wrote to his captain Joab, and that Jezebel wrote letters in Ahab's name.³⁴

It is impossible to estimate how widespread was the knowledge of the three R's during the Native Period. The Scriptures contain many passages which suggest, though they do not prove conclusively, a wide-spread knowledge of reading and writing.³⁵ It is related that a young man of Succoth captured by Gideon described or wrote down a list of elders and princes of Succoth.³⁶ The instances of David and Jezebel just referred to are frequently cited as arguments of a considerable popular knowledge of reading and writing among the masses upon the basis that both David and Jezebel took it for granted that those to whom they were writing could read. The evidence of such passages is not conclusive. David and Jezebel both may have employed scribes; moreover Jezebel was a foreigner.

In 1880 was discovered chiseled into the rocky wall of one of the aqueducts leading into the Siloam reservoir in Jerusalem an inscription as old at least as the time of Isaiah, perhaps as old as the reign of Solomon.³⁷ However it is not safe to conclude from this inscription, as has sometimes been done, that the three R's were in common use among the laboring classes. The inscription is in a cursive hand which suggests that it may have been traced by a scribe and then cut by a workman. Moreover, even if the hand that traced and the hand that cut were the same, the work may have been that of a highly educated prisoner of war, taken captive and enslaved. Nevertheless such an inscription scarcely would have been made unless there had existed at the time a considerable reading public.

In conclusion it may be said that it seems safe to assume that

³³ Kent, C. F., *Israel's Historical and Biographical Narratives*, p. 3.

³⁴ 2 Samuel, xi. 14; 1 Kings xxi. 8.

³⁵ See Deuteronomy vi. 9; xxvii. 8; Joshua xviii. 9.

³⁶ Judges, viii. 4.

³⁷ Sayce, A. H., *Light from Ancient Monuments*, p. 5; p. 82 gives a cut of the inscription. Sayce relates in detail the story of the finding, pp. 82-86.

putting into writing laws designed to be known by all the people³⁸ would be the beginning of a widespread demand for instruction in reading and writing. As soon as commerce became an important element in general life³⁹ a demand would arise for a knowledge of the elements of reckoning, moneys, weights and measures. As there were no schools whatever for the masses, any instruction children received in the three R's must have been given in the home by the parents or by private teachers.

The impossibility of treating religious and moral education apart from training and instruction in other fields of activity is already evident from the preceding paragraphs. It has been pointed out that dancing was originally a religious as well as a festive exercise. Much of that large body of literature which for centuries existed only in oral form was religious and moral in character. Although religion did not dominate life in this early period to the extent that it did in the centuries following the Exile yet there was no phase of life and no field of activity into which it did not enter. Meetings of family or tribe, the shearing of the sheep, the gathering of the harvest, the birth of a child, departure for war, victory or defeat, changes in the seasons and in the moon were all occasions for religious observance. Through beholding such observances, through assisting in preparing for them, and through listening to such explanations as parents and elders saw fit to give, the child received his religious training and instruction.

The Hebrews were no exception to the general rule that the moral qualities emphasized by any people depend largely upon industrial, social and political conditions. Surrounded by powerful enemies and forced to live in a state of continuous military preparedness, the virtues they most esteemed were courage, loyalty to kindred and to the nation's god, absolute unquestioning obedience to those in authority and to the laws of the family, of the tribe and of the nation; kindness toward kinsmen, hospitality toward the defenseless wayfarer, mercilessness toward foes. Although the antiquity of many Hebrew proverbs suggests that from very early times precepts were used to inculcate virtues, most moral education was a matter of training rather than of instruction: boys and girls learned to be industrious by working within the dwelling or in the field; to be courageous and loyal by facing concrete situations demanding courage and loyalty; to be obedient by obeying. Such training was enforced further by tales, legends, and traditions

³⁸ Deuteronomy xxvii. 2-3.

³⁹ This occurred as early at least as the days of the monarchy.

setting forth the deeds and virtues of ancestors and of tribal and national heroes.

EDUCATION OUTSIDE OF THE FAMILY.

Institutions.

Very early in life the child began to be made conscious of, and later on began to come into contact with, many communal, tribal or national institutions, customs, festivals and activities which stimulated and guided his thought and conduct. Among the most important of these were public festivals, war, hunting, expeditions, courts or places of judgment, and temples.

Throughout the greater part of the Native Period the domain of the Israelites was dotted with a multitude of shrines and temples presided over by bodies of priests. Every such temple fulfilled a variety of functions. In addition to being a place of worship, it was a place of instruction in religious rites and law. Every symbol and rite was a stimulus to religious feeling and a potent teacher of some belief, law, tradition or conception. The erection of Solomon's temple (dedicated 963 B.C.) was an event of great educational as well as of great religious importance. Its services and its priesthood must have exerted a widespread educative influence. From the story of Baruch⁴⁰ we learn that in the time of Jeremiah the temple court was used as a place of public instruction. This custom, undoubtedly far older than the time of Jeremiah, was still followed in the time of Jesus.

Teaching Orders.

The rise in post-Exilic times of the order of scribes may be regarded as the beginning of a distinct teaching profession among the Hebrews. Nevertheless the Native Period was by no means destitute of orders certain aspects of whose work may well be described as educational. It would be misleading as well as confusing to designate either the priests or the prophets as teachers. The former were essentially ministers at and guardians of the shrines of Yahveh, and the latter were essentially preachers. Aside from the training and instruction they gave to novices or to members of their own orders they probably seldom if ever acted as teachers in the ordinary acceptance of the term. Certainly they organized neither schools nor classes for the masses. Yet in fulfilling the very work to which they had been consecrated, they were in a very real sense stimulating and guiding the religious and moral consciousness.

⁴⁰ Jeremiah xxxvi. 4.

furnishing it with content and with forms of expression and, in a word, were educating it. It is therefore impossible to exclude even from a brief account of ancient Hebrew education some consideration of the teaching or educational services of these two orders.

The Levites and the Priests.

The origin of the Hebrew priesthood is wrapt in obscurity. During the nomadic period and for some time after settlement in Canaan the head of every family acted as its priest.⁴¹ Judges xvii seems to indicate clearly that as early as the time of the "Judges" the Levites were recognized as an order or tribe of priests whose ministrations were peculiarly efficacious in gaining the favor of Yahveh,⁴² but how long before Micah's time a distinct priestly order existed cannot be stated. Early times knew no distinction between priests and Levites but called the ministers of all Yahveh sanctuaries Levites. It is probable that the reforms of Josiah (621 B.C.) were responsible to a large extent for the distinction which arose in later times. These reforms specifically provided that the Levites in charge of the many shrines outside Jerusalem should be brought to the capital city and attached to the national temple. It is easy to understand how the order of priests already in charge of the royal sanctuary would assign to the newcomers the more humble temple duties and a humbler rank in the now national order of priests, claiming for themselves a superior rank and the more important offices.

Among the most important functions of the early priesthood were divination, guarding and ministering at the shrines of Yahveh and teaching. Kent on the basis of Deuteronomy xxxiii. 10 ("They shall teach Jacob thy judgments") and certain other passages asserts not only that the early priests acted as judges but that it was through the exercise of this function that much of their most important educational influence was exerted.⁴³ There are however serious objections to ascribing this function of acting as judges to the priests except in cases where some matter of ritual was involved as where a tabu had been broken. But even if we deny that the priests acted as judges in any general sense and if we exclude from our conception of their work the forceful though indirect presentation through the channel of their judgments, of civic, political, moral and religious lessons, there nevertheless remain many activities in which they appear discharging a teaching function. Through their declaration

⁴¹ Cf. above, p. 727.

⁴² Judges, xvii. 13.

⁴³ Kent, C. F., *The Great Teachers of Judaism and Christianity*, pp. 44 ff.

of the will of Yahveh, discovered by the use of the sacred lot or by some other means of divination, they created and disseminated conceptions of Yahveh. They organized and directed public festivals many of which were little less than dramatized lessons in religion and history. They taught to the individual resorting to them in private and to the multitude publicly assembled in the temple or in the open, forms of worship. They collected and transmitted (at first orally, later by writing) laws, rites, ceremonies, myths, legends and history. They compiled, edited and transmitted this literature. They put much of it into forms easy to grasp and remember and taught it to the people. Through their literary efforts they began the compilation of that great body of literature which still remains the world's unsurpassed text for religious and moral instruction. Their communities were the first organized groups in ancient Israel providing definite and special instruction for a class (the priesthood) definitely, though by no means solely, devoted to teaching.

The Prophets or Orator-Teachers of Ancient Israel.

Saul, unable to find his father's asses, resorted to Samuel, the seer, much as some to-day resort to fortune tellers or clairvoyants.⁴⁴ Undoubtedly long before Samuel's time many a seer (Heb. *roeh*) and diviner (Heb. *kosem*) was to be found living in the various tribes. Such individuals were believed to possess unusual means of ascertaining the divine will or of communicating with divine powers. The soothsaying priest and the *kosem*, and probably also the *roeh*, based their declarations largely upon the observation of objective physical phenomena. It is probable that the prophet (Heb. sing. *nabi*, pl. *nebiim*) emerged by a process of continual development from the earlier *roeh*.⁴⁵ It is possible also that "The signs or symbolic acts of the prophets originated in actions of sympathetic magic."⁴⁶ However that may be, "the prophet's function became in an increasing degree a function of mind and not merely of traditional routine or mechanical technique."⁴⁷ In other words the *nabi* himself became the subjective channel through which Yahveh spoke.

The Hebrew prophets were not primarily nor chiefly foretellers of the future. Their importance is due to the part they played in

⁴⁴ 1 Samuel ix. 1 ff.

⁴⁵ 1 Samuel ix. 9.

⁴⁶ Smith, Wm. Robertson and Whitehouse, Owen C., "The Prophets of the Old Testament," *Encycl. Brit.*, 11th ed. XXII, 442b..

⁴⁷ Whitehouse, O. C., "Hebrew Religion," *Encycl. Brit.*, 11th ed., XIII, 132a.

public affairs and to their service as public teachers. Their rise to the position of public leaders in Israel is contemporaneous with the rise of the monarchy. Among the causes which explain their entrance into the arena of public affairs three may be mentioned: (1) the need of seers at the royal court to declare the will of Yahveh when important undertakings were being contemplated and upon other occasions; (2) the need of religious reform; (3) the need of social reform.

Religious and social abuses (e. g., idolatry and the increasing oppression of the poor) combined with a constant fear of outside foes, resulted in bringing together devout men, endowed with a greater vision, yearning for reform and moved by religious and patriotic zeal mounting frequently to frenzy. Such bands went by the name of prophets or "sons of prophets." They appear to have lived in communities frequently in the vicinity of some famous sanctuary as Beth-El and Gilgal. Some prophets, such as Samuel and Elisha, were intimately associated with such communities; others, like Elijah, generally worked independently.

In contrast to the priestly order the prophets were a lay order. They were also an open order, i. e., the spirit of prophecy might come upon any one, whereupon he would begin to prophesy and would be numbered among the prophets.⁴⁸ Women as well as men were included in the ranks.⁴⁹ "The seer appears individually. . . With the prophets it is quite otherwise; they appear in bands; their prophesying is a united exercise accompanied by music, and seemingly dance music; it is marked by strong excitement which sometimes acts contagiously."⁵⁰

Such prophets as Amos, Hosea and Isaiah were public poets and orators. Like Jeremiah they probably spoke their prophecies first and then later committed them to writing.⁵¹ Their literary products included orations delivered in public, tracts intended for public distribution but not oral recitation, codes,⁵² history⁵³ and summaries of their own actions. They cast their utterances into poetic form, choosing the meter best adapted to the message. These

⁴⁸ 1 Samuel x. 11-12; xix. 24.

⁴⁹ E. g., Deborah, Judges iv. 5; Huldah, 2 Kings xxii. 14.

⁵⁰ Smith, Wm. Robertson and Whitehouse, Owen C., "The Prophets of the Old Testament, *Encycl. Brit.*, 11th ed., XXII, 441c.

⁵¹ Jeremiah xxxvi relates how Jeremiah dictated an epitome of his prophecy.

⁵² E. g., The Book of Instruction.

⁵³ Kent, Charles F., *Beginnings of Hebrew History*, p. 36. The Judean prophets began writing a comprehensive history of Israel about 825 B. C.

works, oral or written, served as texts for their own disciples and for future generations.

It is futile to attempt to state how extensive was the provision made by prophet communities for training and instructing their members. It is impossible to accept the view presented by some writers that the prophets established colleges presided over by a senior member, in which music, oratory, poetry, law and other advanced studies were taught. However, in view of the general state of culture in the monarchical period and of the need the prophets would have of a knowledge of reading, writing, literature, oratory and composition, there is no valid reason against the assumption that some provision was made for instruction in some or all of these branches. Isaiah evidently had a group of disciples who wrote down his utterances and recorded his work.⁵⁴

The prophets were wandering teachers. In their own eyes and in the eyes of the people, they were Yahveh's divinely commissioned messengers. Wherever there was an opportunity to make known his will, wherever there was need of protest against evils or of encouragement in righteousness, thither they betook themselves. "Sometimes he (the prophet) appeared in the court before the king, sometimes he appealed from the rulers to the people. Often the temple court . . . was the scene of the prophet's teaching."⁵⁵

Many examples might be given from the work of Hosea, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and other prophets, showing the extensive use the prophets made of symbolism, the object lesson and the dramatic method. Jeremiah, wishing to dissuade the Judeans from joining Egypt and the surrounding tribes in a revolt against Babylonia, made a number of wooden yokes. One he wore himself, the others he carried for the foreign ambassadors.⁵⁶ Isaiah, to give force to his message to king Hezekiah not to join with Egypt against Assyria, for three years dressed like a captive and went barefoot through the streets of Jerusalem to picture the captivity such rashness would bring.⁵⁷

In early Hebrew thought Yahweh is represented as having human characteristics and performing human activities. Images are employed in worshiping him,⁵⁸ and he makes known his will through the sacred lot.⁵⁹ He seeks to kill Moses.⁶⁰ He is despotic, merciless

⁵⁴ Isaiah viii. 16.

⁵⁵ Kent, C. F., *The Great Teachers of Judaism and Christianity*, p. 25.

⁵⁶ Jeremiah xxvii and xxviii. "The account is not from Jeremiah himself but seems to rest upon good information.

⁵⁷ Isaiah xx. 3.

⁵⁸ Judges xvii and xviii.

⁵⁹ Judges xvii and xviii.

⁶⁰ Exodus iv. 24.

toward all who offend, beasts⁶¹ as well as men. He is concerned with the minute details of ceremony and rite. His wrath is averted or his favor won and kept by elaborate ceremonies, lavish and costly offerings not excluding human sacrifices.⁶² It is remarkable that nowhere amid the traces of this early stage is Yahweh associated with any of the gross immoralities which stain the biographies of the gods of Greece, Rome and other nations.⁶³ Out of this primitive non-ethical conception of Yahweh gradually developed the prophetic conception.

Yahweh of the prophets is a god of mercy and kindness, the protector of beasts⁶⁴ as well as of men. He is the loving, forgiving, never despairing father of all mankind. Through his universal fatherhood all men are brothers and as such are obligated to fulfil toward one another the duties of brotherhood. He is the only god: all other gods have no existence. He is the god of all nations, of Assyria as well as of Israel: to Him shall all nations ultimately come. He is the moral ruler of the universe. He is a god perfect and absolute in his own righteousness (Amos). His favor depends upon righteousness. He demands of his worshipers not rites and material gifts, but righteousness, lives pure and holy, consecrated to Yahweh and acceptable to him because reflecting his moral characteristics.

The forces which gave rise to this later conception were many. It arose partly as the reaction against the sensual worship of surrounding nations, partly through borrowing the better elements of religions with which the Hebrews came in contact, largely as the result of the deepening of their own spiritual life. National weakness and prolonged subjection to foreign masters played an important part. Between the relentless Yahweh of early times, whose anger is appeased by the hanging of Saul's seven sons,⁶⁵ and the Yahweh pictured by the Second Isaiah are centuries of subjection, persecution and suffering, and the ripening of the religious genius of the prophets.

It may be seriously doubted whether any nation has ever produced a group of religious and moral teachers comparable with the prophets of ancient Israel. Through their spoken public addresses and writings they became creators of national religious and social ideals, critics and inspirers of public policies, denunciators of social

⁶¹ *Ibid.*, xix. 12.

⁶² Montefiore, C. G., "Origin and Growth of the Religion of the Ancient Hebrews, *Hibbert Lectures*, 1892, p. 40.

⁶³ *Ibid.*, pp. 37-40.

⁶⁴ *Ibid.*, iv. 11.

⁶⁵ 2 Samuel xxi. 1-11.

wrongs, preachers of individual and social righteousness, and the source and channel of an ever loftier conception of Yahveh and of the mission of Israel. In fulfilling each of these capacities they were acting as public teachers. In every national crisis they were at hand to denounce, to encourage, to comfort and always to instruct. They were the public conscience of Israel, the soul of its religion, the creators of public opinion, its most conspicuous, its most revered, its most convincing teachers.

HUME'S SUPPRESSED ESSAYS.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

MY attention was called by a judicious collector of rare books to the fact that David Hume's essays on "The Immortality of the Soul" and on "Suicide" are unobtainable in the book market. They were suppressed at the time they were published and exist now only in one edition preserved in the British Museum, nor were they ever reprinted. For that reason alone they should be worthy of republication. Books or essays are never suppressed unless they are feared, and their effect is feared only if they are good or at least memorable.

Such is the argument of an old reader of *The Open Court*, and it appeals to me; decidedly he is right. A suppressed essay should be made accessible if the author is a thinker as keen and penetrating as David Hume. For this reason I at once took steps to procure a copy of this rare book containing Hume's two essays and decided, if possible, to make Hume's thoughts accessible, even if they should be disappointing and not come up to expectations.

In my attempt to procure the two essays, I addressed myself to Mr. William A. Speck, of the Yale University Library, and thanks to the courtesy of the Board of Trustees, I procured the little book containing Hume's autobiography, his two suppressed essays, also a refutation by the editor, and two letters quoted from Rousseau's *Héloïse*, duly answered. These were printed originally in three separate volumes dated 1777 and 1783, and were bound together at an early date. The title of this portion reads: "Essays on Suicide, and The Immortality of the Soul, ascribed to the late David Hume, Esq. Never before published. With remarks, intended as an Antidote to the Poison contained in these performances, By the Editor. To which is added, Two letters on suicide from

Rosseau's *Eloisa*. London: Printed for M. Smith: and sold by the Booksellers in Piccadilly, Fleet-street and Paternoster-row. 1783. (Price 3s. 6d. sewed.)" The editor looks upon Hume's essays as dangerous, and sets forth his best arguments why these absurd propositions are untenable.

I cannot say that nowadays David Hume's views are in any way extraordinary. They are views very common at present and can be published to-day without endangering the faith of mankind. He who believes in the immortality of the soul will not be disturbed in his belief by David Hume. He will probably base his belief on other reasons than those which the skeptical philosopher tries to refute, and he bases his logic on other considerations. Moreover a man who is placed in such a desperate position as to wish to commit suicide, because in his hopeless situation he naturally prefers extinction to life, will be doubted by no one except the most brutal zealot who argues on purely theoretical grounds. Every one will have sympathy with the misfortunes of a woefully suffering brother. We no longer condemn a suicide, we pity him.

So the solution of a bigoted zealot of the old stamp is no longer upheld and the question may be worthy of reconsideration. At least it has been reconsidered in recent times and I cannot say that the problem has been solved in a satisfactory manner. Prof. Felix Adler, religiously liberal enough, proposed the idea that a man who intends to commit suicide should call together a council of some of his friends, explain to them his troubles and expect from them a decision whether he should be at liberty to do so. Queer to call upon the conscience of other people! If they gave their permission would they not feel like murderers? and if they did not, have they the right to condemn a man to a life of misery? Further, it is quite probable that a desperate situation, unless it be a hopeless or extremely painful disease, cannot be explained even to his most intimate friends by a sufferer who longs for an escape.

Considering the fact that David Hume was a thinker of great depth, it seems to me quite desirable indeed to republish his two suppressed essays. That they have been suppressed and are still omitted from all editions of Hume's works, that they are unobtainable in the book market, seems almost incredible. I have received the little book containing them only through exceptional circumstances, the rarity of the book being due to the narrowness of David Hume's age. Nowadays thinkers who hold Hume's views do not hesitate to present their arguments in just as vigorous terms and as fearlessly as he. There is no reason to suppress them. Nor

is there any need to repeat here the editor's "Antidote" published in the edition before me of London, 1773, because our present generation wants other arguments than the old orthodox convictions according to which the deism of Hume is rank infidelity. Hume is a deist, not an atheist. His belief in God, the God of deism, is just as staunch as that of many a pious Unitarian preacher of to-day, while the editor's views are rarely heard of to-day even in orthodox pulpits.

After all, how harmless is the argument of a man like David Hume! Every one clings to his conviction founded upon his own individuality. Think of a man of the type of Sir Oliver Lodge. Could he ever be convinced by David Hume's arguments? He would rather rely on the evidence of the reports given by mediums and accept their testimony as fairly creditable, however fantastic it may be.

The book before us also contains two chapters on suicide by Rousseau (in our book persistently misspelled Rosseau) "Letter CXIV" and "Letter CXV," which need not be republished because they are accessible in every edition of Rousseau's *Héloïse*.

The history of Hume's two essays is briefly recorded in the preface from which we quote the following paragraphs:

"These two Essays on *Suicide* and *the Immortality of the Soul*, though not published in any edition of his works, are generally attributed to the late ingenious Mr. Hume.

"The well-known contempt of this eminent philosopher for the common convictions of mankind, raised an apprehension of the contents from the very title of these pieces. But the celebrity of the author's name, renders them, notwithstanding, in some degree objects of great curiosity.

"Owing to this circumstance, a few copies have been clandestinely circulated, at a large price, for some time, but without any comment. The very mystery attending this mode of selling them, made them more an object of request than they would otherwise have been.

"The present publication comes abroad under no such restraint, and possesses very superior advantages. The *Notes* annexed are intended to expose the sophistry contained in the original Essays, and may shew how little we have to fear from the adversaries of these great truths, from the pitiful figure which even Mr. Hume makes in thus violently exhausting his last strength in an abortive attempt to traduce or discredit them.

"The admirers of *Mr. Hume* will be pleased with seeing the

remains of a favourite author rescued in this manner from that oblivion to which the prejudices of his countrymen had, in all appearance, consigned them; and even the religious part of mankind have some reason of triumph from the striking instance here given of truth's superiority to error, even when error has all the advantage of an elegant genius, and a great literary reputation to recommend it."

Finally, I wish to express my thanks publicly to the Board of Trustees of the Yale University Library for having enabled me to have these rare essays of David Hume copied for publication. Without their courtesy it would have been impossible to present them to our readers.

ESSAY I. ON SUICIDE.

One considerable advantage that arises from Philosophy, consists in the sovereign antidote which it affords to superstition and false religion. All other remedies against that pestilent distemper are vain, or at least uncertain. Plain good sense and the practice of the world, which alone serve most purposes of life, are here found ineffectual: History as well as daily experience furnish instances of men endowed with the strongest capacity for business and affairs, who have all their lives crouched under slavery to the grossest superstition. Even gaiety and sweetness of temper, which infuse a balm into every other wound, afford no remedy to so virulent a poison; as we may particularly observe of the fair sex, who tho' commonly possess of these rich presents of nature, feel many of their joys blasted by this importune intruder. But when sound Philosophy has once gained possession of the mind, superstition is effectually excluded, and one may fairly affirm that her triumph over this enemy is more complete than over most of the vices and imperfections incident to human nature. Love or anger, ambition or avarice, have their root in the temper and affections, which the soundest reason is scarce ever able fully to correct, but superstition being founded on false opinion, must immediately vanish when true philosophy has inspired juster sentiments of superior powers. The contest is here more equal between the distemper and the medicine, and nothing can hinder the latter from proving effectual but its being false and sophisticated.

It will here be superfluous to magnify the merits of Philosophy by displaying the pernicious tendency of that vice of which it cures the human mind. (1) The superstitious man says Tully is miserable in every scene, in every incident of life; even sleep itself,

which banishes all other cares of unhappy mortals, affords to him matter of new terror; while he examines his dreams, and finds in those visions of the night prognostications of future calamities. I may add that tho' death alone can put a full period to his misery, he dares not fly to this refuge, but still prolongs a miserable existence from a vain fear lest he offend his Maker, by using the power, with which that beneficent being has endowed him. The presents of God and nature are ravished from us by this cruel enemy, and notwithstanding that one step would remove us from the regions of pain and sorrow, her menaces still chain us down to a hated being which she herself chiefly contributes to render miserable.

'Tis observed by such as have been reduced by the calamities of life to the necessity of employing this fatal remedy, that if the unseasonable care of their friends deprive them of that species of Death which they proposed to themselves, they seldom venture upon any other, or can summon up so much resolution a second time as to execute their purpose. So great is our horror of death, that when it presents itself under any form, besides that to which a man has endeavoured to reconcile his imagination, it acquires new terrors and overcomes his feeble courage: But when the menaces of superstition are joined to this natural timidity, no wonder it quite deprives men of all power over their lives, since even many pleasures and enjoyments to which we are carried by a strong propensity, are torn from us by this inhuman tyrant. Let us here endeavour to restore men to their native liberty, by examining all the common arguments against Suicide, and shewing that that action may be free from every imputation of guilt or blame, according to the sentiments of all the ancient philosophers.

If Suicide be criminal, it must be a transgression of our duty either to God, our neighbour, or ourselves.—To prove that suicide is no transgression of our duty to God, the following consideration may perhaps suffice. In order to govern the material world, the almighty Creator has established general and immutable laws, by which all bodies, from the greatest planet to the smallest particle of matter, are maintained in their proper sphere and function. To govern the animal world, he has endowed all living creatures with bodily and mental powers; with senses, passions, appetites, memory, and judgment, by which they are impelled or regulated in that course of life to which they are destined. These two distinct principles of the material and animal world, continually encroach upon each other, and mutually retard or forward each others operation. The powers of men and of all other animals are restrained

and directed by the nature and qualities of the surrounding bodies, and the modifications and actions of these bodies are incessantly altered by the operation of all animals. Man is stopt by rivers in his passage over the surface of the earth; and rivers, when properly directed lend their force to the motion of machines, which serve to the use of man. But tho' the provinces of the material and animal powers are not kept entirely separate, there results from thence no discord or disorder in the creation; on the contrary, from the mixture, union, and contrast of all the various powers of inanimate bodies and living creatures, arises that sympathy, harmony, and proportion, which affords the surest argument of supreme wisdom. The providence of the Deity appears not immediately in any operation, but governs every thing by those general and immutable laws, which have been established from the beginning of time. All events, in one sense, may be pronounced the action of the Almighty, they all proceed from those powers with which he has endowed his creatures. A house which falls by its own weight, is not brought to ruin by his providence, more than one destroyed by the hands of men; nor are the human faculties less his workmanship, than the laws of motion and gravitation. When the passions play, when the judgment dictates, when the limbs obey; this is all the operation of God, and upon these animate principles, as well as upon the inanimate, has he established the government of the universe. Every event is alike important in the eyes of that infinite being, who takes in at one glance the most distant regions of space, and remotest periods of time. There is no event, however important to us, which he has exempted from the general laws that govern the universe, or which he has peculiarly reserved for his own immediate action and operation. The revolution of states and empires depends upon the smallest caprice or passion of single men; and the lives of men are shortened or extended by the smallest accident of air or diet, sunshine or tempest. Nature still continues her progress and operation; and if general laws be ever broke by particular volitions of the Deity, 'tis after a manner which entirely escapes human observation. As on the one hand, the elements and other inanimate parts of the creation carry on their action without regard to the particular interest and situation of men; so men are entrusted to their own judgment and discretion in the various shocks of matter, and may employ every faculty with which they are endowed, in order to provide for the ease, happiness, or preservation. What is the meaning then of that principle, that a man who tired of life, and hunted by pain and

misery, bravely overcomes all the natural terrors of death, and makes his escape from this cruel scene: that such a man I say, has incurred the indignation of his Creator by encroaching on the office of divine providence, and disturbing the order of the universe? shall we assert that the Almighty has reserved to himself in any peculiar manner the disposal of the lives of men, and has not submitted that event, in common with others, to the general laws by which the universe is governed? This is plainly false: the lives of men depend upon the same laws as the lives of all other animals; and these are subjected to the general laws of matter and motion. The fall of a tower, or the infusion of a poison, will destroy a man equally with the meanest creature; an inundation sweeps away every thing without distinction that comes within the reach of its fury. Since therefore the lives of men are for ever dependant on the general laws of matter and motion, is a man's disposing of his life criminal, because in every case it is criminal to encroach upon these laws, or disturb their operation? But this seems absurd: all animals are entrusted to their own prudence and skill for their conduct in the world, and have full authority as far as their power extends, to alter all the operations of nature. Without the exercise of this authority they could not subsist a moment; every action, every motion of a man, innovates on the order of some parts of matter, and diverts from their ordinary course the general laws of motion. Putting together, therefore, these conclusions, we find that human life depends upon the general laws of matter and motion, and that it is no encroachment on the office of providence to disturb or alter these general laws: Has not every one, of consequence, the free disposal of his own life? And may he not lawfully employ that power with which nature has endowed him? in order to destroy the evidence of this conclusion, we must shew a reason why this particular case is excepted; is it because human life is of such great importance, that 'tis a presumption for human prudence to dispose of it. But the life of a man is of no greater importance to the universe than that of an oyster. And were it of ever so great importance, the order of human nature has actually submitted it to human prudence, and reduced us to a necessity, in every incident, of determining concerning it.—Were the disposal of human life so much reserved as the peculiar province of the Almighty, that it were an encroachment on his right, for men to dispose of their own lives; it would be equally criminal to act for the preservation of life as for its destruction. If I turn aside a stone which is falling upon my head, I disturb the course of

nature, and I invade the peculiar province of the Almighty, by lengthening out my life beyond the period which by the general laws of matter and motion he had assigned it.

A hair, a fly, an insect is able to destroy this mighty being whose life is of such importance. Is it an absurdity to suppose that human prudence may lawfully dispose of what depends on such insignificant causes? It would be no crime in me to divert the *Nile* or *Danube* from its course, were I able to effect such purposes. Where then is the crime of turning a few ounces of blood from their natural channel?—Do you imagine that I repine at Providence or curse my creation, because I go out of life, and put a period to a being, which, were it to continue, would render me miserable? Far be such sentiments from me; I am only convinced of a matter of fact, which you yourself acknowledge possible, that human life may be unhappy, and that my existence, if further prolonged, would become ineligible; but I thank Providence, both for the good which I have already enjoyed, and for the power with which I am endowed of escaping the ill that threatens me.* To you it belongs to repine at providence, who foolishly imagine that you have no such power, and who must still prolong a hated life, tho' loaded with pain and sickness, with shame and poverty—Do not you teach, that when any ill befalls me, tho' by the malice of my enemies, I ought to be resigned to providence, and that the actions of men are the operations of the Almighty as much as the actions of inanimate beings? When I fall upon my own sword, therefore, I receive my death equally from the hands of the Deity as if it had proceeded from a lion, a precipice, or a fever. The submission which you require to providence, in every calamity that befalls me, excludes not human skill and industry, if possible by their means I can avoid or escape the calamity: And why may I not employ one remedy as well as another?—If my life be not my own, it were criminal for me to put it in danger, as well as to dispose of it; nor could one man deserve the appellation of *hero*, whom glory or friendship transports into the greatest dangers, and another merit the reproach of *wretch* or *miscreant* who puts a period to his life, from the same or like motives.—There is no being, which possesses any power or faculty, that it receives not from its Creator, nor is there any one, which by ever so irregular an action can encroach upon the plan of his providence, or disorder the universe. Its operations are his works equally with that chain of events which it invades, and which ever principle prevails, we may for that very

* *Agamus Dei gratias, quod nemo in vita teneri protest.* SEN. Epist. 12.

reason conclude it to be most favoured by him. Be it animate, or inanimate, rational, or irrational, 'tis all a case: its power is still derived from the supreme Creator, and is alike comprehended in the order of his providence. When the horror of pain prevails over the love of life; when a voluntary action anticipates the effects of blind causes, 'tis only in consequence of those powers and principles which he has implanted in his creatures. Divine providence is still inviolate, and placed far beyond the reach of human injuries. 'Tis impious says the old Roman superstition* to divert rivers from their course, or invade the prerogatives of nature: 'Tis impious says the French superstition to inoculate for the small-pox, or usurp the business of providence by voluntarily producing distempers and maladies. 'Tis impious says the modern *European* superstition, to put a period to our own life, and thereby rebel against our Creator; and why not impious, say I, to build houses, cultivate the ground, or sail upon the ocean? In all these actions we employ our powers of mind and body, to produce some innovation in the course of nature; and in none of them do we any more. They are all of them therefore equally innocent, or equally criminal. *But you are placed by providence, like a sentinel, in a particular station, and when you desert it without being recalled, you are equally guilty of rebellion against your almighty sovereign, and have incurred his displeasure.* —I ask, why do you conclude that providence has placed me in this station? for my part I find that I owe my birth to a long chain of causes, of which many depended upon voluntary actions of men. *But providence guided all these causes, and nothing happens in the universe without its consent and co-operation.* If so, then neither does my death, however voluntary, happen without its consent; and whenever pain or sorrow so far overcome my patience, as to make me tired of life, I may conclude that I am recalled from my station in the clearest and most express terms. 'Tis providence surely that has placed me at this present in this chamber: But may I not leave it when I think proper, without being liable to the imputation of having deserted my post or station? When I shall be dead, the principles of which I am composed will still perform their part in the universe, and will be equally useful in the grand fabrick, as when they composed this individual creature. The difference to the whole will be no greater than betwixt my being in a chamber and in the open air. The one change is of more importance to me than the other; but not more so to the universe.

—'Tis a kind of blasphemy to imagine that any created being

* TACIT. Ann. lib. i.

can disturb the order of the world, or invade the business of Providence! it supposes, that that being possesses powers and faculties, which it received not from its creator, and which are not subordinate to his government and authority. A man may disturb society no doubt, and thereby incur the displeasure of the Almighty: But the government of the world is placed far beyond his reach and violence. And how does it appear that the Almighty is displeased with those actions that disturb society? By the principles which he has implanted in human nature, and which inspire us with a sentiment of remorse if we ourselves have been guilty of such actions, and with that of blame and disapprobation, if we ever observe them in others:—Let us now examine, according to the method proposed, whether Suicide be of this kind of actions, and be a breach of our duty to our *neighbour* and to *society*.

A man who retires from life does no harm to society: He only ceases to do good; which, if it is an injury, is of the lowest kind.—All our obligations to do good to society seem to imply something reciprocal. I receive the benefits of society, and therefore ought to promote its interests; but when I withdraw myself altogether from society, can I be bound any longer? But allowing that our obligations to do good were perpetual, they have certainly some bounds; I am not obliged to do a small good to society at the expense of a great harm to myself; why then should I prolong a miserable existence, because of some frivolous advantage which the public may perhaps receive from me? If upon account of age and infirmities, I may lawfully resign any office, and employ my time altogether in fencing against these calamities, and alleviating, as much as possible, the miseries of life: why may I not cut short these miseries at once by an action which is no more prejudicial to society?—But suppose that it is no longer in my power to promote the interest of society, suppose that I am a burden to it, suppose that my life hinders some person from being much more useful to society. In such cases, my resignation of life must not only be innocent, but laudable. And most people who lie under any temptation to abandon existence, are in some such situation: those who have health, or power, or authority, have commonly better reason to be in humour with the world.

A man is engaged in a conspiracy for the public interest; is seized upon suspicion; is threatened with the rack; and knows from his own weakness that the secret will be extorted from him: Could such a one consult the public interest better than by putting a quick period to a miserable life? This was the case of the famous and

brave *Strozi of Florence*.—Again, suppose a malefactor is justly condemned to a shameful death, can any reason be imagined, why he may not anticipate his punishment, and save himself all the anguish of thinking on its dreadful approaches? He invades the business of providence no more than the magistrate did, who ordered his execution; and his voluntary death is equally advantageous to society, by ridding it of a pernicious member.

That Suicide may often be consistent with interest and with our duty to ourselves, no one can question, who allows that age, sickness, or misfortune, may render life a burthen, and make it worse even than annihilation. I believe that no man ever threw away life, while it was worth keeping. For such is our natural horror of death, that small motives will never be able to reconcile us to it; and though perhaps the situation of a man's health or fortune did not seem to require this remedy, we may at least be assured that any one who, without apparent reason, has had recourse to it, was curst with such an incurable depravity or gloominess of temper as must poison all enjoyment, and render him equally miserable as if he had been loaded with the most grievous misfortunes.—If suicide be supposed a crime, 'tis only cowardice can impel us to it. If it be no crime, both prudence and courage should engage us to rid ourselves at once of existence, when it becomes a burthen. 'Tis the only way that we can then be useful to society, by setting an example, which if imitated, would preserve to every one his chance for happiness in life, and would effectually free him from all danger of misery.*

* It would be easy to prove that suicide is as lawful under the Christian dispensation as it was to the Heathens. There is not a single text of scripture which prohibits it. That great and infallible rule of faith and practice which must controul all philosophy and human reasoning, has left us in this particular to our natural liberty. Resignation to Providence is indeed recommended in scripture; but that implies only submission to ills that are unavoidable, not to such as may be remedied by prudence or courage. *Thou shalt not kill*, is evidently meant to exclude only the killing of others, over whose life we have no authority. That this precept, like most of the scripture precepts, must be modified by reason and common sense, is plain from the practice of magistrates, who punish criminals capitally, notwithstanding the letter of the law. But were this commandment ever so express against suicide, it would now have no authority, for all the law of *Moses* is abolished, except so far as it is established by the law of nature. And we have already endeavoured to prove that suicide is not prohibited by that law. In all cases Christians and Heathens are precisely upon the same footing; *Cato* and *Brutus*, *Arrea* and *Portia* acted heroically; those who now imitate their example ought to receive the same praises from posterity. The power of committing suicide is regarded by *Pliny* as an advantage which men possess even above the Deity himself. "*Deus non sibi potest mortem consciscere si velit quod homini dedit optimum in tantis vite penis.*"—Lib. II. cap. 7.

ESSAY II. ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

By the mere light of reason it seems difficult to prove the *Immortality* of the *Soul*; the arguments for it are commonly derived either from *metaphysical* topics, or *moral* or *physical*. But in reality 'tis the Gospel and the Gospel alone, that has brought *life and immortality to light*.

I. METAPHYSICAL topics suppose that the soul is immaterial, and that 'tis impossible for thought to belong to a material substance.—(1) But just metaphysics teach us that the notion of substance is wholly confused and imperfect, and that we have no other idea of any substance, than as an aggregate of particular qualities, inhering in an unknown something. Matter, therefore, and spirit, are at bottom equally unknown, and we cannot determine what qualities inhere in the one or in the other. (2) They likewise teach us that nothing can be decided *a priori* concerning any cause or effect, and that experience being the only source of our judgments of this nature, we cannot know from any other principle, whether matter, by its structure or arrangement, may not be the cause of thought. Abstract reasonings cannot decide any question of fact or existence.—But admitting a spiritual substance to be dispersed throughout the universe, like the ethereal fire of the *Stoics*, and to be the only inherent subject of thought, we have reason to conclude from *analogy* that nature uses it after the manner she does the other substance, *matter*. She employs it as a kind of paste or clay; modifies it into a variety of forms and existences; dissolves after a time each modification, and from its substance erects a new form. As the same material substance may successively compose the bodies of all animals, the same spiritual substance may compose their minds: Their consciousness, or that system of thought which they formed during life, may be continually dissolved by death. And nothing interests them in the new modification. The most positive assertors of the mortality of the soul, never denied the immortality of its substance. And that an immaterial substance, as well as a material, may lose its memory or consciousness, appears in part from experience, if the soul be immaterial.—Reasoning from the common course of nature, and without supposing any new interposition of the supreme cause, which ought always to be excluded from philosophy, what is incorruptible must also be ingenerable. The Soul therefore if immortal, existed before our birth; and if the former existence no ways concerned us, neither will the latter.—Animals undoubtedly feel, think, love, hate, will, and even reason,

tho' in a more imperfect manner than men; are their souls also immaterial and immortal?

II. Let us now consider the moral arguments, chiefly those derived from the justice of God, which is supposed to be farther interested in the farther punishment of the vicious and reward of the virtuous.—But these arguments are grounded on the supposition that God has attributes beyond what he has exerted in this universe, with which alone we are acquainted. Whence do we infer the existence of these attributes?—'Tis very safe for us to affirm, that whatever we know the Deity to have actually done, is best; but 'tis very dangerous to affirm, that he must always do what to us seems best. In how many instances would this reasoning fail us with regard to the present world?—But if any purpose of nature be clear, we may affirm, that the whole scope and intention of man's creation, so far as we can judge by natural reason, is limited to the present life. With how weak a concern from the original inherent structure of the mind and passions, does he ever look farther? What comparison either for steadiness or efficacy, betwixt so floating an idea, and the most doubtful persuasion of any matter of fact that occurs in common life. There arise indeed in some minds some unaccountable terrors with regard to futurity; but these would quickly vanish were they not artificially fostered by precept and education. And those who foster them, what is their motive? Only to gain a livelihood, and to acquire power and riches in this world. Their very zeal and industry therefore is an argument against them.

What cruelty, what iniquity, what injustice in nature, to confine all our concern, as well as all our knowledge, to the present life, if there be another scene still waiting us, of infinitely greater consequence? Ought this barbarous deceit to be ascribed to a beneficent and wise being?—Observe with what exact proportion the talk to be performed and the performing powers are adjusted throughout all nature. If the reason of man gives him great superiority above other animals, his necessities are proportionably multiplied upon him; his whole time, his whole capacity, activity, courage, and passion, find sufficient employment in fencing against the miseries of his present condition, and frequently, nay almost always are too slender for the business assigned them.—A pair of shoes perhaps was never yet wrought to the highest degree of perfection which that commodity is capable of attaining. Yet it is necessary, at least very useful, that there should be some politicians and moralists, even some geometers, poets, and philosophers among mankind. The powers of men are no more superior to their wants,

considered merely in this life, than those of foxes and hares are, compared to *their* wants and to their period of existence. The inference from parity of reason is therefore obvious.—

On the theory of the Soul's mortality, the inferiority of women's capacity is easily accounted for. Their domestic life requires no higher faculties, either of mind or body. This circumstance vanishes and becomes absolutely insignificant, on the religious theory: the one sex has an equal task to perform as the other; their powers of reason and resolution ought also to have been equal, and both of them infinitely greater than at present. As every effect implies a cause, and that another, till we reach the first cause of all, which is the Deity; every thing that happens is ordained by him, and nothing can be the object of his punishment or vengeance.—By what rule are punishments and rewards distributed? What is the divine standard of merit and demerit? Shall we suppose that human sentiments have place in the Deity? How bold that hypothesis. We have no conception of any other sentiments.—According to human sentiments, sense, courage, good manners, industry, prudence, genius, &c. are essential parts of personal merits. Shall we therefore erect an elysium for poets and heroes like that of the ancient mythology? Why confine all rewards to one species of virtue? Punishment, without any proper end or purpose, is inconsistent with *our* ideas of goodness and justice, and no end can be served by it after the whole scene is closed. Punishment, according to *our* conception, should bear some proportion to the offence. Why then eternal punishment for the temporary offences of so frail a creature as man? Can any one approve of *Alexander's* rage, who intended to exterminate a whole nation because they had seized his favorite horse Bucephalus?*

Heaven and Hell suppose two distinct species of men, the good and the bad; but the greatest part of mankind float betwixt vice and virtue.—Were one to go round the world with an intention of giving a good supper to the righteous, and a sound drubbing to the wicked, he would frequently be embarrassed in his choice, and would find that the merits and the demerits of most men and women scarcely amount to the value of either.—To suppose measures of approbation and blame different from the human confounds every thing. Whence do we learn that there is such a thing as moral distinctions, but from our own sentiments?—What man who has not met with personal provocation (or what good-natured man who has) could inflict on crimes, from the sense of blame alone, even the

* Quint. Curtius lib. VI. cap. 5.

common, legal, frivolous punishments? And does any thing steel the breast of judges and juries against the sentiments of humanity but reflection on necessity and public interest? By the Roman law those who had been guilty of parricide and confessed their crime, were put into a sack alone with an ape, a dog, and a serpent, and thrown into the river. Death alone was the punishment of those who denied their guilt, however fully proved. A criminal was tried before *Augustus*, and condemned after a full conviction, but the humane emperor, when he put the last interrogatory, gave it such a turn as to lead the wretch into a denial of his guilt. "You surely (said the prince) did not kill your father."* This lenity suits our natural ideas of *right* even towards the greatest of all criminals, and even though it prevents so inconsiderable a sufference. Nay even the most bigotted priest would naturally without reflection approve of it, provided the crime was not heresy or infidelity; for as these crimes hurt himself in his *temporal* interest and advantages, perhaps he may not be altogether so indulgent to them. The chief source of moral ideas is the reflection on the interest of human society. Ought these interests, so short, so frivolous, to be guarded by punishments eternal and infinite? The damnation of one man is an infinitely greater evil in the universe, than the subversion of a thousand millions of kingdoms. Nature has rendered human infancy peculiarly frail and mortal, as it were on purpose to refute the notion of a probationary state; the half of mankind die before they are rational creatures.

III. The *Physical* arguments from the analogy of nature are strong for the mortality of the soul, and are really the only philosophical arguments which ought to be admitted with regard to this question, or indeed any question of fact.—Where any two objects are so closely connected that all alterations which we have ever seen in the one, are attended with proportionable alterations in the other; we ought to conclude by all rules of analogy, that, when there are still greater alterations produced in the former, and it is totally dissolved, there follows a total dissolution of the latter.—Sleep, a very small effect on the body, is attended with a temporary extinction, at least a great confusion in the soul.—The weakness of the body and that of the mind in infancy are exactly proportioned, their vigour in manhood, their sympathetic disorder in sickness; their common gradual decay in old age. The step further seems unavoidable; their common dissolution in death. The last symptoms which the mind discovers are disorder, weakness, in-

* Suet. Augus. cap. 3.

sensibility, and stupidity, the fore-runners of its annihilation. The farther progress of the same causes encreasing, the same effects totally extinguish it. Judging by the usual analogy of nature, no form can continue when transferred to a condition of life very different from the original one, in which it was placed. Trees perish in the water, fishes in the air, animals in the earth. Even so small a difference as that of climate is often fatal. What reason then to imagine, that an immense alteration, such as is made on the soul by the dissolution of its body and all its organs of thought and sensation, can be effected without the dissolution of the whole? Every thing is in common betwixt soul and body. The organs of the one are all of them the organs of the other. The existence therefore of the one must be dependant on that of the other.—The souls of animals are allowed to be mortal; and these bear so near a resemblance to the souls of men, that the analogy from one to the other forms a very strong argument. Their bodies are not more resembling; yet no one rejects the argument drawn from comparative anatomy. The *Metempsychosis* is therefore the only system of this kind that philosophy can hearken to.

Nothing in this world is perpetual, every thing however seemingly firm is in continual flux and change, the world itself gives symptoms of frailty and dissolution. How contrary to analogy, therefore, to imagine that one single form, seemingly the frailest of any, and subject to the greatest disorders, is immortal and indissoluble? What daring theory is that! how lightly, not to say how rashly entertained! How to dispose of the infinite number of posthumous existences ought also to embarrass the religious theory. Every planet in every solar system we are at liberty to imagine peopled with intelligent mortal beings, at least we can fix on no other supposition. For these then a new universe must every generation be created beyond the bounds of the present universe, or one must have been created at first so prodigiously wide as to admit of this continual influx of beings. Ought such bold suppositions to be received by any philosophy, and that merely on the pretext of a bare possibility? When it is asked whether *Agamemnon*, *Thersides*, *Hannibal*, *Varro*, and every stupid clown that ever existed in *Italy*, *Scythia*, *Bactria* or *Guinea*, are now alive; can any man think, that a scrutiny of nature will furnish arguments strong enough to answer so strange a question in the affirmative? The want of argument without revelation sufficiently establishes the negative.—“*Quanto facilius (says Pliny*) certius que sibi quemque*

* Lib. 7. cap. 55.

credere, ac specimen securitatis antigene tali sumere experimento."

Our insensibility before the composition of the body, seems to natural reason a proof of a like state after dissolution.—Were our horrors of annihilation an original passion, not the effect of our general love of happiness, it would rather prove the mortality of the soul. For as nature does nothing in vain, she would never give us a horror against an impossible event. She may give us a horror against an unavoidable event, provided our endeavours, as in the present case, may often remove it to some distance. Death is in the end unavoidable; yet the human species could not be preserved had not nature inspired us with an aversion towards it. All doctrines are to be suspected which are favoured by our passions, and the hopes and fears which gave rise to this doctrine are very obvious.

'Tis an infinite advantage in every controversy to defend the negative. If the question be out of the common experienced course of nature, this circumstance is almost if not altogether decisive. By what arguments or analogies can we prove any state of existence, which no one ever saw, and which no way resembles any that ever was seen? Who will repose such trust in any pretended philosophy as to admit upon its testimony the reality of so marvellous a scene? Some new species of logic is requisite for that purpose, and some new faculties of the mind, that may enable us to comprehend that logic.

Nothing could set in a fuller light the infinite obligations which mankind have to divine revelation, since we find that no other medium could ascertain this great and important truth.

CONSOLING THOUGHTS ON EARTHLY EXISTENCE AND CONFIDENCE IN AN ETERNAL LIFE.¹

BY HELMUTH VON MOLTKE.

[In connection with a discussion of thoughts on man's destiny after life, it will be interesting to our readers to see what a famous German general thought about death. Moltke, a man characterized as the *Schlachtendenker*, pondered on the religious problems of life and death more than we may have expected, and we see that the problem moved him deeply. Off and on throughout his life he worked at notes for a little sketch which is commonly known as his *Trostgedanken*, and there are extant no less than three distinct but very similar manuscripts of it written in his own hand. All three have been published in his collected works (Berlin: Mittler & Son, Vol. I) thus enabling

¹ Translated by Lydia G. Robinson.

readers to compare them. As a basis of our translation we utilize the last one, dated at Creisau in October 1890, which incorporates all important passages of the first two. It has been more worked up and polished than they but contains no note that does not accord with the former conceptions.

Moltke is a conservative thinker, but after all a thinker, and it is strange to observe how his preference for rationalism makes him linger with sympathy on the fate of the Arian sect, and when he justifies his confidence in a conscious life he adds: "Whether this is to be desired is another question." Considering his arguments we might say that they are equally applicable to a broader interpretation in conceiving man not as an isolated individual but as a link in a chain where we must look upon the whole evolution of life on earth as a unity. But we do not mean either to interpret or criticize the thoughts of a great man; we wish simply to present his views and let him speak for himself.—EDITOR.]

MAN feels that he is a completed whole, isolated from the rest of the world, and externally separated from it by the corporeal envelopment which serves here on earth as the dwelling of the soul.

Nevertheless I would fain recognize functions in this whole which, though closely united with the soul and dominated by it, have still an independent existence.

From the obscurity of our origin the body is developed first of all. Its nature works indefatigably in the growth of the child, and in him prepares the dwelling for higher organs. The body reaches the summit of its perfection before half of its existence is past and from the surplus of its power it awakens new life; from that time on decline and nothing more, except the painful effort to preserve its own continuance.

For perhaps one-third of our existence during sleep the body receives no commands from its mistress and yet the heart beats on without interruption, the constituents undergo chemical change and the breathing process is performed—all without our will.

The activity of the servant, however, can show resistance even against this, for instance when a cramp painfully contracts our muscles. But the pain is the call for help and assistance when the living bodily function has lost control over lifeless matter which we experience as illness of our vassal.

After all we must recognize the body, to be sure, as one part of our being, but yet as something apart from ourselves.

At least, is the soul, the particular ego, a single inseparable whole?

By a slow unfolding, reason rises to constantly greater perfection clear up to old age, as long as the body does not forsake it. Capacity for judgment grows with the fulness of life's experience,

but of course memory, that handmaid of thought, vanishes earlier, or rather loses the ability to take up anything new. Strange enough is this ability to store away everything which has become our own since earliest youth—everything we have learned or experienced—into a thousand drawers which open to the spirit at a moment's notice!

It cannot be denied that old age often seems dull of wit, but I cannot believe in an actual obscuration of reason, for it is a bright beam of the divine and even in insanity the error is only external. Yet a deaf man who strikes notes that are quite correct on an instrument entirely out of tune must himself be conscious of the correct chord while all around him hear only confused discords.

Reason is supreme sovereign; it recognizes no authority above it. No superior force, not even we ourselves, can compel it to accept as wrong what it has recognized to be true.

E pur si muove!

The thinking soul strays through boundless distances of shining stars; it casts the plummet out into the unfathomable depths of the smallest life; nowhere does it find limits, but everywhere law, the direct expression of divine thought.

A stone falls upon Sirius in accord with the same law of gravitation as upon the earth; the distance between the planets and the chemical composition of the elements are based upon arithmetical relations, and everywhere the same causes yield the same effects. Nowhere is there caprice in nature, everywhere law.

To be sure reason cannot discover the origin of things, but it never contradicts the law which directs everything. Reason and natural law are conformable; they must have the same origin.

Even if the imperfection of all creation leads reason on a path which deviates from the truth, nevertheless truth is its only goal.

So of course reason is often in contradiction to many venerable traditions. It struggles against miracle, "the favorite child of faith"; it cannot be persuaded that omnipotence could have needed to abrogate in individual cases the laws of nature which hold eternally, in order to attain its purpose. Yet the doubts that arise are not against religion but only against the form in which it is presented to us.

Christianity has elevated the world from barbarism to civilization. In a century of endeavor it has abolished slavery, ennobled labor, emancipated woman, and directed the glance toward eternity. But was it the doctrine of faith, the dogma, which brought this blessing? One can inform oneself about everything except those

matters to which human capacity for thought cannot reach and it is over just such concepts that men have contended for eighteen centuries, have desolated the world from the time of the extermination of the Arians through disturbances like the Thirty Years' War down to the stake-burnings of the inquisition; and what is the end of all these wars? The same divided opinion as before!

We may accept the creeds as one accepts the assurance of a true friend without putting it to the proof, but the kernel of all religions is the system of morality they teach, of which the Christian is the purest and most exhaustive.

And yet people speak of a dry morality with a shrug of the shoulders, and regard the form in which it is given as the main thing. I am afraid that the zealous priest in the pulpit who persuades where he cannot convince, preaches Christians out of the churches.

In general ought not every pious prayer, whether addressed to Buddha or Allah or Yahveh, reach the same God beside whom there is none other? The mother hears her child's request in whatever language he babbles her name.

Reason does not contradict morality at any point; in the final account the good is the reasonable, but to act according to it does not rest with reason. Here it is the controlling soul which decides, the soul of sentiment, our willing and doing. To reason alone and not to its two vassals God has given the two-edged sword of free will, that gift which according to scripture leads to bliss or damnation.

But a safe counsellor is also given us. Independent of us he receives his authority from God himself. Conscience is the incorruptible and infallible judge that pronounces sentence at every moment when we will listen and whose voice finally reaches even the one who pays no heed to it, no matter how greatly he strives against it.

The laws which human society has made for itself bring only acts before its judgment seat, not thoughts and sentiments. Even the various religions make different demands on different peoples. They demand here the sacred observance of Sunday but in other places of Saturday or Friday. One religion permits enjoyments which another forbids. Moreover there is always a wide space between what is allowed and what is forbidden, and here conscience raises its voice with delicacy of feeling. It tells us that *every* day ought to be consecrated to the Lord, that even the lawful tribute levied by oppression is unjust; in short, it preaches that morality

which is within the breast alike of Christians and Jews, of pagans and savages. For even in the most uncivilized peoples whom Christianity has not enlightened the fundamental ideas of good and evil are consistent. Even they recognize breach of faith and falsehood, treachery and ingratitude as evil; even to them the bond between parents, children and relatives is a sacred one.

It is hard to believe in the universal depravity of the human race, for however it may be obscured by crudeness and illusion yet in every human breast the germ of good reposes, the sense of what is noble and beautiful, and conscience has its dwelling there, pointing out the right path. Is there any more convincing proof of the existence of God than this feeling for right and wrong which is common to all, than the consistency of *one* law dominating the moral world as well as the physical; except that nature follows this law unconditionally whereas man because he is free has been given the possibility to violate it.

Body and reason serve the governing soul, but they also make their own independent demands; both are determining factors, and so man's life becomes a constant battle with himself. If the voice of conscience does not always determine the decision of the soul oppressed in so many directions by external and internal conflict, we must still hope that the Lord who created us imperfect will not demand perfection of us.

For how many things rush upon us in our activities, how different are original natural dispositions, how unequal are education and position in life! It is easy for fortune's favorite to keep to the right path almost without meeting temptation—at least not to crime; on the other hand it is a hard matter for the starving untutored man assailed by passion. All of this must weigh heavily in the balance in weighing guilt and innocence at the final judgment, and thus mercy becomes justice, two concepts which would otherwise be mutually exclusive.

It is harder to think of nothing than of something, especially when this something already exists; harder to conceive of ceasing to be than of continued existence. It is not possible that this earthly life can be a final purpose. We did not ask for it; it was given to us, laid upon us. We must have a higher destination than constantly to renew the course of this wretched existence. Are the riddles which surround us never to be solved, to whose solution the best of mankind have devoted their lives? Of what use are the thousand threads of love and friendship which bind us to the

present and the past if there is no future, if everything ceases with death?

But what can we take over into this future?

The functions of our earthly garment, the body, have ceased; the substances which were constantly changing even during our lifetime enter into new chemical combinations, and the earth retains what belongs to it. Not the smallest particle goes astray. Scripture promises us the resurrection of a transfigured body, and of course a separate existence without limitation is not to be considered; yet by this promise we are probably to understand the persistence of personality as opposed to pantheism.

We are entitled to hope that reason and with it everything which we have painfully acquired in the way of knowledge and wisdom will accompany us into eternity, perhaps even the memory of our earthly life. Whether this is to be desired is another question. What if our whole life, our thoughts and acts, would be spread out before us and we ourselves would become our own judges, incorruptible, merciless?

But above all affection must remain an attribute of the soul if it is immortal. Friendship is based upon reciprocity, and reason has much to do with it, but love can exist without responsive love. It is the purest, the divine flame of our being.

Now scripture tells us that above everything else we should love God, an invisible and wholly incomprehensible being bestowing upon us joy and happiness but also privation and pain. How can we do it except as we follow his commands and love our fellow men whom we see and understand?

If, as the Apostle Paul tells us, faith shall be turned to knowledge and hope to fulfilment and only love will persist, then we may also hope to meet the love of a lenient judge.

A MOSLEM EDITION OF THE KORAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

A NEW translation of the Koran into English is being prepared by a number of modern well-educated adherents of Islam in India, and the first part of it in the shape of an unbound brochure of 118 pages lies before us. Thirty such parts are intended to make the whole, and the editors are prompted not by mercantile

motives but by the zeal of spreading the main source of the true religion. In the foreword they address the reader as follows:

"Seekers after truth and searchers for guidance! Bless your stars that the Book revealed by God for the good of mankind has been made accessible to you in an easily comprehensible form. It is the Message, yes, the self-same Message, which went forth in sweet Arabic accents from the Cave Hira 1300 years ago, at a time when Cimmerian darkness or irreligion had overspread the entire face of the earth and moral turpitude had blunted the consciousness of sin; and which, again, is repeated to-day in the English language for the guidance of those stragglers who, like their predecessors of 1300 years ago, are thirsting for truth but suffer from the lack of a guide."



THE TITLE OF THE BOOK IN ITS ORIGINAL FORM.

There are many translations of the book whose title is transcribed from the Arabic into English as "Qur-an." The "Q" replaces the more common spelling of "K" because the Arabic "K" in this case is pronounced with an emphasis that is to be differentiated from our common "K."

Our new editors find that the "former translations are too poor reading to afford anything like a regular insight into the excellencies of Islam." They have furnished the present version with annotations which render the meaning more clear and give the spirit of the text. The editors say:

"We have carefully avoided all those baseless tales and unfounded stories which have grievously misled many a translator. Such foolish stories may find room in the folklore, but it will be

a decided injustice to thrust them upon the Holy Qur-an, because, far from disclosing the truth, they give rise to childish nonsense and mental confusion. So we have taken scrupulous care to steer clear of all such unworthy stuff, and have based our translation and explanatory notes first on the Holy Qur-an itself, secondly, on the authenticated sayings of the Holy Prophet (on whom be peace and blessings of God), thirdly, on standard dictionaries, and fourthly, on reliable history. This process, we hope, will be a great help toward a right understanding of the Holy Qur-an."

The notes are indeed helpful, and we feel we cannot do better than give an instance of them by quoting the comments on the first verse of the Koran. The work begins in the name of Allah. While in English the word "god" is a noun that can be used in the plural so as to speak not only of God in the abstract sense of the only true God, but also in the sense of the gods of polytheism like Jupiter or Wodan, in Arabic *Allah* means God and can never be used in the plural. This is explained in the first note as follows:

"Allah is the name of a Being who is the sole possessor of all perfect attributes and is free from all defects. In the Arabic language, this term is never used for any other thing or being. No other language has a distinctive name for the Supreme Being. The names found in other languages are all attributive or descriptive and are often used in the plural; but the word "Allah" is never used in the plural number. Hence, in the absence of a parallel word in the English language we have retained the original name 'Allah' throughout the translation."

The first verse of the Koran reads as follows:

"I BEGIN with the name of Allah, the Beneficent, the Merciful.
All praise belongs to Allah, Lord of the worlds,
The Beneficent, the Merciful,
Master of the Day of Retribution."

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ
الْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ رَبِّ الْعَالَمِينَ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ مَلِكِ يَوْمِ الدِّينِ

The edition also gives the Arabic text in clear clean print from which the first verse here quoted is reproduced in a reduced form. The text is accompanied by a transliteration which for the first verse reads:

1. Bismillā-hir-Rahmā-nir-Rahim.
2. Alham-du lillāhi Rabbil-'ālamīn.
3. Arrahmā-nir-Rahim,
4. Māliki yau-mid-din.

We omit, however, the accents and characteristic dots of the letters.

We wish this new translation of the Quran the best possible success not only at home among the English-speaking Moslems but also abroad among the unbelievers who for scholarly and historical considerations take an active interest in comparative religion.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE OPEN COURT FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT, M. LUCIEN ARREAT.

(Translation.)

PARIS, July 26, 1917.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I was very glad to hear from you (your letter of July 3 reached me on the 21st), and the more so inasmuch as I have not received your magazines for about three months. I have often thought of writing to you myself; but I did not wish to enter into the endless discussions raised by this abominable war from which our people are suffering to the point of martyrdom. In spite of the sorrows and mortifications of the times I have continued in good health, or nearly so. Though my colds become more frequent and more stubborn, still I have no other infirmity than my seventy-six years, and that is infirmity enough for me. You may have seen that I continue to do a little work for the *Revue philosophique*. Need I add that Théodule Ribot's death has affected me greatly? This war is killing men of our age just as surely as the young men. It is sad to end one's life in the midst of these horrors and in want of so many things which make life worth living, or are even most essential to one's existence.

"Why not live and let live?" the poor people say, "Isn't it hard enough to earn our bread?" But, as our La Fontaine said of a whipped dog,

"His reasoning in a master's mouth
Very fine might be;
But from him it has no weight at all—
Merely a cur is he."

[Son raisonnement pouvait être
Fort bon dans la bouche d'un maître.

Ne venant que d'un simple chien
On trouva qu'il ne valait rien.]

My reflections? They may perhaps have some value, but unfortunately they would satisfy nobody.

Although not free from errors, the politics of the Old Régime were on the whole those of prudence and patience—they have made us the nation that we are. The same is true of the politics of the Restoration and of the July government. But our unrestrained revolutions have accustomed us to a fantastic and improvident line of conduct. The doctors and orators who have governed us for the past thirty years (excepting some men of merit like Alexandre Ribot) have, in the desire to escape war, practised a politics of alliances and vain talk, which instead of avoiding war runs the risk of provoking it, and now that the storm has come the native valor of our race has failed to rise and save us from an irreparable disaster.

As to the German government, it has, in my opinion, shown the most remarkable disregard of historical and psychological conditions in Europe. It ought to have profited by the example of the French Revolution—of which Napoleon was but the brilliant expression—and of the martial enterprise into which it madly rushed. The situation is quite the same to-day, only the parts of the actors are reversed, and this time it is no longer a coalition—it is a crusade.

It is of no avail, I suppose, to criticise the particular facts, the dates, the incidents, the intentions more or less strict or whose meaning has been forced. We must go straight to the deep causes, to the actual or falsely preconceived necessities of the different states. All then becomes clear, and the "official" lies are reduced to their correct valuation which is simply one of opportunity or circumstance. I do not wish to insist on this delicate point, and you understand what I mean without my in the least incriminating any individuals of whose perfect good faith I am convinced.

"It is not always the fact itself," I wrote in my *Reflexions et maximes*, "which is of importance in political affairs, but the romance that is built upon the facts, a romance whose every page is stained with blood. After some fifty years history will come etc."

What an enormous destruction of life, and how eternally to be deplored! What a vast number of dead and how inestimable their loss! It has been said that war is a return to savagry, and no other war ever produced more ruins and more victims than this one. Our nations will remain impoverished and leaderless for a long time. I keep silent about many dreadful things that some day the opportunity will come to reveal. Add to this the formation in every land of a bad rich class (as was the case in France after the Revolution) which will bring to our middle classes a flood of the impure elements with which it has been corrupted.

Peace! All the nations call upon it in their prayers, and all governments desire it because it is the first of all their needs. Unfortunately most of the statesmen are bound by imprudent promises and remain prisoners to their own statements. I wish with all my heart that the arrival of great America on the scene would put an end to this fratricidal conflict and permit it to come to a close with equity; that is, so that it will be settled with some consideration of mutual goodwill and not to satisfy haughty appetites for power and dominion. If our Europe does not succeed in finding some sort of a federative principle that will assure its correct place to each nation, it will end, I am afraid, by

experiencing the worst excesses of demagogy and will not soon see an end of its miseries.

These on the whole are the reflections which haunt my solitude. It would be easy to develop them and give them a more solid body if it were worth the trouble, but it does not seem that the best reasons in the world would stand any chance of prevailing over feelings which have been exasperated.

My housekeeper, as you know, has lost her husband who was mortally wounded in the Vosges, July, 1915. I am keeping her with her two small children (five and three and one-half years) and thus add to my share of the common burden—a burden already too heavy for my slender resources. There is no doubt but I shall be obliged to leave Paris and I lose all hope of ever seeing you again. Rest assured that whatever happens my feelings toward you and your dear family will always remain those of an old and faithful friend.

Cordially yours,

L. ARRÉAT.

NADWORNA.

Nadworna is a town in Galicia, and when the Russians invaded it they not only forced all the Jews, men women and children, to assist them in the work of attack on the Austrian lines, but set them in the place of greatest danger as a shield for the Russians themselves. The Jews were commanded to take up bags of sand and carry them into the firing lines to build up walls of protection for the Russian soldiers. They were driven into the fire by the knout and by Russian bullets, so that they were placed between two fires, and many of them died on the battlefield as if they had been soldiers themselves, compelled to help a cause which was that of the inventors of pogroms. The facts are described in a book entitled *Der Weltkrieg und das Schicksal des jüdischen Volkes, Stimme eines galizischen Juden an seine Glaubensgenossen in den neutralen Ländern, insbesondere America*, which has been written by Benjamin Segel of Lemberg, and published in Berlin by Georg Stilke. The author mainly addresses those Jews who stand up for the cause of Russia in England and France, and also those Jews who live in neutral countries, especially in the United States, and sympathize with the Allied cause. About 1500 Jewish families were used in this way in the attack at Nadworna, and Mr. Segel says that if sons of the families of Baron Rothschild and Baron Günzburg are serving as French officers or in the English army; if Zangwill and Gottheil Ruch express their confidence that the Teutonic superman will be crushed by the Cossacks; if they speak in favor of the Allied cause, and if Lord Rothschild of London boasts of having donated a thousand pounds for the poor Galician Jews, it would be no use to argue the case with them, but they should all be answered with the one word "Nadworna!" But Mr. Segel adds that we should not condemn the Russian people themselves for the atrocities committed by order of the late Russian government. Many Russians would be shocked at the treatment of the Jews at Nadworna. Tolstoy and Solowiew, Sorolenko and Kropatkin, Gorki and Tchirikow, Dostoyevski and many others would be horrified at the reports of the Russian army's misdeeds at Nadworna.

MOHAMMEDAN LEARNING.

A very creditable book on *Promotion of Learning in India During Muhammadan Rule* (by *Muhammadans*) has been written by a Mohammedan, Narendra Nath Law, M.A., B.L. of Calcutta University and author of *Studies in Ancient Hindu Polity*. Mr. H. Beveridge, retired from the Indian Civil Service, writes a foreword in which he says:

Mr. Law is to be congratulated upon the successful accomplishment of a laborious and important task, which will be a substantial contribution to the history of India. The value of the book has been considerably heightened by the interesting illustrations which he has been at such pains to bring together from a variety of sources."

The book is published by Longmans, Green and Company, and is an admirable example of the bookmaker's art. We reproduce the frontispiece as frontispiece of our present issue. The college at Bidar is thus described in Meadow Taylor's *History of India*:

"The noble college of Mahmūd Gāwā in the city of Bidar was perhaps the grandest completed work of the period. It consisted of a spacious square with arches all round it, of two stories, divided into convenient rooms. The minarets at each corner of the front were upwards of 100 feet high, and also the front itself, covered with enamel tiles, on which were flowers on blue, yellow and red grounds and sentences of the Qur'ān in large kūfic letters, the effect of which was at once chaste and superb."

The explosion which wrecked the beautiful structure is related by Briggs in a note to the work of Ferishta (a Mohammedan historian of the sixteenth century) as follows:

"After the capture of Bidar by Aurangzib, in the latter end of the seventeenth century, this splendid range of buildings was appropriated to the double purpose of a powder-magazine and barrack for a body of cavalry, when by accident, the powder, exploding, destroyed the greater part of the edifice, causing dreadful havoc around. Sufficient of the work remains, however, even at the present day, to afford some notion of its magnificence and beauty. The outline of the square, and some of the apartments, are yet entire, and one of the minarets is still standing. It is more than 100 feet in height, ornamented with tablets, on which sentences of the Qur'ān in white letters, 3 feet in length, standing forth on a ground of green and gold, still exhibits to the spectator a good sample of what this superb edifice once was. The college is one of the many beautiful remains of the grandeur of the Bahmanī and Burid dynasties, which flourished at Bidar; and they render a visit to that city an object of lively interest to all travelers, but particularly to those who may peruse this history."

Mr. Law adds: "The explosion is by some attributed to an exasperated soldier, who, in order to avenge himself upon a comrade with whom he was quarreling, cast the burning *guls* from his *chilam* into a powder cell. Thevenot, the traveler, gives a different account. According to him, a faithful commander of the place took his stand in the college along with his army, and refused to submit to Aurangzib. When, however, a breach was made in the wall and signal given for the assault, then suddenly by the fall of a rocket or by the order of the commander, who preferred death to subjection, the magazine blew up at a moment when the roof was covered with the garrison who had assembled there for selling themselves as dearly as possible."

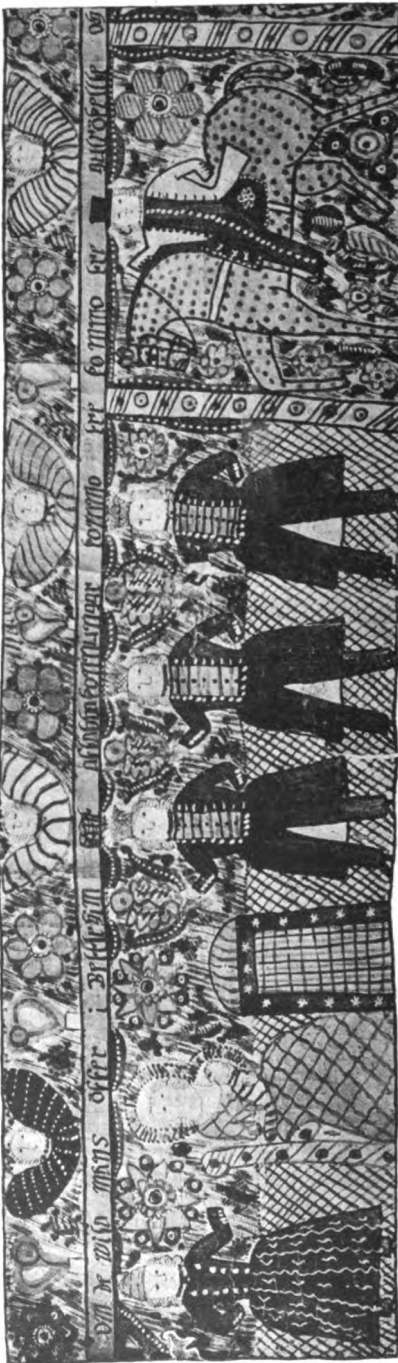
BONATTAR.

The Nativity of Christ has always been a favorite subject for art, and also for popular festivals. Every nationality seems to paint the Nativity and the appearance of the Magi to suit their own national customs, and we herewith reproduce the Swedish conception of "Bonattar." Bonattar signifies a festive illustration of Biblical subjects, hung up during Twelfth Night, which means the time between Christmas and Epiphany. The picture shows the Magi bringing their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh to the new-born Saviour.

The owner of the picture, a native Swede, Mr. Edwin Pearson, informs us that from his memory the inscription reads: "About the wise men's offer in Bethlehem (Assabba-Kings) came three, came three with frankincense and myrrh and offered Hallelujah."

The decoration is painted in very brilliant colors, from the juices of berries, on a very tough paper. In spite of their being vivid, the colors have not faded, which seems remarkable. It was customary during the Christmas festivities to have the walls covered with these "bonattar," showing the different subjects from the Bible.

A hundred or more years ago, these "Bonattar" were quite common among the better class of farmers in certain sections of Sweden, but they are very scarce now except in museums—the modern cheap chromos having taken their place. However, it is still the custom to decorate the walls for the Christmas festivities.



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